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ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

WISCONSIN: A STATE WHERE THE PEOPLE HAVE RESTORED REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT—THE STORY OF GOVERNOR LA FOLLETTE

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THE story of the State of Wisconsin is the story of Governor LaFollette. He is the head of the state. Not many governors are that. In all the time I spent studying the government of Missouri, I never once had to see or name the Governor of Missouri, and I doubt if many of my readers know who he is. They need not. He is only the head of the paper government described in the Constitution, and most governors are simply "safe men" set up as figureheads by the System, which is the actual government that is growing up in the United States in place of the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, which shall not perish from the earth." The System, as we have found it, is a reorganization of the political and financial powers of the state by which, for boodle of one sort or another, the leading politicians of both parties conduct the government in the interest of those leading businesses which seek special privileges and pay for them with bribes and the "moral" support of graft. And a "safe man" is a man who takes his ease, honors and orders, lets the boss reign, and makes no trouble for the System.

There is trouble in Wisconsin. Bounded on the east by Lake Michigan, on the north by Lake Superior, on the west by the Mississippi River, Wisconsin is a convenient, rich, and beautiful state. New England lumbermen stripped fortunes of forest off it, and, uncovering a fat soil watered by a thousand lakes and streams, settlers poured in from Northwestern Europe and made this new Northwest ripen into dairy farms and counties of golden wheat. From the beginning Wisconsin has paid, nor is there now any material depression or financial distress in the state. Yet there is trouble in Wisconsin. What is the matter? I asked a few hundred people out there to explain it, and though some of them smiled and others frowned, all gave substantially one answer: "LaFolletteism." They blame one man.

The Story of "Bob" LaFollette

Robert Marion LaFollette was born on a farm in Dane County, Wisconsin, June 14th, 1855. His father was a Kentucky bred

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French Huguenot; his mother was Scotch-Irish. When the boy was eight months old the father died, leaving the mother and four children, and, at the age of fourteen, "Little Bob," as his followers still call him, became the head of the family. He worked the farm till he was nineteen years old, then sold it and moved the family to Madison, the county-seat and capital of the state. If, with this humble start, LaFollette had gone into business, his talents might have made him a captain of industry; and then, no matter how he won it, his success would have made him an inspiration for youth. But he made a mistake. He entered the state university with the class of '79. Even so, he might have got over his college education, but his father's French blood (perhaps) stirred to sentiment and the boy thrilled for glory. He had a bent for oratory. In those days debates ranked in the Western colleges where football does now, and "Bob" LaFollette won, in his senior year, all the oratorical contests, home, state, and interstate. His interstate oration was on Iago, and his round actor's head was turned to the stage, till John McCullough advised him that his short stature was against that career. Also, he says, his debts chained him to the earth. He had to go to work, and he went to work in a law office. In five months he was admitted to the bar, and in February, 1880, he opened an office and began to practice. A year or so later the young lawyer was running for an office.

"They" say in Wisconsin that LaFollette is ambitious; that he cannot be happy in private life; that, an actor born, he has to be on a stage. I should say that a man who can move men, as LaFollette can, would seek a career where he could enjoy the visible effect of his eloquence. But suppose "they" are right and the man is vain;—I don't care. Do you? I have noticed that a public official who steals, or, like Lieutenant-Governor Lee, of Missouri, betrays his constituents, may propose to be governor, without being accused of ambition. "They" seem to think a boodler's aspirations are natural. He may have a hundred notorious vices; they do not matter. But a "reformer," a man who wants to serve his people, he must be a white-robed, spotless angel, or "they" will whisper that he is—what? A thief? Oh, no; that is nothing; but that he is ambitious. This is the System at work. It was the System in Missouri that, after spending in vain thousands of dollars to "get something on Folk," passed about the damning rumor that he was ambitious. And so in Wisconsin, "they" will take you into a back room and warn you that LaFollette is ambitious. I asked if he was dishonest. Oh dear, no. Not that. Not a man in the state, not the bitterest foe of his that I saw, questioned LaFollette's personal integrity. So I answered that we wanted men of ambition; that if we could get men to serve us in public life, not for graft, not for money, but for ambition's sake, we should make a great step forward.

Mr. LaFollette has ambition. He confessed as much to me, but he is after a job, not an office; Governor LaFollette's ambition is higher and harder to achieve than any office in the land.

A Politician and His First Office

The first office he sought was that of District Attorney of Dane County, and, though his enemies declare that the man is a radical and was from the start a radical, I gathered from this same source that his only idea at this time was to "pose" before juries "and win cases." Mr. LaFollette married in this year (a classmate) and he says he thought of the small but regular salary of the district attorney. However this may be, he won the office and he won his cases, so he earned his salary. District Attorney LaFollette made an excellent record. That is freely admitted, but my attention was called to the manner of his entrance into politics, as proof of another charge that is made against him in Wisconsin. "They" say LaFollette is a politician.

"They" say in Missouri that Folk is a politician. "They" say in Illinois that Deneen is a politician. "They" say in the United States that President Roosevelt is a politician. "They" are right. These men are politicians. But what of it? We have blamed our politicians so long for the corruption of our politics that they themselves seem to have been convinced that a politician is necessarily and inherently bad. He isn't, of course. Only a bad politician is bad, and we have been discovering in our studies of graft that a bad business man is worse. To succeed in reform, a man has to understand politics and play the game, or the bad business man will catch him and then, what will he be? He will be an

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Robert M. La Follette

THE REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, WHO IS FIGHTING FOR REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY IN HIS STATE

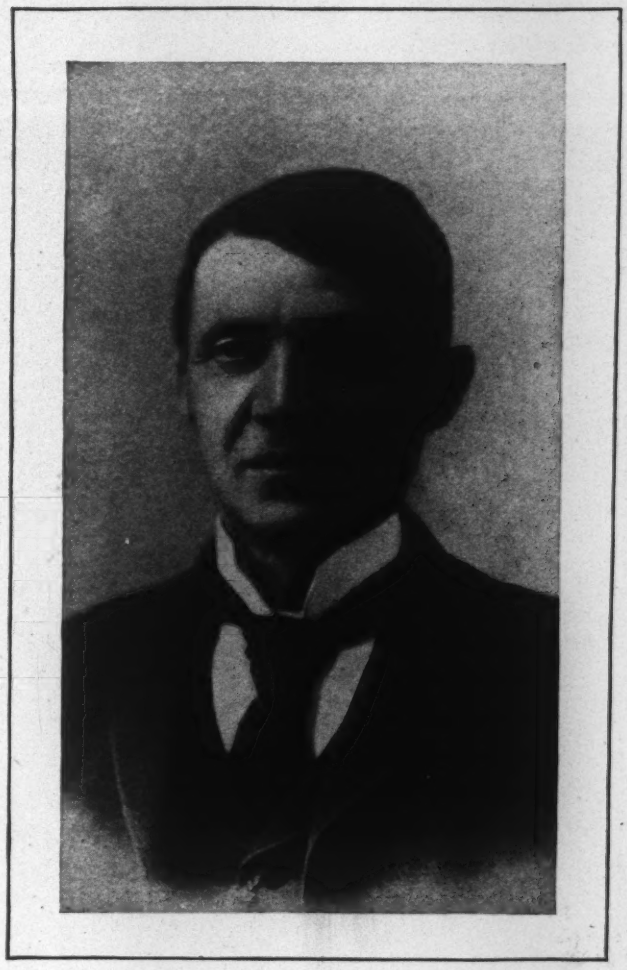
"impracticable reformer," and that, we all know, is awful.

Running Around the Ring

"Bob" LaFollette is a politician. Irish, as well as French, he was born a master of the game and he did indeed prove his genius in that first campaign. Single-handed he beat the System. Not that he realized then that there was such a thing. All the young candidate knew when he began was that E. W. Keyes, the postmaster at Madison, was the Republican state boss, and, of course, absolute master of Dane County, where he lived. LaFollette was a Republican, but he had no claim of machine service to the office he wanted, and he felt that Boss Keyes and Philip L. Spooner, the local leader, would be against him, so he went to work quietly. He made an issue; LaFollette always has an issue. It had been the practice of district attorneys to have assistants at the county's expense, and LaFollette promised, if elected, to do all his own work. With this promise he and his friends canvassed the county, house by house, farm by farm, and, partly because they were busy by day, partly because they had to proceed secretly, much of this politics was done at night. The scandal of such "underhand methods" is an offense to this day to the men who were beaten by them. Mr. "Phil" Spooner (the Senator's brother) speaks with contempt of LaFollette's "night riders." He says the LaFollette workers went about on horseback after dark and that he used to hear them gallop up to their leader's house late at night. Of course he knows now that they were coming to report and plot, but he didn't know it then. And Boss Keyes, who is still postmaster at Madison, told me he had no inkling of the conspiracy till the convention turned up with the delegates nearly all instructed for LaFollette for District Attorney. Then it was too late to do anything.

Boss Keyes thought this showed another defect in the character of LaFollette. "They" say in Wisconsin that the Governor is "selfish, dictatorial, and will not consult." "They" said that about Folk in Missouri, when he refused to appoint assistants dictated by Boss Butler. Wall Street said it about Roosevelt when he refused to counsel with Morgan upon the advisability of bringing the Northern Securities case, but the West likes that in Roosevelt. The West said it about Parker when he sent his gold telegram to the Democratic National Convention, but the East likes that in Parker. There must be something back of this charge, and a boss should be able to explain it. Boss Keyes cleared it up for me. He said that at the time "Bob" was running for district attorney, "a few of us here were—well, we were managing the party and we were usually consulted about—about things generally. But LaFollette, he went ahead on his own hook, and never said a word to—well, to me or any of us." So it's not a matter of dictation, but of who dictates, and what. In the case of LaFollette, his dictatorial selfishness consisted in this, that he "saw" the people of the county and the delegates, not "us," not the System. No wonder he was elected. What is more, he was reëlected; he kept his promises, and, the second time he ran, LaFollette was the only Republican elected on the county ticket.

During the two terms of District Attorney LaFollette, important changes were occurring in the Wisconsin state system beyond his ken. Boss Keyes was deposed and Philetus Sawyer became the head of the state. This does not mean that Sawyer was elected Governor; we have nothing to do with governors yet. Sawyer was a United States Senator. While Keyes was boss, the head of the state was in the post-office at Madison, and it represented, not the people, but the big business interests of the state, principally lumber and the railways, which worked well together and with Keyes. There were several scandals during this "good fellow's" long reign, but big business had no complaint to make against him. The big graft in the Northwestern state, however, was lumber, and the typical way of getting hold of it wholesale, was for the United States to make to the state grants which the state passed on to railway companies to help "develop the resources of the state." Railroad men were in lumber companies, just as lumber men were in the railway companies, so the railway companies sold cheap to the lumber companies, which cleared the land—for the settlers. This was business, and while it was necessary to "take care" of the legislature, the original source of business was the Congress, and that was the place for the head of the System. Keyes had wished to go to the Senate, but Sawyer thought he might as well go himself. He had gone, and now, when Keyes was willing to take the



A. R. HALL

THE MAN WHO FIRST RAISED THE ISSUE OF "LA FOLLETTEISM" AND BECAME THE LA FOLLETTE LEADER IN THE LEGISLATURE

second seat, the business men decided that, since it was all a matter of business, they might as well take it out of politics. Thus Senator Sawyer became boss, and, since he was a lumberman, it was no more than fair that the other seat should go to the railroads. So the big business men got together and they bought the junior United States Senatorship for the Honorable John C. Spooner.

Spooner's Senatorship Bought for Him

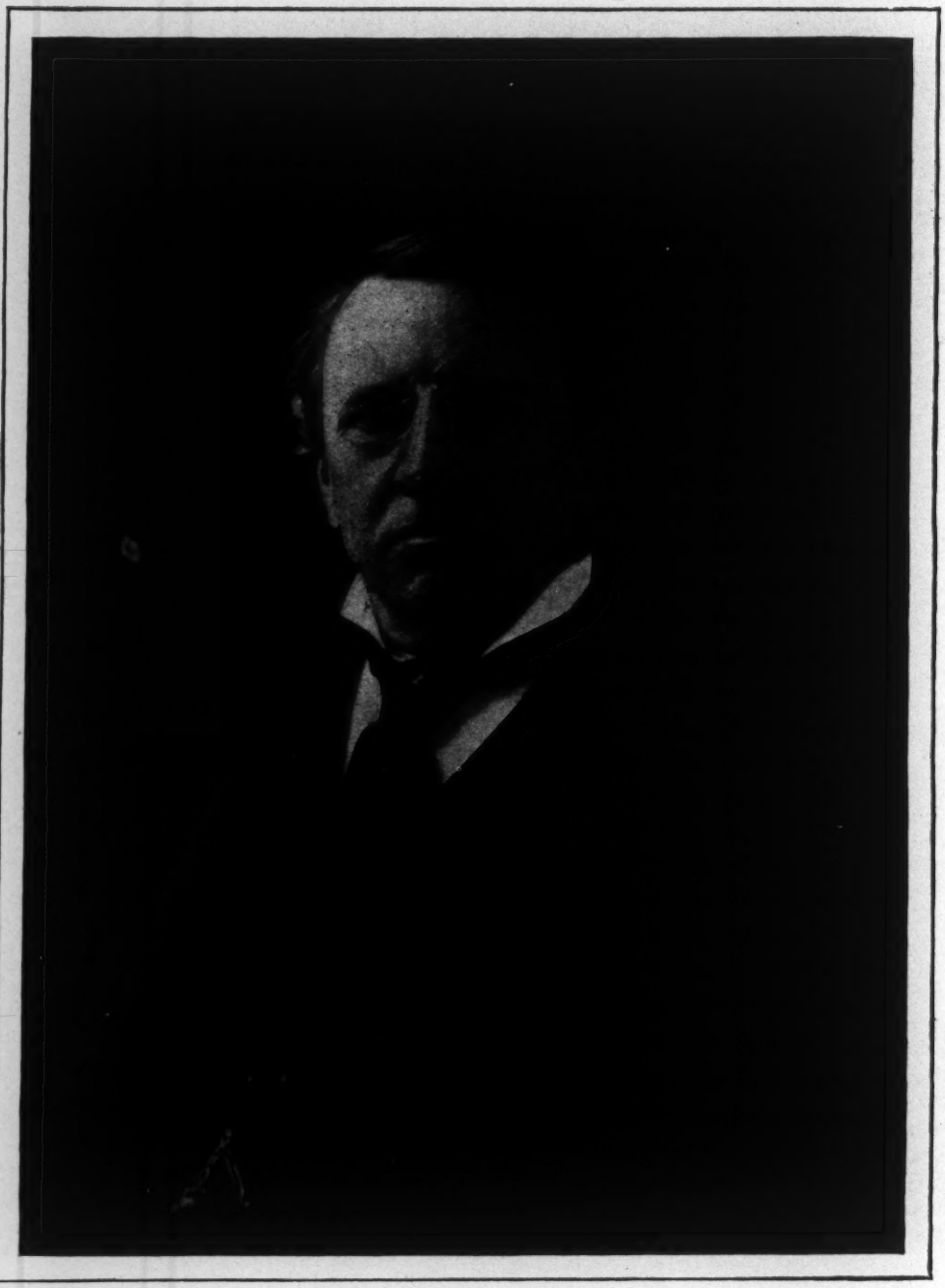
At Marinette, Wisconsin, lives to-day a rich old lumberman, Isaac Stephenson. He was associated for years with Senator Sawyer and the other enemies of the republic in Wisconsin, and he left them because they balked an ambition of his. Having gone over, however, he began to see things as they are, and no man to-day is more concerned over the dangers to business of the commercial corruption of government than this veteran who confesses that he spent a quarter of a million in politics.

Once he and Senator Sawyer were comparing notes on the cost to them of United States Senatorships.

"Isaac," said Sawyer, "how much did you put in to get the legislature for Spooner that time?"

"It cost me about twenty-two thousand, Philetus. How much did you put in?"

"Why," said Sawyer, surprised, "it cost me thirty thousand. I thought it cost you thirty."



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U. S. SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER

ONE OF THE ABLEST OF AMERICAN STATESMEN TO-DAY; TWO CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY SPENT $52,000 "TO GET THE LEGISLATURE FOR HIM" WHEN HE FIRST WENT TO WASHINGTON

"No, it cost me thirty to get it for you when you ran."

Friends of mine who are friends of Senator Spooner in Washington, besought me, when they heard I was going to Wisconsin, to "remember that Spooner is a most useful man in the Senate," and I know and shall not forget that. Able, deliberate, resourceful, wise, I believe Senator Spooner comes about as near as any man we have in that august chamber to-day to statesmanship, and I understand he loathes many of the practices of politics. But the question to ask about a representative is, what does he represent?

Senator Spooner, at home, represented the railroads of his state. He served a term in the Wisconsin assembly, and he served the railroads there. After that he served them as a lobbyist. I do not mean that he went to Madison now and then to make arguments for his client. Mr. Spooner spent the session there. Nor do I mean to say that he paid bribes to legislators; there are honest lobbyists. But I do say that Mr. Spooner peddled passes, and any railroad man or any grafter will tell you that this is a cheap but most effective form of legislative corruption. United States Senator Spooner, then, is a product, a flower, perhaps, but none the less he is a growth out of the System, the System which is fighting Governor LaFollette.

The System was fighting LaFollette 'way back in those days, but the young orator did not know it. He was running for Congress. So far as I can make out, he was seeking only more glory for his French blood and a wider field to shine in, but he went after his French satisfaction in a Scotch-Irish fashion. Boss Keyes told me about it. Keyes had been reduced to the control only of his congressional district, and, as he said, "We had it arranged to nominate another man. The place did not belong to Dane County. It was another county's turn, but Bob didn't consult us." Bob was consulting his constituents again, and his night riders were out. The System heard of it earlier than in the district attorney campaign, and Keyes and Phil Spooner and the other leaders were angry. Keyes did want to rule that congressional district; it was all he had, and Phil Spooner (who now is the head of the street railway system of Madison) sensed the danger in this self-reliant young candidate.

"What's this I hear about you being a candidate for Congress?" he said to LaFollette one day. "Don't you know nobody can go to Congress without our approval? You're a fool."

But LaFollette's men were working, and they carried all except three caucuses (primaries that are something like town meetings) against the ring. The ring bolted, but the people elected him; the people sent LaFollette to Congress at the same time they elected the legislators that sent John C. Spooner to the United States Senate.

The System at Washington

When LaFollette had been in Washington a few weeks, Senator Sawyer found him out and became "like a father" to him. "Our boy" he called him, for LaFollette was the "youngest member." The genial old lumberman took him about and introduced him to the heads of departments and finally, one day, asked him what committee he would like to go on. LaFollette said he would prefer some committee where his practice in the law might make him useful, and Sawyer thought "Public Lands" would about do. He would "fix it." Thus the System was coming after him, but it held back; there must have been a second thought. For the Speaker put LaFollette not on "Public Lands," but on "Indian Affairs."

The Governor to-day will tell you with a relish that he was so green then that he began to "read up on Indians": he read especially Boston literature on that subject, and he thought of the speeches he could make on Indian wrongs and rights. But there was no chance for an orator. The committee worked and "our boy" read bills. Most of these bills were hard reading and didn't mean much when read. But by and by one came along that was "so full of holes that," as the Governor says, "even I could see through it." It provided for a sale of pine on the Menominee reservation in Wisconsin. Mr. LaFollette took it to the (Cleveland's) Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and this official said he thought it "a little the worst bill of the kind that I have ever seen. Where did it come from?" They looked and they saw that it had been introduced by the member from Oshkosh (Sawyer's home district). None the less, Mr. LaFollette wanted a report and the Commissioner said he could have one if he would sit down and write for it. The report so riddled the bill that it lay dead in the committee. One day the congressman who introduced it asked about it.

"Bob, why don't you report my bill?" he said.

"Bill," said Bob, "did you write that bill?"

"Why?"

"It's a steal."

"Let it die then. Don't report it. I introduced it because Sawyer asked me to. He introduced it in the Senate and it is through their committee."

Sawyer never mentioned the bill, and the incident was dropped with the bill. Some time after, however, a similar incident occurred, and this time Sawyer did mention it. The Indian Affairs committee was having read, at the rate of two hours a day, a long bill to open the big Sioux Indian reservation in Dakota, by selling some eleven million acres right through the center. It was said to be a measure most important to South Dakota, and no one objected to anything till the clerk droned out a provision to ratify an agreement between the Indians and certain railroads about a right of way and some most liberal grants of land for terminal town sites. LaFollette interrupted and he began to talk about United States statutes which provided not so generously, yet amply, for land grants to railways, when a congressman from a neighboring state leaned over and said:

"Bob, don't you see that those are your home corporations?"

Bob said he saw, and he was willing to grant all the land needed for railway purposes, but none for town site schemes. When the committee rose, and LaFollette returned to his seat in the house, a page told him Senator Sawyer wanted to see him. He went out and the Senator talked to him for an hour in a most fatherly way, with not a word concerning the Sioux bill till they were about to separate. Then, quite by the way, he said:

"Oh, say, when that Sioux Injun bill comes up there's a little provision in it for our folks which I wish you to look after."

LaFollette said the bill was up then, that they had just reached the "little provision for our folks," and that he was opposing it.

"Why, is that so?" said Sawyer. "Let's sit down and—" they had another hour, on town sites. It was no use, however. LaFollette "wouldn't consult." Sawyer gave up reasoning with him, but he didn't give up "the little provision." Political force was applied, but not by the senior Senator. The System had other agents for such work.

Henry C. Payne's Part in the System

Henry C. Payne arrived on the scene. Payne was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Wisconsin, and we have seen in other states what the legislative functions of that office are. Payne reached Washington forty-eight hours after LaFollette's balk, and he went at him hard. All sorts of influence was brought to bear, and when LaFollette held out, Payne became so angry that he expressed himself—and the spirit of the System—in public. To a group in the Ebbitt House he said:

"LaFollette is a damned fool. If he thinks he can buck a railroad with five thousand miles of continuous line, he'll find he's mistaken. We'll take care of him when the time comes."

The state machine fought the congressman in his own district, and so did Keyes and the "old regency" at Madison, but LaFollette, the politician, had insisted upon a congressman's patronage, all of it, and he had used it to strengthen himself at home. LaFollette served three terms in Congress, and when he was defeated in 1890, for the fourth, he went down with the whole party in Wisconsin. This complete overthrow of the Republicans was due to two causes, the McKinley tariff (which LaFollette on the Ways and Means Committee helped to frame) and a piece of state school legislation which angered the foreign and Catholic voters. We need not go into this, and the Democratic administration which resulted bears only indirectly on our story.

One of the great grafts of Wisconsin (and of many another state) was the public funds in the keeping of the state treasurer. The Republicans, for years, had deposited these moneys in banks that stood in with the System, and the treasurer shared with these institutions the interest and profits. He, in turn, "divided up" with the campaign fund and the party leaders. The Democrats were pledged to break up this practice and sue the ex-treasurers. Now these treasurers were not all "good" for the money, and when the suits were brought, as they were in earnest, the treasurers' bondsmen were the real defendants. Chief among these was Senator Sawyer, the boss who had chosen the treasurers and backed them and the practice for years. Sawyer was alarmed. It was

estimated that there had been $30,000 a year in the graft alone, and the Attorney-General was going back twenty years, and his suits were for the recovery of all the back interest. Several hundred thousand dollars was at stake. And the judge before whom the cases were to be tried was Robert J. Siebecker, brother-in-law and former law partner of Robert M. LaFollette.

One day in September, 1891, LaFollette received from Sawyer a letter asking for a meeting in the Plankington Hotel, Milwaukee. The letter had been folded first with the letter head on, then this was cut off and the sheet refolded; and, as if secrecy was important, the answer suggested by Sawyer was to be the one word "yes" by wire. LaFollette wired "yes," and the two men met. There are two accounts of what occurred. LaFollette said Sawyer began the interview with the remark that "nobody knows that I'm to meet you to-day"; he spoke of the treasury cases and pulled out and held before the young lawyer a thick roll of bills. Sawyer's subsequent explanation was that he proposed only to retain LaFollette, who, however, insists that Sawyer offered him a cash bribe for his influence with Judge Siebecker.

Since Sawyer is dead now, we would better not try to decide between the two men on this particular case, but there is no doubt of one general truth: that Philetus Sawyer was the typical captain of industry in politics; he debauched the politics of his state with money. Old Boss Keyes was bad enough, but his methods were political—patronage, deals, etc., and he made the government represent special interests. But when the millionaire lumberman took charge, he came with money; with money he beat Keyes; and money, his and his friends', was the power in the politics of his régime.

His known methods caused no great scandal so long as they were confined to conventions and the legislature, but the courts of Wisconsin had the confidence of the state, and the approach of money to them made people angry. And the story was out. LaFollette, after consultation with his friends, told Judge Siebecker what had happened, and the Judge declined to hear the case. His withdrawal aroused curiosity and rather sensational conjectures. Sawyer denied one of these, and his account seeming to call for a statement from LaFollette, the young lawyer told his story. Sawyer denied it and everybody took sides. The cases were tried, the state won, but the Republican legislature, pledged though it was to recover in full, compromised. So the System saved its boss.

But the System had raised up an enemy worthy of all its power. LaFollette was against it. "They" say in Wisconsin that he is against the railroads, that he "hates" corporate wealth. It is true the bitterest fights he has led have been for so-called anti-railroad laws, but "they" forget that his original quarrel was with Sawyer and that, if hatred was his impulse, it probably grew out of the treasury case "insult." My understanding of the state of his mind is that before that incident, LaFollette thought only of continuing his congressional career. After it, he was for anything to break up the old Sawyer machine. Anyhow, he told me that, after the Sawyer meeting, he made up his mind to stay home and break up the System in Wisconsin. And, LaFollette did not originate all that legislation. Wisconsin was one of the four original Granger States. There seems to have been always some discontent with the abuse of the power of the railways, their corrupting influence, and their escape from just taxation. So far as I can make out, however, some of the modern measures labeled LaFolletteism, sprang from the head of a certain lean, clean Vermont farmer, who came to the legislature from Knapp, Wisconsin. I went to Knapp. It was a long way around for me, but it paid, for now I can say that I know A. R. Hall. He is a man. I have seen in my day some seventeen men, real men, and none of them is simpler, truer, braver than this ex-leader of the Wisconsin assembly; none thinks he is more of a failure and none is more of a success.

A. R. Hall's a Man

Hall knows that there is a System in control of the land. Sometimes I doubt my own eyes but Hall knows it in his heart, which is sore and tired from the struggle. He went to the legislature in 1891. He had lived in Minnesota and had served as an assemblyman there. When he went to the legislature in Wisconsin, one of the first demands upon him was from a constituent who wanted not a pass, but several passes for himself and others. Hall laughed at the extravagance of the request, but when he showed it to a colleague, the older assemblyman took it

as a matter of course and told him he could get all the passes he cared to ask for from the railroad lobbyists. "I had taken passes myself in Minnesota," Hall told me, "but I was a legislator, it was the custom and I thought nothing of it." A little inquiry showed him that the custom in Wisconsin was an abuse of tremendous dimensions. Legislators took "mileage" for themselves, their families and for their constituents till it appeared that no man in the state was compelled to pay his fare. Hall had not come there as a reformer; like the best reformers I have known, experience of the facts started him going, and his reforms developed as if by accident along empirical lines. Hall says he realized that the legislators had to deliver votes—legislation—for these pass privileges, and he drew an anti-pass resolution which was offered as an amendment to the Constitution. It was beaten. Not only the politicians, the railroads also fought it, and together they won in that session. But Hall, mild spoken and gentle, is a fighter, so the anti-pass measure became an issue.

One day Assemblyman Hall happened to see the statement of earnings of a railroad to its stockholders. Railroads in Wisconsin paid by way of taxes a percentage on their gross receipts, and, as Hall looked idly over the report, he wondered how the gross receipts item would compare with that in the statement to the state treasurer. He went quietly about his investigation, and he came to the conclusion that, counting illegal rebates, the state reports were from two to five millions short. So he asked for a committee to investigate and he introduced also a bill for a state railroad commission to regulate railroad rates. This was beaten, and a committee which was sent to Chicago to look up earnings reported for the railways. But this was not enough. Hall was "unsafe" and he must be kept out of the legislature. So, in 1894, "they" sent down into Dunn County men and money to beat Hall for the renomination. They got the shippers out against him (the very men who were at the mercy of the roads), and one of these business men handled the "barrel" which, as he said himself, he "opened at both ends." Hall had no money and no organization, but he knew a way to fight. The caucuses were held in different places at different times, and Hall posted bills asking the voters to assemble one hour before time and listen to him. At these preliminary meetings he explained just what was being done and why; he said that he might not be right, but he had some facts, which he gave, and then he declared he was not against the railroads, that he only wished to make sure that they were fulfilling their obligations and not abusing their power. "I had only been trying to serve honorably the people I represented, and it was hard to be made to fight for your political life, just for doing that. But we won out. Those voters went into those caucuses and Dunn County beat the bribery. They then tried to buy my delegates."

Mr. Hall was leaning against the railroad station as he said this. We had gone over the night before, his twelve years fight, up to his retirement the year before, and we were repeating now. He was looking back over it all, and a hint of moisture in his eyes and the deep lines in his good face made me ask:

"Does it pay, Mr. Hall?"

"Sometimes I think it does, sometimes I think it doesn't. Yes, it does. Dunn County—" He stopped. "Yes, it does," he added. "They used to cartoon me. They lampooned and they ridiculed, they abused and they villified. They called me a demagogue; said I was ambitious; asked what I was after, just as they do LaFollette. But he is a fighter. He will never stop fighting. And if I had served them, I could have had anything, just as he could now. It is hard and it hurts, when you're only trying to do your duty and be fair. But it does pay. They don't question my motives now, any more."

And they don't question Hall's motives any more. When "they" became most heated in their denunciations of the Governor and all his followers, I would ask them, the worst haters, "What about A. R. Hall?" and the change was instantaneous.

"Now, there's a man," they would say; not one, but everybody to whom I mentioned A. R. Hall.

When LaFollette began his open fight against the System in 1894, he took up the issues of inequalities in taxation, machine politics and primary elections. Hall and LaFollette were friends and they had talked over these issues together in LaFollette's law office in Madison, during the sessions. "They" say in Wisconsin that LaFollette is an opportunist. They say true. But so is Folk an opportunist, and so are the Chicago

reformers—as to specified issues. So are the regular politicians who, in Wisconsin, for example, adopted later these same issues in their platform. The difference is this: the regulars wanted only to keep in power so as to continue the profitable business of representing the railroads and other special interests; Hall and LaFollette really wanted certain abuses corrected, and LaFollette was, and is, for any sound issue that will arouse the people of Wisconsin to restore representative government.

In 1894 LaFollette carried his issues to the state convention with a candidate for governor, Nils P. Haugen, a Norse-American who had served in Congress and as a state railroad commissioner. LaFollette and his followers turned up with one-third of the delegates. The regulars, or "Stalwarts," as they afterwards were called, were divided, but Sawyer, declaring it was anybody to beat LaFollette, managed a combination on W. H. Upham, a lumberman, and Haugen was beaten. Hall was there, by the way, with an anti-pass plank, and Hall also was beaten.

Appealing to the Voters Direct

The contest served only to draw a line between the LaFollette "Halfbreeds" and the "Stalwarts," and both factions went to work on their organizations. Upham was elected, and the Stalwarts, who had been living on federal patronage, now had the state. They rebuilt their state machine. LaFollette, with no patronage, continued to organize, and his method was that which he had applied so successfully in his early independent fights for district attorney and congressman. He went straight to the voters.

"They" say in Wisconsin that LaFollette is a demagogue and if it is demagogy to go thus straight to the voters, then "they" are right. But then Folk also is a demagogue and so are all thorough-going reformers. LaFollette from the beginning has asked, not the bosses, but the people for what he wanted, and after 1894 he simply broadened his field and redoubled his efforts. He circularized the state, he made speeches every chance he got, and if the test of demagogy is the tone and style of a man's speeches, LaFollette is the opposite of a demagogue. Capable of fierce invective, his oratory is impersonal; passionate and emotional himself, his speeches are temperate. Some of them are so loaded with facts and such closely knit arguments, that they demand careful reading, and their effect is traced to his delivery, which is forceful, emphatic, and fascinating. His earnestness carries the conviction of sincerity, and the conviction of his honesty of purpose he has planted all over the state by his Halfbreed methods.

What were the methods of the Sawyer-Payne-Spooner Republicans? In 1896 the next governor of Wisconsin had to be chosen. The Stalwarts could not run Governor Upham again. As often happens to "safe men," the System had used him up; his appointments had built up the machine, his approval had sealed the compromise of the treasury cases. Some one else must run. To pick out his successor, the Stalwart leaders held a meeting at St. Louis, where they were attending a national convention, and they chose for governor Edward W. Scofield. There was no demagogy about that.

LaFollette Beaten With Money

LaFollette wished to run himself; he hoped to run and win while Sawyer lived, and he was holding meetings, too. But his meetings were all over the state, with voters and delegates, and he was making headway. Lest he might fall short, however, LaFollette made a political bargain. He confesses it, and calls it a political sin, but he thinks the retribution which came swift and hard was expiation. He made a deal with Emil Baensch, by which both should canvass the state for delegates, with the understanding that whichever of the two should develop the greater strength was to have both delegations. LaFollette says he came into convention with enough delegates of his own to nominate him, and Baensch had 75 or so besides. The convention adjourned over night without nominating and the next morning LaFollette was beaten. He had lost some of his own delegates, and Baensch's went to Scofield.

LaFollette's lost delegates were bought. How the Baensch delegates were secured, I don't know, but Baensch was not a man to sell for money. It was reported to LaFollette during the night that Baensch was going over, and LaFollette wrestled with and thought he had won him back, till the morning balloting showed. As for the rest, the facts are ample to make plain the methods of the old ring. Sawyer was there; and

there was a "barrel." I saw men who saw money on a table in the room in the Pfister Hotel, where delegates went in and out, and newspaper men present at the time told me the story in great detail. But there is better evidence than this. Men to whom bribes were offered reported to their leader that night. The first warning came from Captain John T. Rice, of Racine, who (as Governor LaFollette recalls) said: "I have been with the old crowd all my life and I thought I knew the worst, but they have no right to ask me to do what they did to-night. I won't tell you who, but the head of the whole business asked me to name my price for turning over the Union Grove delegation from you to Scofield." There are many such personal statements, some of them giving prices—cash, and federal and state offices—and some giving the names of the bribery agents. The Halfbreed leaders tried to catch the bribers with witnesses, but failed, and at midnight Charles F. Pfister, a Milwaukee Stalwart leader, called on LaFollette, who repeated to me what he said:

"LaFollette, we've got you beaten. We've got your delegates. It won't do you any good to squeal, and if you'll behave yourself we'll take care of you."

So LaFollette had to go on with his fight. He would not "behave." His followers wanted him to lead an independent movement for governor; he wouldn't do that, but he made up his mind to lead a movement for reform within the party, and his experience with corrupted delegates set him to thinking about methods of nomination. The System loomed large with the growth of corporate wealth, the power of huge consolidations over the individual and the unscrupulous use of both money and power. Democracy was passing, and yet the people were sound. Their delegates at home were representatives, but shipped on passes to Milwaukee, treated, "entertained" and bribed, they ceased to represent. The most important reform was to get the nomination back among the voters themselves. Thus LaFollette, out of his own experience, took up this issue—direct primary nominations by the Australian ballot.

Stalwarts Take LaFollette's Platform

During the next two years LaFollette made a propaganda with this issue and railroad taxation, the taxation of other corporations—express and sleeping car companies which paid nothing—and the evils of a corrupt machine that stood for corrupting capital. He sent out circulars and literature, some of it the careful writings of scientific authors, but, most effective of all, were the speeches he made at the county fairs. When the time for the next Republican state convention came around in 1898, he held a conference with some thirty of his leaders in Milwaukee, and he urged a campaign for their platform alone, with no candidate. The others insisted that LaFollette run, and they were right in principle. As the event proved, the Stalwarts were not afraid of a platform, if they could be in office to make and carry out the laws. LaFollette ran for the nomination and was beaten—by the same methods that were employed against him in '96; cost (insider's estimate), $8,000. Scofield was renominated.

But the LaFollette-Hall platform was adopted—anti-pass, corporation taxation, primary election reform, and all. "They" say now in Wisconsin that LaFollette is too practical; that he has adopted machine methods, etc. During 1896, 1897, and 1898 they were saying he was an impracticable reformer, and yet here they were adopting his impracticable theories. And they enacted some of these reforms. The agitation (for LaFollette is indeed an "agitator") made necessary some compliance with public demand and platform promises, so Hall got his anti-pass law at last; a commission to investigate taxation was appointed, and there was some other good legislation. Yet, as Mr. Hall says, "In effect, that platform was repudiated." The railway commission reported that the larger companies, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Northwestern, respectively, did not pay their proportionate share of the taxes, and a bill was introduced by Hall to raise the assessment. It passed the house, but the senate had and has a "combine" like the senates of Missouri and Illinois, and the combine beat the bill.

The failures of the legislature left all questions open and LaFollette and his followers continued their agitation. Meanwhile Senator Sawyer died, and when the next governmental election (1900) approached, all hope of beating LaFollette was gone. The Stalwarts began to come to him with offers of support. One of the first to surrender was J. W. Babcock, congressman and national politician. Others followed, but not John

C. Spooner, Payne and Pfister, not yet. They brought out for the nomination John M. Whitehead, a state senator with a clean reputation and a good record. But in May (1900) LaFollette announced his candidacy on a ringing platform, and he went campaigning down into the strongest Stalwart counties. He carried enough of them to take the heart out of the old ring. All other candidates withdrew and Senator Spooner, who is a timid man, wrote a letter which, in view of his subsequent stand for reëlection, is a remarkable document; it declared that he was unalterably determined not to run again for the Senate. LaFollette was nominated unanimously, and his own platform was adopted. The victory was complete. Though the implacable Stalwarts supported the Democratic candidate, LaFollette was elected by 102,000 plurality.

Victory, the Beginning of War

Victory for reform is often defeat, and this triumph of LaFollette, apparently so complete, was but the beginning of the greatest fight of all in Wisconsin, the fight that is being waged out there now. Governor LaFollette was inaugurated January 7, 1901. The legislature was overwhelmingly Republican and apparently there was perfect harmony in the party. The Governor believed there was. The Stalwart-Halfbreed lines were not sharply drawn. The Halfbreeds counted a majority, especially in the house, and A. R. Hall was the "logical" candidate for Speaker. It was understood that he coveted the honor, but he proposed and it was decided that, in the interest of peace and fair play, a Stalwart should take the chair. The Governor says that the first sign he had of trouble was in the newspapers which, the day after the organization of the legislature, reported that the Stalwarts controlled and that there would be no primary election or tax legislation. The Governor, undaunted, sent in a firm message calling for the performance of all campaign promises, and bills to carry out campaign pledges were introduced under the direction of the LaFollette leaders, Hall and Judge E. Ray Stevens, the author of the primary election bill. These developed the opposition. There were two (alternative) railway tax bills; others to tax other corporations; and, later, a primary election bill—nothing that was not promised by a harmonious party, yet the outcry was startling and the fight that followed was furious. Why?

LaFollette and the Railroads

I have seen enough of the System to believe that that is the way it works. I believe just such opposition, with just such cries of "boss," "dictator," etc., will arise against Folk when he is governor, and possibly against Deneen. And I believe they will find their legislatures organized and corrupted against them. But in the case of LaFollette there was a "misunderstanding." In the year (1900) when everything was LaFollette, Congressman Babcock, Postmaster-General Payne and others sought to bring together the great ruling special interests and the inevitable governor. Governor LaFollette said, like President Roosevelt, that he would represent the corporations of his state, just as he would represent all other interests and persons; but no more. He would be "fair." Well, that was "all we want," they said, and the way seemed smooth. It was like the incident in St. Louis where Folk told the boodlers he would "do his duty," and the boodlers answered, "Of course, old man."

But some railroad men say LaFollette promised in writing to consult with them before bringing in railroad bills; there was a certain famous letter written in the spring of 1900 to Thomas H. Gill, an old friend of the Governor, who is counsel to the Wisconsin Central Railroad; this letter put the Governor on record. Everywhere I went I heard of this document, and though the noise of it had resounded through the state for four years, it had never been produced. Here it is:

Madison, Wis., May 12th, 1900.

Dear Tom:

You have been my personal and political friend for twenty years. Should I become a candidate for the nomination for Governor, I want your continued support, if you can consistently accord it to me. But you are the attorney for the Wisconsin Central R. R. Co., and I am not willing that you should be placed in any position where you could be subjected to any criticism or embarrassment with your employers upon my account. For this reason, I desire to state to you in so far as I am able my position in relation to the question of railway taxation, which has now become one of public interest, and is likely to so continue until rightly settled. This I can do in a very few words.

Railroad corporations should pay neither more nor less than a justly proportionate share of taxes with the other taxable property of the state. If I were in a position to pass officially upon a bill to change existing law, it would be my first care to

know whether the rate therein proposed was just in proportion to the property of other corporations and individuals as then taxed, or as therein proposed to be taxed. The determination of that question would be controlling. If such rate was less than the justly proportionate share which should be borne by the railroads, then I should favor increasing it to make it justly proportionate. If the proposed rate was more than the justly proportionate share, in comparison with the property of other corporations, and of individuals taxed under the law, then I should favor decreasing to make it justly proportionate.

In other words, I would favor equal and exact justice to each individual and to every interest, yielding neither to clamor on the one hand, nor being swerved from the straight course by any interest upon the other. This position, I am sure, is the only one which could commend itself to you, and cannot be criticised by any legitimate business honestly managed.

Sincerely yours,

The Mr. Gill to whom this letter was addressed is one of the most enlightened and fair-minded corporation lawyers that I ever met, even in the West, where corporation men also are enlightened. He convinced me that he and the other railroad men really did expect more consideration than the Governor gave them, and so there may have been a genuine misunderstanding. But after what I have seen in Chicago, St. Louis, and Pittsburg, and in Missouri and Illinois and the United States, I almost am persuaded that no honest official in power can meet the expectations of great corporations; they have been spoiled, like bad American children, and are ever ready to resort to corruption and force. That was their recourse now.

Governor LaFollette says he learned afterward that during the campaign, the old, corrupt ring went about in the legislative districts, picking and "fixing" legislators, and that the plan was to discredit him with defeat by organizing the legislature against him. However this may be, it is certain that when his bills were under way, there was a rush to the lobby at Madison. The regular lobbyists were reinforced with special agents; local Stalwart leaders were sent for, and federal office holders; United States Senators hurried home, and Congressmen; and boodle, federal patronage, force, and vice were employed to defeat bills promised in the platform. Here is a statement by Irvine L. Lenroot, now the Speaker of the Assembly. He says:

Official Description of the Lobby

"From the first day of the session the railroad lobbyists were on the ground in force, offering courtesies and entertainments of various kinds to the members. Bribery is a hard word, a charge, which never should be made unless it can be substantiated. The writer has no personal knowledge of money being actually offered or received for votes against the bill. It was, however, generally understood in the Assembly that any member favoring the bill could better his financial condition if he was willing to vote against it. Members were approached by representatives of the companies and offered lucrative positions. This may not have been done with any idea of influencing votes. The reader will draw his own conclusions. It was a matter of common knowledge that railroad mileage could be procured if a member was 'right.' Railroad lands could be purchased very cheaply by members of the legislature. It was said if a member would get into a poker game with a lobbyist, the member was sure to win. Members opposed to Governor LaFollette were urged to vote against the bill, because he wanted it to pass. A prominent member stated that he did not dare to vote for the bill, because he was at the mercy of the railroad companies, and he was afraid they would ruin his business by advancing his rates, if he voted for it."

I went to Superior and saw Mr. Lenroot, and he told me that one of the "members approached by representatives of the companies and offered positions," was himself. He gave his bribery stories in detail, and enabled me to run down and verify others; but the sentence that interested me most in his statement was the last. The member who did not dare vote for the railway tax bill, lest the railways raise the freight on his goods and ruin his business, confessed to Governor LaFollette and others. Another member stated that in return for his treason to his constituents, a railroad quoted him a rate that would give him an advantage over his competitors.

Well, these methods succeeded. The policy of the administration was not carried out. Some good bills passed, but the session was a failure. Not content with this triumph, however, the System went to work to beat LaFollette, and to accomplish this end, LaFollette's methods were adopted, or, rather, adapted. A systematic appeal was to be made to public opinion. A meeting of the leading Stalwarts was held in the eleventh story of an office building in Milwaukee, and a Permanent Republican League of the

State of Wisconsin was organized. This became known as the "Eleventh Story League." A manifesto was put out "viewing with alarm" the encroachments of the executive upon the legislative branch of the government," etc., etc. (The encroachments of boodle business upon all branches of the government is all right.) An army of canvassers was despatched over the state to interview personally every voter in the state and leave with him books and pamphlets. Now this was democratic and fair, but that League did one thing which is enough alone to condemn the whole movement. It corrupted part of the country press. This is not hearsay. The charge was made at the time these papers swung around suddenly, and the League said it did not bribe the editors; it "paid for space for League editorial matter, and for copies of the paper to be circulated." This is bribery, as any newspaper man knows. But there was also what even the League business man would call bribery; newspaper men all over the state told me about direct purchase—and cheap, too. It is sickening, but, for final evidence, I saw affidavits, published in Wisconsin, by newspaper men, who were approached with offers which they refused, and by others who sold out, then threw up their contracts and returned the bribes, for shame or other reasons.

These "democratic" methods failed. When the time arrived for the next Republican state convention, the Stalwarts found that the people had sent up delegates instructed for LaFollette, and he was nominated for a second term. What could the Stalwarts do? They weren't even "regular" now. La Follette had the patry, they had only the federal patronage and the Big Business System. But the System had resources. Wherever a municipal reform movement has hewed to the line, the leaders of it, like Folk and the Chicago reformers, have seen the forces of corruption retire from one party to the other and from the city to the state. This Wisconsin movement for state reform now had a similar experience. The Wisconsin System, driven out of the Republican, went over to the Democratic party; that had not been reformed; beaten out of power in the state, it retreated to the towns; they had not been reformed.

The System in the Towns

The System in many of the Wisconsin municipalities was intact. There had been no serious municipal reform movements anywhere, and the citizens of Milwaukee, Oshkosh, Green Bay, etc., were pretty well satisfied, and they are still, apparently. "We're nothing like Minneapolis, St. Louis, and the rest," they told me with American complacency. Green Bay was exactly like Minneapolis; we know it because the wretched little place has been exposed since. And Marinette and Oshkosh, unexposed, are said by insiders to be "just like Green Bay." As for Milwaukee, that is St. Louis all over again.

District Attorney Bennett has had grand juries at work in Milwaukee since 1901, and he has some 42 persons indicted—12 aldermen, 10 supervisors, 9 other officials, 1 state senator, and 10 citizens; four convictions and three pleas of guilty. The grafting so far exposed is petty, but the evidence in hand indicates a highly perfected boodle system. The Republicans had the county, the Democrats the city, and both the council and the board of supervisors had combines which grafted on contracts, public institutions, franchises, and other business privileges. The corrupt connection of business and politics was shown; the informants were merchants and contractors, mostly small men, who confessed to bribery. The biggest caught so far is Colonel Pabst, the brewer, who paid a check of $1,500 for leave to break a building law. But all signs point higher than beer, to more "legitimate" political business. As in Chicago, a bank is the center of this graft, and public utility companies are back of it. The politicians in the boards of management, now or formerly, show that. It is a bi-partizan system all through. Henry C. Payne, while chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and E. C. Wall (the man the Wisconsin Democracy offered the National Democratic Convention for President of the United States), while chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, engineered a consolidation of Milwaukee street railway and electric lighting companies, and, when the job was done, Payne became manager of the street railway, Wall of the light company. But this was "business." There was no scandal about it.

The great scandal of Milwaukee was the extension of street railway franchises, and the men who put that through were Charles F. Pfister, the Stalwart Republican boss, and David S. Rose, the Stalwart Democratic mayor. Money was paid; the extension was boodled through. The Milwaukee *Sentinel*

reprinted a paragraph saying Pfister, among others, did the bribing, and thus it happened that the Stalwarts got that paper. Pfister sued for libel, but when the editors (now on the Milwaukee *Free Press*) made answer that their defense would be proof of the charge, the millionaire traction man bought the paper and its evidence too. It is no more than fair to add—as Milwaukee newspaper men always do (with delight)—that the paper had very little evidence, not nearly so much as Pfister seemed to think it had. As for Mayor Rose, his friends declare that he has told them, personally and convincingly, that he got not one cent for his service. But that is not the point. Mayor Rose fought to secure for special interests a concession which sacrificed the common interests of his city. I am aware that he defends the terms of the grants as fair, and they would seem so in the East, but the West is intelligent on special privileges, and Mayor Rose lost to Milwaukee the chance Chicago seized to settle the public utility problem. Moreover, Rose knew that his council was corrupt before it was proven so; he told two business men that they couldn't get a privilege they sought honestly from him, without bribing aldermen. Yet he ridiculed as "hot air" an investigation which nevertheless produced evidence enough to defeat at the polls, in a self-respecting city, the head of an administration so besmirched. Milwaukee reëlected Rose; good citizens say they gave the man the benefit of the doubt—the man, not the city.

But this is not the only explanation. The System was on trial with Mayor Rose in that election, and the System saved its own. The Republicans, with the Rose administration exposed, had a chance to win; and they nominated a good man, Mr. Guy D. Goff. Pfister, the Stalwart Republican boss, seemed to support Goff; certainly the young candidate had no suspicion to the contrary. He has now, however. When the returns came in showing that he was beaten, Mr. Goff hunted up Mr. Pfister, and he found him. Mr. Goff, the Republican candidate for mayor, found Charles F. Pfister, the Stalwart Republican boss, rejoicing over the drinks with the elected Democratic mayor, David S. Rose.

Both Rings Against LaFollette

I guess Mr. Goff knows that a bi-partizan System rules Milwaukee, and, by the same token, Governor LaFollette knows that there is a bi-partizan System in Wisconsin. For when Governor LaFollette beat the Stalwarts in the Republican state convention of 1902, those same Stalwarts combined with the Democrats. Democrats told me that the Republican Stalwarts dictated the "Democratic" anti-LaFollette platform and that Pfister, the "Republican" boss, named the "safe man "chosen for the "Democratic" candidate for governor to run against LaFollette—said David S. Rose.

"They" say in Wisconsin that LaFollette is a Democrat; that "he appeals to Democratic voters." He does. He admits it, but he adds that it is indeed to the Democratic voters that he appeals—not to the Democratic machine. And he gets Democratic votes. "They" complain that he has split the Republican party; he has, and he has split the Democratic party too. When "they" united the two party rings of the bi-partizan System against LaFollette in 1902, he went out after the voters of both parties, and those voters combined; they beat Rose, the two rings, and the System. The people of Wisconsin reëlected LaFollette, the "unsafe," and that is why the trouble is so great in Wisconsin. The System there is down.

There is a machine, but it is LaFollette's. When he was reëlected, the Governor organized his party, and I think no other of his offenses is quite so heinous in Stalwart eyes. They wanted me to expose him as a boss who had used state patronage to build up an organization. I reminded "them" that their federal patronage is greater than LaFollette's in the state, and I explained that my prejudice was not against organization; their kind everywhere had been urging me so long to believe that organization was necessary in politics, that I was disposed to denounce only those machines that sold out the party and the people. And as for the "boss"—it is not the boss in an elective office where he is responsible that is so bad, but the irresponsible boss back of a safe figurehead; this is the man that is really dangerous. Then they declared that Governor LaFollette had sacrificed good service to the upbuilding of his machine. This is a serious charge. I did not go thoroughly into it. Cases which I investigated at Stalwart behest, held, with one exception, very little water, and I put no faith in the rest. But, for the sake of argument, let us admit that the departments are not all that they should be. What then? As in Chicago, the fight

in Wisconsin is for self-government, not "good" government; it is a fight to reëstablish a government representative of all the people. Given that; remove from control the Big Business and the Bad Politics that corrupt all branches of the government, and "good" government will come easily enough. But Big Business and Bad Politics are hard to beat.

The defeat of Rose did not beat them. The Stalwarts still had the senate, and they manned the lobby to beat the railroad tax and the primary election bills. But Governor LaFollette outplayed them at the great game. He long had been studying the scheme for a state commission to regulate railway freight rates. It was logical. If their taxes were increased the roads could take the difference out of the people by raising freight rates. Other states had such commissions, and in some of them, notably Iowa and Illinois, the rates were lower than in Wisconsin. Moreover, we all know railroads give secret rebates and otherwise discriminate in favor of individuals and localities.

When then, the battle lines were drawn on the old bills in the legislature of 1903, the Governor threw into the fight a bristling message calling for a commission to regulate railway rates. The effect was startling. "Populism," "Socialism," "they" cried, and they turned to rend this new bill. They let the tax bill go through to fight this fresh menace to "business." They held out against the primary election bill also, for, if that passed they feared the people might keep LaFollette in power forever. Even that, however, they let pass finally, with an amendment for a referendum. Concentrating upon the rate commission bill, Big Business organized business men's mass meetings throughout the state, and with the help of favored or timid shippers, sent committees to Madison to protest to the legislature. Thus this bill was beaten by Business and, with the primary election referendum, is an issue in this year's campaign.

As I have tried to show, however, the fundamental issue lies deeper. The people of Wisconsin understand this. The Stalwarts dread the test at the polls. But what other appeal was there? They knew one. When the Republican state convention met this year, the Stalwarts bolted; whatever the result might have been of a fight in the convention, they avoided it and held a separate convention in another hall, hired in advance. The Halfbreeds renominated LaFollette; the Stalwarts put up another ticket. To the Stalwart convention came Postmaster-General Payne, United States Senators Spooner and Quarles, Stalwart congressmen and federal office holders—the Federal System. The broken State System was appealing to the United States System, and the Republican National Convention at Chicago was to decide the case. And it did decide—for the System. I attended that convention, and heard what was said privately and honestly. The Republicans who decided for Payne-Spooner-Pfister-Babcock, etc., said "LaFollette isn't really a Republican anyhow."

Isn't he? That is a most important question. True, he is very democratic essentially. He helped to draw the McKinley tariff law and he is standing now on the national Republican platform; his democracy consists only in the belief that the citizens elected to represent the people should represent the people, not the corrupt special interests. Both parties should be democratic in that sense. But they aren't. Too often we have found both parties representing graft—big business graft. The people, especially in the West, are waking to a realization of this state of things and (taking a hint from the Big Grafters) they are following leaders who see that the way to restore government representative of the common interests of the city or state, is to restore to public opinion the control of the dominant party. The Democrats of Missouri have made their party democratic; the Republicans of Illinois have made their party democratic. The next to answer should be the people of Wisconsin. The Stalwarts hope the courts will decide. They hope their courts will uphold the decision of the National Republican Party, that they, who represent all that is big and bad in business and politics, are the regular "Republicans." This isn't right. The people of Wisconsin are not radicals; they are law-abiding, conservative, and fair. They will lay great store by what their courts shall rule, but this is a question that should be left wholly to the people themselves. And they are to be trusted, for, no matter how men may differ about Governor LaFollette otherwise, his long, hard fight has developed citizenship in Wisconsin—honest, reasonable, intelligent citizenship. And that is better than "business"; that is what business and government are for—men.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

BY

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF "A WEST POINT REGULATION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE little District Telegraph boy, with a dirty face, stood at the edge of the desk and, rubbing his sleeve across his cheek, made it unnecessarily dirtier.

"Answer, sir?"

"No—yes—wait a minute." Reed tore the yellow envelope and spread the telegram. It read:

"Do I meet you at your office or at Martin's and what time?"

"The devil!" Reed commented, and the boy blinked indifferently. He was used to stronger. "The casual Rex all over! Yes, boy, there's an answer." He scribbled rapidly, and the two lines of writing said this:

"Waiting for you at office now. Hurry up. C. Reed."

He fumbled in his pocket and gave the youngster a coin. "See that it's sent instantly—like lightning. Run!" and the sharp little son of New York was off before the last word was well out.

Half an hour later, to Reed waiting at his office in Broadway impatiently, there strolled in a good-looking and leisurely young man with black clothes on his back and peace and good-will on his face. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting, Carty," he remarked in friendly tones. "Plenty of time, isn't there?"

"No, there isn't," his cousin answered, and there was a touch of snap in the accent. "Really, Rex, you ought to grow up and be responsible. It was distinctly arranged that you should call here for me at six, and now it's a quarter before seven."

"Couldn't remember the hour or the place to save my life," the younger man asserted earnestly. "I'm just as sorry as I can be, Carty. You see I did remember we were to dine at Martin's. So much I got all right—and that was something, wasn't it, Carty?" he inquired with an air of wistful pride, and the frown on the face of the other dissolved in laughter.

"Rex, there's no making you over—worse luck. Come along. I've got to go home to dress after dinner you see, before we make our call. You'll do, on the strength of being a theological student."

The situation was this: Reginald Fairfax, in his last-year at the Theological Seminary, in this month of May, and lately ordained, had been seriously spoken of as assistant to the Rector of the great church of St. Eric's. It was a remarkable position to come the way of an undergraduate, and his brilliant record at the seminary was one of the two things which made it possible. The other was the friendship and interest of his cousin, Carter Reed, head clerk in the law firm of Rush, Walden, Lee and Lee, whose leading member, Judge Rush, was also senior warden at St. Eric's. Reed had called Judge Rush's attention to his young cousin's career, and, after some inquiry, the vestryman had asked that the young man should be brought to see him, to discuss certain questions bearing on the work. It was almost equivalent to a call coming from such a man, and Reed was delighted; but here his troubles began. In vain did he hopefully fix date after date with the slippery Rex—something always interfered. Twice, to his knowledge, it had been the chance of seeing a girl from Orange which had thrown over the chance of seeing the man of influence and power. Once the evening had been definitely arranged with Judge Rush himself, and Reed was obliged to go alone and report that the candidate had disappeared into a tenement district and no one knew where to find him. The effect of that was fortunately good—Judge

Rush was rather pleased than otherwise that a young clergyman should be so taken up with his work as to forget his interests. But Reed was most anxious that this evening's appointment should go off successfully, while Rex was as light-hearted as a bird. Any one would have thought it was Reed's own future he was laboring over instead of that of the youngster who had a gift of making men care for him and work for him without effort on his own part.

The two walked down Broadway toward the elevated road, Rex's dark eyes gathering amusement here and there in the crowded way as they went.

"Look at Billy Strong—why there's Billy Strong across the street. Come over and I'll present you, Carty. Just the chap you want to meet. He's a great athlete—on the water-polo team of the New York Athletic Club, you know—as much of an old sport as you are." And Reed found himself swung across and standing before a powerful, big figure of a man, almost before he could answer. There was another man with the distinguished Billy, and Reed had not regarded the two for more than one second before he discovered that they were both in a distinct state of intoxication. In fact, Strong proclaimed the truth at once, false shame cast to the winds. He threw his arm about Rex's neck with a force of affection which almost knocked down the quartette.

"Recky," he bubbled, "good old Recky—bes' fren' ev' had—I'm drunk, Recky—too bad. We're both drunk. Take's home." Rex glanced at his cousin in dismay, and Strong repeated his invitation cordially. "Take's home, Recky," he insisted, with the easy air of a man who confers an honor. "'S up to you, Recky."

Rex looked at his frowning cousin doubtfully, pleadingly.

"It almost seems as if it was; doesn't it, Carty?" he said. "We can't leave them like this."

"I don't see why we can't—I can," Reed asserted. "It's none of our business, Rex, and we really haven't time to palaver. Come along."

The gentle soul of Rex Fairfax was surprisingly firm. "Carty, they'd be arrested in five minutes," he reasoned. "It's a wonder they haven't been already. And Billy's people—it would break their hearts. I know some of them well, you see. I was with him only last week over in Orange."

"Oh!" Reed groaned. "That Girl from Orange again." He opened his lips once more to launch nervous English against this quixotism, but Strong interposed.

"'S all true," he solemnly stated, fixing his eyes rollingly on Reed. "Got Orange-colored cousin what break Recky's heart if don't take's home. Y'see—y'see—" The President of these United States in a cabinet council would have stopped to listen to him, so freighted with great facts coming was his confidential manner. "Y'see—wouldn't tell ev' body—only you," and he laid a mighty hand on Reed's shoulder. "I'm so drunk. Awful pity—too bad," and he sighed deeply. "Now, Recky, ol' man, take's home."

"Who's your friend, Billy?" Rex inquired, disregarding this appeal.

Billy burst into a shout of laughter which Fairfax promptly clipped by putting his hand over the big man's mouth. "He's bes' joke yet," Strong remarked through Rex's fingers. "He's go'n' kill himself," and he kissed the restraining hand gallantly.

The two sober citizens turned and stared at the gentleman. He looked it. He looked as if there could be no step deeper into the gloom which enveloped him, except suicide. He nodded darkly as the two regarded him.

"Uh-huh. Life's failure. Lost cuff-button. Won't live to be indecent. Go'n' kill m'self soon's this dizhiness goesh pasht. Billy's drunk, but I'm subject to—to dizhiness."

Rex turned to his cousin with a gesture. "You see, Carty, we can't leave them. I'm just as disappointed as you are, but it would be a beastly thing to do, to let them get pulled in as common drunks. What's your friend's name?" he demanded again of Strong.

"Got lovely name," he averred eagerly. "Good ol' moth-eaten name. Name's Schuyler VanCourtlandt Van de Water—ain't it Schuylie—ain't that your name—or's that mine? I—I f'rget lil' things," he said in an explanatory manner.

But the suicide spoke up for himself. "Thas my name," he said aggressively. "Knew it in a minute. Thas my father's name and my grandfath's name and my great grandfath's name and my great-great——"

"Stop," said Rex tersely, and the man stopped. "Now tell me where you live."

Billy Strong leaned over and punched the man in the ribs. "You lemme tell 'em.

Lives nine-thous-n sixt'-four East West Street," he addressed Rex, and chuckled.

"Don't be a donkey, Billy—tell me his right address." Rex spoke with annoyance—this scene was getting tiresome, and although Reed was laughing hopelessly he was on his mind.

"Oh! F' got!" Billy's tipsy coyness was elephantine. "Lives *six* thous'n *sev*'nty four North S—South Street," and he roared with laughter.

Rex was about to learn how to manage Billy Strong. "Bill," he said, "be decent. You're making me lots of trouble," and Billy burst into tears and sobbed out:

"Wouldn' make Recky trouble for worlds—good ol' Recky—half-witted ol' goat, but bes' fren' ev' had," and the address was captured.

Rex turned to his cousin, his winning, deprecating manner warning Reed but softening him against his will. "Carty," he said, "there's nothing for it, but for you to take one chap and I the other and see 'em home. It's only a little after seven and we ought to be able to meet by half-past eight—at the Hotel Netherland, say—that's near the Rush's. We'll have to give up dinner, but we'll get a sandwich somewhere, and we'll do. I'll take Strong because he's more troublesome—I think I can manage him. It's awfully good of you, and I can tell you I appreciate it. But it wouldn't be civilized to do less, old Carty, would it?" And Reed found himself, grumbling but docile, linked to the suicide's arm and guiding his shuffling footsteps in the way they should go.

"Now, we'll both kill ourselves, old Carty, won't we?" Rex heard his cousin's charge mumble cheerfully as they started off, with a visible lightening of his gloom at the thought of companionship in death.

Strong was marching along with an unearthly decorum that should have made Fairfax suspicious. But instead it cheered his optimistic soul immensely. "Good for you, old man," he said encouragingly. "At this rate we'll get you home in no time." And Billy, at that second, thrust out his great shoulder into the crowd, and almost knocked a man down. The man, whirled sidewise in front of them, glared savagely.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded. Strong, to whom nothing would have given more joy than a tussle, bent down and peered into the other's face.

"Is it a man or a monkey?" he piped, and shrieked with laughter.

The man's strained temper broke suddenly and Rex caught him by the arm as he was about to spring for Strong, and promptly threw himself between the two.

"Look here, Billy," he remonstrated, "if you fight anybody it's got to be me," and he spoke over his shoulder to the stranger. "You see what I'm up against. I'm getting him home—do just go on," and the man went.

But Billy's head was in his guardian's neck and he was spluttering and sobbing. "Fight you? Nev'—s' help me—nev'—Fight poor ole fool Recky—bes' fren' ev' had? No sir. I wouldn' fight you, Recky," and he raised a tear-stained face and gazed mournfully into his eyes. "D'ye think I'd——"

"Oh, shut up!" Rex ejaculated, "and hold your head up, Billy. You make me sick."

The intoxicated heavy freight being under way again, Rex looked about for the rest of the train, but in vain. After a halt of a minute or so he decided that they were lost and would have to stay lost, the situation being too precarious, in this land of policemen, with one hundred and ninety pounds of noisy uncertainty on his hands, to risk any unnecessary movement. Billy kept every breath of time alive and varied. Within two minutes of the first adventure he managed to put his elbow clearly and forcibly into a small man's mouth, and before the other could resent it:

"'S my elbow, sir," he said, haughtily, stopping and staring down.

"Well, why in thunder don't you keep it where it belongs?" snapped the man, and Billy caught him by the sleeve.

"Lil' sir," he said impressively, "if you should bite off my elbow, you saucy baggage"—and the thought was too much for him. Tears filling his eyes he turned to Rex. "Recky, you spank that lil' sir," he pleaded brokenly. "He's too lil' for me—I'd hurt him"—and Rex mediated again. A shock came when they reached the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. "Up s' daisy," crowed Billy Strong, and swung Fairfax facing uptown with a mighty heave.

"The Elevated station's down a block, old chap," explained the sober contingent. "We have to take the Elevated to Seventy-second you know, and walk across to your place."

Billy looked at him pityingly. "You poor lil' pup," he crooned. "Didn' I keep tellin' you had to go Chris'pher Street ferry meet a girl? Goin' theater with girl." He tipped his derby one-sided and started off on a cake-walk.

Rex had to march beside him willy-nilly. "Look here, Billy," he reasoned, exasperated at this entirely fresh twist in the corkscrew business of getting Strong home. "Look here, Billy, this is tommy-rot. You haven't any date with a girl, and if you had you couldn't keep it. Come along home, man; that's the place for you."

But Billy was suddenly a Gibraltar of firmness. "Got date with lovely blue-eyed girlie—couldn't dish'point her. Unmanly deed—Recky, d' *you* want bes' fren' ev' had to be unmanly deed, and dish'point trustin' female? Nev', Recky—nev', ol' man. Lesh be true to th' ladies till hell runs dry—Oh, 'scuse me Recky—f'got you was parson—till *well* runs dry, meant say. That all right? Come on t' Chris'pher Street." And in spite of desperate attempts, of long argument and appeal on Rex's part, to Christopher Street they went.

The ministering angel had no hankering to risk his charge in a street-car, so, as the distance was not great, they walked.

Fairfax's dread was that, having saved his friend so far, he should attract the attention of a policeman and be arrested. So he kept a sharp lookout for bluecoats and passed them studiously on the other side. What was his horror therefore, turning a corner, to turn squarely into the majestic arm of the law, and what was his greater horror, to hear Billy Strong suavely address him. Billy lifted his hat to the large, fat officer as he might have lifted it to his sweetheart in her box at the Horse Show.

"Would you have the g—goodness to tell me," he inquired, with distinguished courtesy, "if this is"—Billy's articulation was improving, but otherwise he was just as tipsy as ever—"if this is—Chris-to-pher Street—or—or Wednesday?"

"Hey?" inquired the policeman, and stared. Repartee seemed not to be his forte.

"Thank you—thank you very much"—Billy's gratitude spilled over conventional limits—"very, *very* much—old rhinoceros," he finished, and shot suddenly ahead, dragging Rex with him into the whirlpool of a moving crowd, and it dawned on the policeman five minutes later that the courtly gentleman was drunk.

The anxiety of this game was its unexpectedness. Strong, in the turn of a hand grew playful, after the fashion of a mammoth kitten. He bounded this way and that, knocking into somebody inevitably at every leap, and at each contact he wheeled toward the injured and lifted his hat and bowed low and brought out "I—beg—your—pardon" with a drawl of sarcastic emphasis too insulting to be described.

"Billy," pleaded Rex, taking to pathos, "don't do that again. You'll get arrested, and maybe they'll arrest me too, and you don't want to get me into a hole, do you?"

Billy stopped short with a suddenness which came near to upsetting his guide, and put both large hands on Rex's shoulders, and gazed into his eyes with a world of blurred affection. "Reck, ol' fel'," and his voice broke with a sob, "if I got you into hole, I'd jump in hole after you, and I'd—and I'd—pull hole in after both of us, and then I'd—I'd tell hole you was bes' fren' ev' had, and——"

"Come along and behave," cut in the victim of this devotion shortly. "Don't be a fool."

Strong lifted a fatherly forefinger. "Naughty, naughty! Shouldn' call brother fool. Danger hell fire if you call brother fool. Nev' min', Recky—we un'stand each other. Two fools. I'm go'n' behave." He knocked his derby in the back so it rested on his nose, stuck his chin up to meet it, and started off in the most unmistakable semblance of a tipsy man to be met anywhere. "See me behavin'?" he remarked sidewise, with a gleam of rollicking deviltry out of his eyes.

Christopher Street ferry was reached safely by a miracle, and inside the ferry-house Strong made a bee line for a truck and threw his great body full length upon it with a loud yawn of joy. "So tired," he remarked. "Go'n' have good nap now," and he closed his eyes peacefully.

"See here, Billy, this won't do. You said you had to meet a girl—what about that?"

"Oh, tha's all right," Billy agreed easily. "You meet girl—tell her you got me drunk," and he turned over and prepared for slumber. Strenuous argument was necessary to rouse him even to half a sense of responsibility. "Recky, dear, you—'noy me," he

said with severity, coming to a sitting position and contemplating Rex with mild displeasure. "What kin' girl? Why, jes' girly girl. Lovely blue-eyed girly-girl—kind of girl—colored hair,"—he swept his hand descriptively over his own black locks. "Wears sort of—skirts, you know—you 'member the kind. All of 'em same thing—well, she wears 'em too. Tha's all," and he dropped heavily back to the truck, and retired into his coat collar.

Rex shook him. "That won't do, Billy. I can't pick out a girl on that. Will there be a chaperone with her?"

"No!" thundered Billy.

"How is a girl allowed to go to the theater with you without a chaperone?" inquired Rex incredulously. "This is New York."

Strong brought down his fist. "Death to chaperones! *A bas les chaperones!* Don't you think girl's mother trust her to me? "Look at me! I'll be chaperone to tha' girl, and father, 'n' mother, 'n' a few uncles and aunts." He threw his arm out with a gesture which comprised the universe. "I'll be all the world to tha' girl. You go meet her 'n' tell her you got me drunk," he concluded, with a radiant smile.

Rex considered. There seemed to be enough method in Strong's madness to justify the belief that he had an engagement. If so, he must by all means wait and trust to luck to pick out the "lovely blue-eyed girlie" who was the "party of the other part," and hope for an inspiration as to what to tell her. She might be with or without a chaperone, she might be any variety of the species, but Strong seemed to be quite clear that she had blue eyes.

The crowd from the incoming boat began to unload into the ferry-house, and Rex placed himself anxiously by the entrance. Three or four thin men scurried in advance, then a bunch of stout and middle-aged persons straggled along puffing. Then came a set of young people in theater array, chattering and laughing as they hurried, and another set, and another—the main body of the little army was upon him. Rex scanned them for a girl alone or a girl with her mother. Ah! here she was—this must be Strong's "blue-eyed girlie." She was alone and pretty, a little under-bred and blonde. Rex lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his most winning way; "are you waiting for Mr. Strong?"

The girl threw up her head and looked frightened, and then angry.

"No, I am not," she said, and then, with a haughty look, "I call you pretty saucy," and Rex was left mortified and silent, while a passing man murmured, "Served you right," and a woman laughed scornfully. He stalked across to the tranquil form on the truck.

"Billy," he said, and shook a massive shoulder. "Wake up. Tell me that girl's name."

Strong opened his eyes like a baby waked from dewy sleep. "Wha's that, Recky—dear old Recky—bes' fren'——"

"Cut that out," said Rex, sharply. "Tell me the name of the girl you're waiting here to meet," and he laughed a short bitter laugh The girl whom "Billy" was waiting to meet! Rex was getting tired and hungry.

Strong smiled a gentle, obstinate, tipsy smile and shook his head. "No, Recky, dear ol' fren'—bes' fren'—well, nev' min'. Can't tell girl's name; tha's her secret."

"Don't be an ass, Billy—quick, now, tell me the name."

"Naughty, naughty!" quoted Billy again, and waggled his forefinger. "Danger hell fire! Couldn' tell girl's name, Recky—be dishon'able. Couldn', no, couldn'. Anythin' else—ask m' anythin' else in all these wide worlds"—and he struck his breast with fervor. "Tell you *anythin'*, Recky, but couldn' betray trustin' girl's secret."

"Billy, can't you give me an idea what the girl's like?" pleaded Rex desperately. Billy smiled up at him drowsily. "Perfectly good girl," he elucidated. "Good eyes, good wind, kind to mother—perfectly good girl in ev—every r-respect," he concluded, emphasizing his sentences by articulating them. He dropped his chin into his chest with a recumbent bow, and his arm described an impressive semicircle. "Present to her 'surances my most disting'shed consider-ration—soon's you find her," and he went flop on his side and was asleep.

Rex had to give it up. He heard the gates rattling open for the next boat-load, and took his stand again, bracing himself for another rebuff. The usual vanguard, the usual quicksilver bunch of humanity, massing, separating, flowing this way and that, and in the midst of them a fair-haired, timid-looking young girl, walking quietly with down-cast eyes, as if unused to being in big New York alone at eight o'clock at

night. Rex stood in front of her with bared head.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated his formula; "are you looking for Mr. Strong?"

The startled eyes lifted to his a short second, then dropped again. "No, for Mr. Week," she answered softly, and unconscious of witticism, melted into the throng.

This was a heavy boat-load, for it was just theater time—they were still coming. And suddenly his heart bounded and stopped. Of course—he was utterly foolish not to have known—it was she—Billy Strong's bewitching cousin, the girl from Orange. There she stood with her big, brown eyes searching, gazing here and there, as lovely, as incongruous as a wood-nymph strayed into a political meeting. The feather of her hat tossed in the May breeze; the fading light from the window behind her shone through loose hair about her face, turned it into a soft dark aureole; the gray of her tailor gown was crisp and fresh as spring-time. To Rex's eyes no picture had ever been more satisfying.

Suddenly she caught sight of him, and her face lighted as if lamps had shone out of a twilight, and in a second he had her hand in his, and was talking away, with responsibility and worry, and that heavy weight on the truck back there, quite gone out of the world. She was in it, and himself—the world was full. The girl seemed to be as oblivious of outside facts as he, for it was quite two minutes, and the last straggler from the boat had disappeared into the street before she broke into one of his sentences.

"Why, but—I forgot. You made me forget entirely, Mr. Fairfax. I'm going to the theater with my cousin, Billy Strong. He ought to be here—where is he?"

Rex shivered lest her roving eyes might answer the question, for Billy's truck with Billy slumbering peacefully on it, lay in full view not fifty feet away. But her gaze passed unsuspiciously over the prostrate, huddled form

"It's very queer—I'm sure this was the right boat." She looked up at his face anxiously, and he almost moaned aloud. What was he going to say to her?

"That's what I'm here for, Miss Margery—to explain about Billy. He—he isn't feeling at all himself to-night, and it's utterly impossible for him to go with you." To his astonishment her face broke into a very satisfied smile. "Oh—well, I'm sorry Billy's ill, but we'll hope for the best, and I don't really object to you as a substitute, you know. Of course it's improper, and mother wouldn't think of letting me go with you—but I'm going. Mother won't mind when I tell her it's done. I've never been alone with a man to anything, except with my cousin—it's like stealing watermelons, isn't it? Don't you think it's rather fun?"

"'Recky,' he bubbled, 'good old Recky—bes' fren' ev' had'"

Staggered by the situation, Fairfax thought desperately and murmured something which sounded like "Oochee-Goochee," as he tried to recall it later. The girl's gay voice went on: "It would be wicked to waste the tickets. City people aren't going to the theater as late as this, so we won't see any one we know. I think it's a dispensation of Providence, and I'd be a poor spirited mouse to waste the chance. I think I'll go with you—don't you?"

Could he leave that prostrate form on the truck and snatch at this bit of heaven dangling before him? Could he—couldn't he? No, he could not. It would be a question of fifteen minutes perhaps before the drowsy Billy would be marching to the police station, and in his entirely casual and fearless state of mind, the big athlete would make history for some policeman, his friend could not doubt, before he got there. Rex had put his hand to this intoxicated plough and

"'Who's your friend, Billy?'"

he must not look back, even when the prospect backwards was so bewilderingly attractive, so tantalizingly easy. He stammered badly when, at length, the silence which followed the soft voice had to be filled.

"I'm simply—simply—broken up, Miss Margery," and the girl's eyes looked at him with a sweet wideness that made it harder. "I don't know how to tell you, and I don't know how to resign myself to it either, but I—I can't take you to the theater. I—I've got to—got to—well, you see, I've got to be with Billy."

She spoke quickly at that. "Mr. Fairfax, is Billy really ill—is there something more than I understand? Why didn't you tell me? Has there been an accident, perhaps? Why, I must go to him too—come—hurry—I'll go with you, of course."

Rex stumbled again in his effort to quiet her alarm, to prevent this scheme of seeking Billy on his couch of pain. "Oh no, indeed you mustn't do that," he objected strenuously. "I couldn't let you, you know. I don't want you to be bothered. Billy isn't ill at all,—there hasn't been any accident, I give you my word. He's all right—Billy's all right." He had quite lost his perspective by now, and did not see the rocks upon which he rushed.

"If Billy's all right, why isn't he here?" demanded Billy's cousin severely.

Rex saw now. "He isn't exactly—that is to say—all right, you know. You see how it is," and he gazed involuntarily at the sleeping giant, huddled on the truck.

"I do not see." The brown eyes had never looked at him so coldly before, and their expression cut him.

"I'm glad you don't," he cried, and realized that the words had taken him a step deeper into trouble. "It's just this way, Miss Margery—Billy isn't hurt or ill, but he isn't—isn't feeling quite himself, and—and I've got to—I've got to be with him." His voice sounded as if he were going to cry, but it moved the girl to no pity.

"Oh!" she said, and her bewildered tone was a whole world removed from the bright comradeship with which she had met him. "I see—you and Billy have something else planned." Her face flushed suddenly. "I'm sorry I misunderstood about—about the theater. I wouldn't for worlds have—have seemed to force you to—" She stopped, embarrassed, hurt, but yet with her graceful dignity untouched.

"Oh," the wretched Rex exclaimed impetuously, "if I could only take you to the theater, I'd rather than—" but the girl stopped him.

"Never mind about that, please," she said, with gentle decision. "I must go home—when is the next boat? One is going now—good night, Mr. Fairfax—no, don't come with me—I don't need you," and she was gone.

Two minuter later Strong's innocent slumbers were dispersed by a vicious shake. "Wake up! wake up!" ordered Fairfax, restraining himself with difficulty from mangling the cause of his sufferings. "I've had enough, and we're going home, straight."

Rex was mistaken about that, but Billy was cordial in agreeing with him. "Good idea, Recky! Howd'y' ever come to think of it? Le's go home straight; tha's a bully good thing to do. Le's do it. Big head on you, ol' boy," and yawning still, but with unperturbed good nature, Strong marched, a bit crookedly, arm in arm with his friend to the street.

Rex's memory of the trip uptown on the Elevated was like an evil dream. Strong, after his nap, was as a giant refreshed, and his play of wit knew no contracting limits. There were, luckily, not many passengers going up at this hour, but the dozen or so on the car were regaled. Billy selected a seat on the floor with his broad back planted against the door, and at every station the conductor and Rex had to reason with him at length before the door could be opened. The official threatened as well as he could for laughing to put him off, but he threatened less strenuously for the sight of six feet two of muscle in magnificently fit condition. This lasted for half a dozen stations and then the patient began to play like a mountainous kitten. He took a strap on either side of the car and turned somersaults; he did traveling ring work with them; he gave a standing broad jump that would have been creditable on an athletic field; he had his audience screaming with laughter at an imitation of water polo over the back of a seat. Then, just as the fun was at an almost impossible point, and the conductor, highly entertained but worried, was considering how to get this chap arrested, Billy walked up to him with charming friendliness and shook hands.

"One th' besh track meets I've ever had pleasure attendin', sir," he said genially, and sat down and relapsed into grave dignity.

So he remained for five minutes, to the trembling joy of his exhausted guardian, but it was too good to be true. Suddenly, at Fifty-third street, he spied a young woman at the other end of the car. There were not more than nine passengers, so that each person might have had a matter of half a dozen seats a piece, but Strong suddenly felt a demand on his politeness, and reason was nothing to him. He rose and marched the forty feet or so between himself and the woman, and, standing in front of her, lifted, with some difficulty, his hat.

"Won't you take my seat, madam?" he inquired, with a smile of perfect courtesy.

"'Recky, you spank that lil' sir,' he pleaded brokenly. 'He's too lil' for me'"

The young person was a young person of common-sense and she caught the situation. She flashed a reassuring glance at Rex, hovering distressed in the background, and shook her head at Strong politely. "No—no, thank you," she said; "I think I can find a seat at this end that will do nicely."

"Madam, I insist," Strong addressed her again earnestly.

"No, really." The young woman was embarrassed, for the eyes of the car were on her. "Thank you so much," she said finally; "I think I'd better stay here."

Strong bent over and put a great hand lightly on her arm. "Madam, as gen'leman I cannot, cannot allow it. Madam, you mush take my seat. Pleash, madam, do not make scene. 'S pleasure to me, 'sure you—greates' pleasure," and beneath this courtly urgency the flushed girl walked shamefacedly the length of the almost empty car, and sat down in Strong's seat, while that soul of chivalry put his hand through a strap and so stood till his ministering angel extracted h'm from the train at Seventy-second Street.

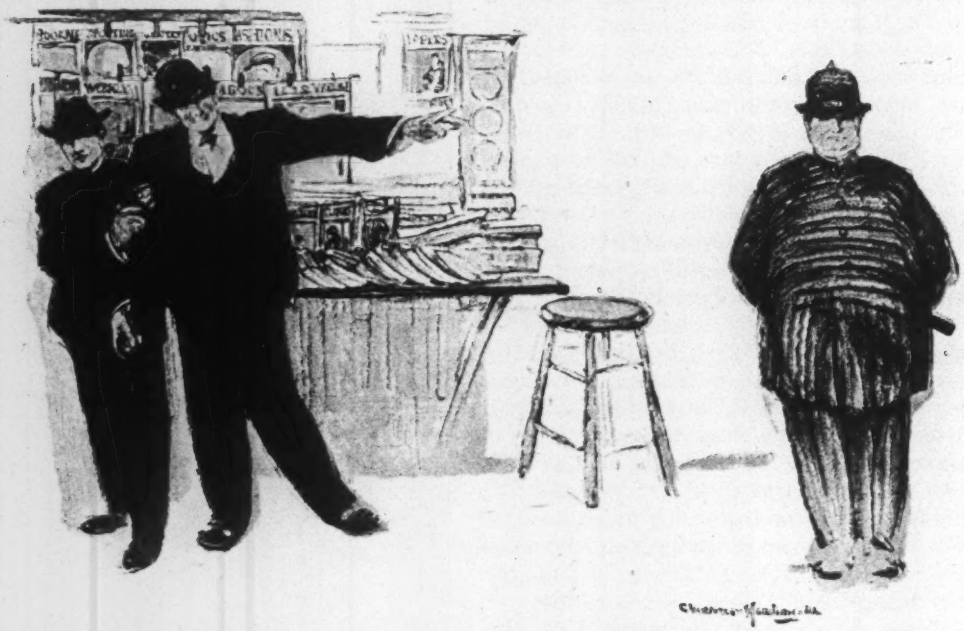
With a sigh of heartfelt relief, Rex put his arm in the big fellow's at the foot of the steps. Freedom must now be at hand, for Billy's home was in a great apartment building not ten minutes' walk away. The culprit himself seemed to realize that his fling was over.

"Raished Cain t'night, didn' we, ol' pal?" he inquired, and squeezed Rex's guiding arm with affection. "I'll shay this for you, Rex—you may be soft-hearted ol' slob, you may be half-witted donkey—I'm not denyin' all that 'n more, but I'll shay thish—you're the bes' man to go on a drunk with in—in—in The'logican Sem'nary. I'm not 'xceptin' th'——"

"Shut up, Billy," remarked Rex, not for the first time that night. "I'd get myself pulled together a bit if I were you," he advised. "You're going to see your family in a minute."

"M' poor fam'ly!" mourned Strong, shaking his head. "M' poor fam'ly! Thish'll be awful blow to m' fam'ly, Recky. They all like so mush to see me sober—always—'s their fad, Recky. Don't blame 'em, Recky, 's natural to 'em. Some peop' born that way. M' poor fam'ly."

They stood in front of the broad driveway which swept under lofty arches into the huge apartment house. Strong stopped and gazed upwards mournfully. "Right up there," he murmured, pointing skywards—"M' fam'ly." The tears were streaming down his face frankly now. "I can't face 'em Recky, 'n this condition you've got me in," he said more in sorrow than in anger. At that second the last inspiration of the



"'Thank you—thank you very much—very, very much—old rhinoceros'"

evening caught him. Across the street arose the mighty pile of an enormous up-town hotel. Strong jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Go'n' break it to m' fam'ly by telegraph' 'em," he stated, and bitterly Rex repented of that thoughtless mention of the Strongs to their son and heir.

Good-naturedly as he had done everything, but relentlessly, he dragged his victim over the way, and direct to the Western Union office of the hotel—"Webster's Union" he preferred to call it. His first telegram read:

"Rex Fairfax got me drunk. Don't blame him. It's natural to him."

That one was confiscated, Strong complaining gently that his friend was "all fads."

The second message was this:

"Dear Mama: Billy's intoxicated. Awfully sorry. Couldn't be helped. Home soon."

That one went in spite of Fairfax's efforts, with two cents extra to pay, which item was the first event of the evening to ruffle Strong's temper.

"Shame, shame on rich cap'talists like Webster's Union to wring two cents from poor drunk chap, for lil' word like 'soon'," he growled, and appealed to the operator. "Couldn't you let me off that two cents?" he asked winningly. "You're good fellow—good lookin' fellow too"—which was the truth. "Well, then, can I get 'em cheaper 'f I send 'em by quantity? I'll do that—how many for dollar, hey?"

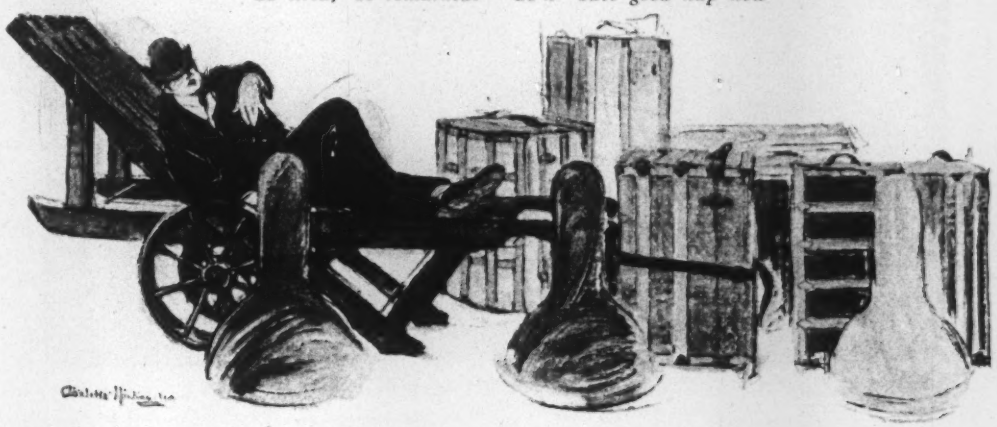
"Five," said the grinning operator, troubled by the irregularity, but taken by this highly entertaining scheme of telegraphing across the street. And Rex, his arts exhausted in vain, watched hopelessly while, one after another, five telegrams were sent to The Montana, a hundred feet away. The first being short two of the regulation ten words, Strong finished with a cabalistic phrase: "Rectangular parallelopipedon."

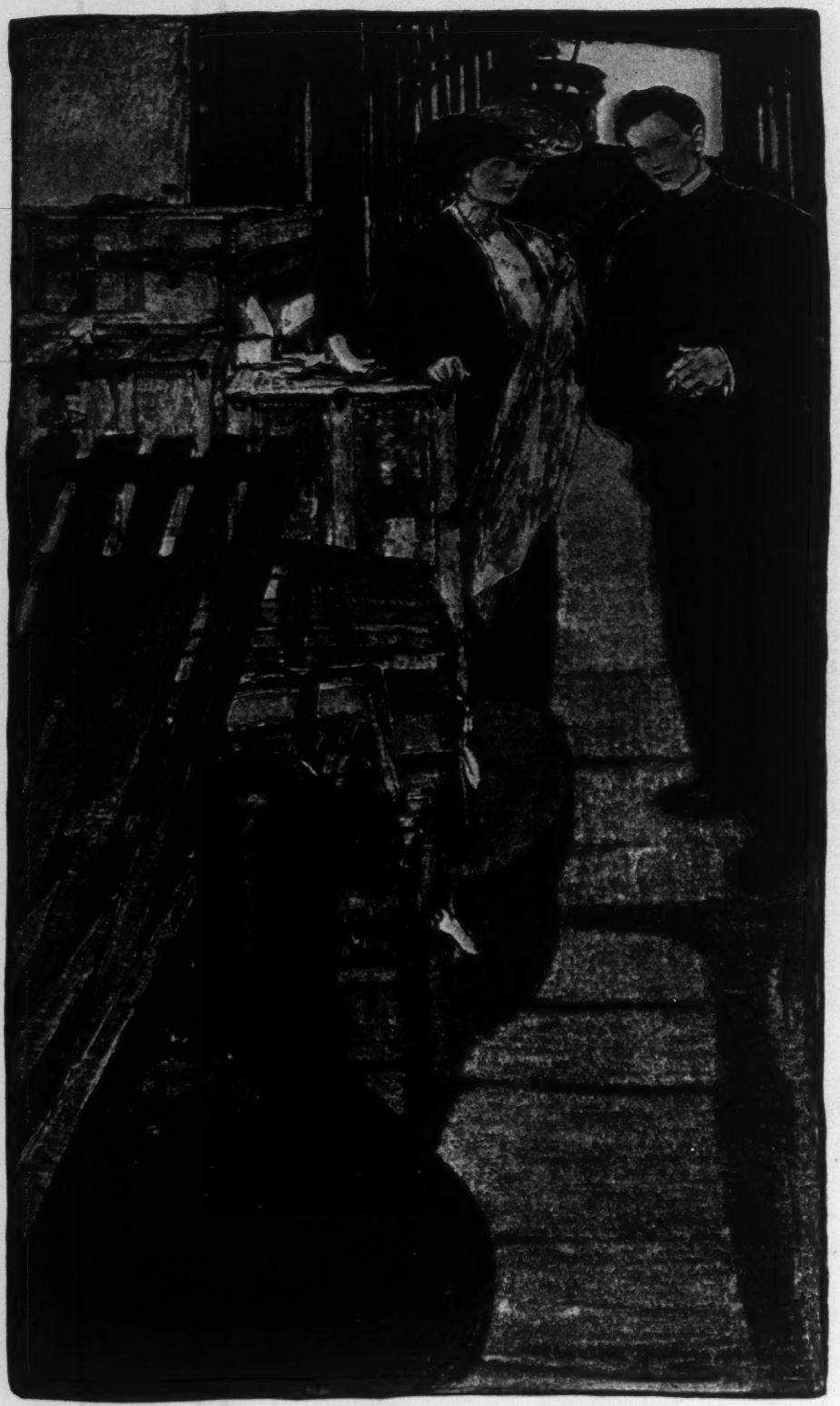
"That'll get even Webster's Union for chargin' me two cents for 'soon'," he chuckled. "Don't y' wish y' hadn' charged me that two cents, hey?" he demanded of the operator, laughing joyfully and cocking his hat over one ear, and the operator and two or three men who stood near could do no otherwise than laugh joyfully too. Strong straightened his face into a semblance of deep gravity. "Thish next one's important," he announced, and put the end of the pencil in his mouth and meditated, while his fascinated audience watched him. He was lost in thought for perhaps two minutes, and then scribbled madly, and as he ended the little bunch of men crowded frankly to look at what he had written. He pushed it toward them with charming unreserve, and the bewilderment with which it was read seemed to please him.

"Dear Papa:" it ran. "I'm Calymene Blumenbachii, a trilobite, one of the crustaceans related to the emtomostracans, but looking more like a tetradecapod, but always your affectionate—Billy."

He pushed it to the operator. "Split that in three," he ordered. "Don't want ruin the wires. I'm careful 'bout wires. Big fall snow wouldn' do more damage 'n heavy words like that," he explained to the listening circle. "Think I look like tetradecapod?" he asked of them as one who makes conversation. "Had that in geology lesson when I was fifteen," he went on. "Got lodged in crack in brain and there tish t'

"'So tired,' he remarked. 'Go'n' have good nap now'"





"COULD HE—COULDN'T HE?"

thish day! Every now'n then I go 'flip,'"—he appeared to pull a light lever situated in his head—"'n fire it off. See? Always hit something."

It was ten o'clock when, the job lot of telegrams dispatched, Fairfax led his volcano from the hotel and headed for the apartment house. He expected another balk at the entrance, for this round of gaiety had come now to seem to him eternal—he could hardly imagine a life in which he was not conducting a tipsy man through a maze of experiences. So that it was one of the surprises of the evening when Strong entered quietly and with perfect deportment took his place in the elevator and got out again, eight floors up, with the mildness of a dove. At the door of the apartment came the last brief but sharp action of the campaign.

"Recky," he said, taking Fairfax's shoulders in his great grasp, "no mother could be t' me what you've been."

"I hope not," Rex responded promptly, but Strong was not to be side-tracked.

"No mother 'n the world—not one—no sir!" he went on. His voice broke with feeling. "I'll nev' forget it—nev'—don't ask me to," he insisted. "Dear Recky—blessed old tom-fool—I'm go'n' kiss you good-night."

"You bet you're not," said Fairfax with emphasis. "Let go of me, you idiot," and he tried to loosen the hands on his shoulders.

But one of the most powerful men in New York had him in his grip, and Rex found himself suddenly folded in Billy's arms, while a chaste salute was planted full on his mouth. As he emerged a second later, disgusted and furious, from this tender embrace, the clang of the elevator twenty feet away caught his ear and, turning, his eyes met the astonished gaze of two young girls and their scornful, frowning father. At that moment the door of the Strongs' apartment opened, there was a vision of the elder Mr. Strong's distracted face, the yellow gleam of the last telegram in his hands, and Rex fled.

Two weeks later a May breeze, rustling through the greenness of the quadrangle, brushed softly the ivy-clad brick walls, and stole, like a runaway child to its playmate, through an open window of the Theological Seminary building at Chelsea Square. Entering so, it flapped suddenly at the white curtains as if astonished. What was this? Two muscular black-clad arms were stretched across a table, and between them lay a brown head, inert, hopeless. It seemed strange that on such a May day, with such a May breeze, life could look dark to anything young, yet Reginald Fairfax, at the head of the graduating class, easily first in more than one way—in scholarship, in athletics, in versatility, and, more than all, like George Washington, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," the most popular man of the Seminary—this successful and well beloved young person sat wretched and restless in his room and let the breeze blow over his prostrate head and his idle, nerveless hands. Since the

"at every station the conductor and Rex had to reason with him"

"'Won't you take my seat, madam?' he inquired, with a smile of perfect courtesy"

night of the rescue of Billy Strong he had felt himself another and a worse man. He sent a note to his cousin the next day.

"Dear Carty," it read; "For mercy sake let me alone. I know I've lost my chance at St. Eric's and I know you'll say it was my own fault. I don't want to hear either statement, so don't come near me till I hunt you up, which I will do when I am fit to talk to a white man. I'm grateful, though you may not believe it. Yours—Rex."

But the lost chance at St. Eric's, although it was coming to weigh heavily on his buoyant spirit, was not the worst of his troubles. The girl from Orange—there lay the sting. He had sent her a note as well, but there was little he was free to say without betraying Billy, so the note was mostly vague expressions of regret, and Rex knew her clearheaded directness too well to hope that it would count for much. No answer had come, and, day by day, he had grown more dejected, hoping against hope for one.

A knock—the postman's knock—and Rex started and sprang to the door. One letter, but he could hardly believe his glad eyes when he saw the address on it, for it was the handwriting which he had come to know well, had known well, seeing it once—her hand-writing. In a moment the jagged-edged envelope, torn in a desperate hurry to get what it held, lay one side, and he was reading.

"Dear Mr. Fairfax:" the letter ran; "For two weeks I have been very unjust to you and I want to beg your pardon. Billy was here three days ago, and what I didn't know and what he didn't know we patched together, and the consequence is I want to apologize and to make up to you, if I can, for being so disagreeable. Billy's recollections of that night were disjointed, but he remembered a lot in spots, and I know now just what a friend you were to him and how you saved him. I think he was horrid, but I think you were fine—simply fine. I can't half say it in writing so will you please come out for over Sunday—mother says—and I'll try to show you how splendid I think you were. Will you? Yours sincerely"—and her name.

Would he? Such a radiant smile shone through the little bare room that the May breeze, catching its light at the window, clapped gay applause against the flapping curtain. This was as it should be.

But the breeze and the postman were not to be the only messengers of happiness. Steps sounded down the long, empty hall, stopped at his door, and Rex, a new joy of living pulsing through him, sprang again, almost before the knock sounded, to meet gladly what might be coming. His face looked out of the wide-open doorway with so bright a welcome to the world, that the two men who stood across the threshold smiled an involuntary answer.

"Carty! I'm awfully glad"—and Rex stopped to put his hand out graciously, deferentially, to the gray-haired and distinguished man who stood with Carter Reed.

"Judge Rush, this is my cousin, Mr. Fairfax," Reed presented him, and in a moment Rex's friend, the breeze, was helping hospitality on with gay little refreshing dashes at a warm, silvered head, as Judge Rush sat in the biggest chair at the big open window. He beamed upon the young man with interested, friendly eyes.

"That's all very well about the quadrangle, Mr. Reed. It certainly is beautiful and like the English Universities," he broke into a sentence genially. "But I wish to talk to Mr. Fairfax. I've come to bring you the first news, Mr. Fairfax, of what you will hear officially within a day or two—that the vestry of St. Eric's hope you will consider a call to be our assistant rector." Rex's heart almost stopped beating, and his smile faded as he stared breathless at this portly and beneficent Mercury. Mercury went on: "A vestry meeting was held last night in which this was decided upon. Your brilliant record in this seminary and other qualifications which have been mentioned to us by high authorities, were the reasons for this action which appeared upon the surface, but I want you to know the inner workings—I asked your cousin to bring me here that I might have the pleasure of telling you."

It was rather warm, and the old gentleman had climbed stairs, and his conversation had been weighty and steady. He arrested its flow for a moment and took a long breath. "Don't stop," said Rex earnestly, and the others broke into sudden laughter.

"I like that," Judge Rush sputtered, chuckling. "You're ready to let me kill myself, if needs be, to get the facts. All right, young man—I like impetuosity—it means energy. I'll go on. The facts not known to the public, which I wish to tell you, are as follows. After your failure to keep your appointment on the evening of the 7th, I was about through with you. I considered you careless both of your own interests and

"'That'll get even Webster's Union for chargin' me two cents for "soon,"' he chuckled"

Charlotte Harding '09

ours, and we began to look for another assistant. A man who fitted the place as you did seemed hard to find and the case was *in statu quo* when, two nights ago, my son brought home young William Strong to dinner. Our families are old friends and Billy's father and I were chums in college, so the boy is at home in our house. As you probably know, he has the gift of telling a good story, so when he began on the events of an evening which you will remember——"

Rex's deep laughter broke into the dignified sentences at this point.

"I see you remember." Judge Rush smiled benignly. "Well, Mr. Fairfax, Billy made an amusing story of that evening. Only the family were at the table and he spared himself not at all. He had been in Orange the day before, and the young lady in the case had told him how you had protected him at your own expense—he made that funny too, but I thought it very fine behavior—very fine, indeed, sir." Rex's face flushed under this. "And as I thought the whole affair over afterwards, I not only understood why you had failed me, but I honored you for attempting no explanation, and I made up my mind that you were the man we wanted. Yes, sir, the man we want. A man who knows how to deal with the situations of to-day, with the vices of a great city, that is what we want. I consider tact, and broad-mindedness and self-sacrifice no small qualities for a minister of the gospel; and a combination of those qualities, as in you, I consider exceptional. So I went to this vestry meeting primed, and I told them we had got to have you, sir—and we've got to. You'll come?"

The question was much like an order, but Rex did not mind. "Indeed, I'll come, Judge Rush," he said, and his manner of saying it won the last doubtful bit of the Judge's heart.

The Sunday morning when the new assistant preached his first sermon in St. Eric's, there sat well back in the congregation a dark-eyed girl, and with her a tall and powerful young man, whose deep shoulders and movements, as of a well fitted machine, advertised an athlete in perfect form. The girl's face was rapt as she followed, her soul in her eyes, the clean-cut, short sermon, and when the congregation filtered slowly down the aisles she said not a word. But as the two turned into the street she spoke at last.

"He is a saint, isn't he, Billy?" she asked, and drew a long breath of contentment.

And from six-feet-two in mid-air came Billy Strong's dictum. "Margery," he said, impressively, "Rex may be a parson and all that, but, to my mind, that's not against him; to my mind that suits his style of handling the gloves. There was a chap in the Bible"—Billy swallowed as if embarrassed—"who—who was the spit 'n' image of Rex—the good Samaritan chap, you know. He found a seedy one falling over himself by the wayside, and he called him a beast and set him up, and took him to a hotel or something and told the innkeeper to charge it to him, and—I forget the exact words, but he saw him through, don't you know? And he did it all in a sporty sort of way and there wasn't a word of whining or fussing at him because he was loaded—that was awfully white of the chap. Rex did more than that for me and not a syllable has he peeped since. And, you know, the consequence of that masterly silence is that I've gone on the water-wagon—yes, sir—for a year. And I'm hanged if I'm not going to church every Sunday. He may be a saint as you say, and I suppose there's no doubt but he's horrid intellectual—every man must have his weaknesses. But the man that's a good Samaritan and a good sport all in one, he's my sort. I'm for him," said Billy Strong.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

TRIUMPHS—PART TWO

WE have seen how the greater bend of a body, the sweep of an arm, the flush of pink flesh against gray-blue sky, the looking up of perspective, have made the details of the success of the triumphal paintings of Venice. Venice is enthroned in art as she is in those paintings. She lives for us in art and we could afford to forget her otherwise, if it were not as an explanation of the past. From that time she has ruled in painting; no ceiling has spread from architrave to arch without a memory of the arrangements of Venice, and nothing has succeeded in the "leit motif" of joy and coronation of hope, unless in connection with that past. When Rubens came to Venice his enjoyment of the splendour of existence, and of the suggestion of ample health and physical success, found a source to drink from. Throughout his paintings beats this Venetian orchestration, and when, later, even by other hands, he paints the triumphs of Henry IV of France and of Mary of Medici, one feels again that these are typical triumphs and that the Queen, his subject, is merely a pretext. Even the great name of Henry of Navarre merely guides us to better appreciation. The hero may be weak and the result will be the same. So that in the very picture in which the boy Louis XIII holds the reins of government, the splendour falls on him not because of his personality, but because of Rubens' idea of triumph. Mary rides on horseback, as we see her in the painting, and we forget the probable meanness of what she may have been. She arrives in France triumphantly received by the genius of France itself, escorted by gods above and by sirens below—all of which relates to a little Princess whose establishment was a good fortune to her family in Italy. The orchestration is that of Venice, sounded on Flemish instruments, and the great pictures are hymns of triumph not only for her, forgotten, but for us. Freed to-day from the dust, and the dark of former placing, most of them shine in the Louvre of to-day, gorgeous in colour and tone, filling the walls as if with imponderable tapestry.

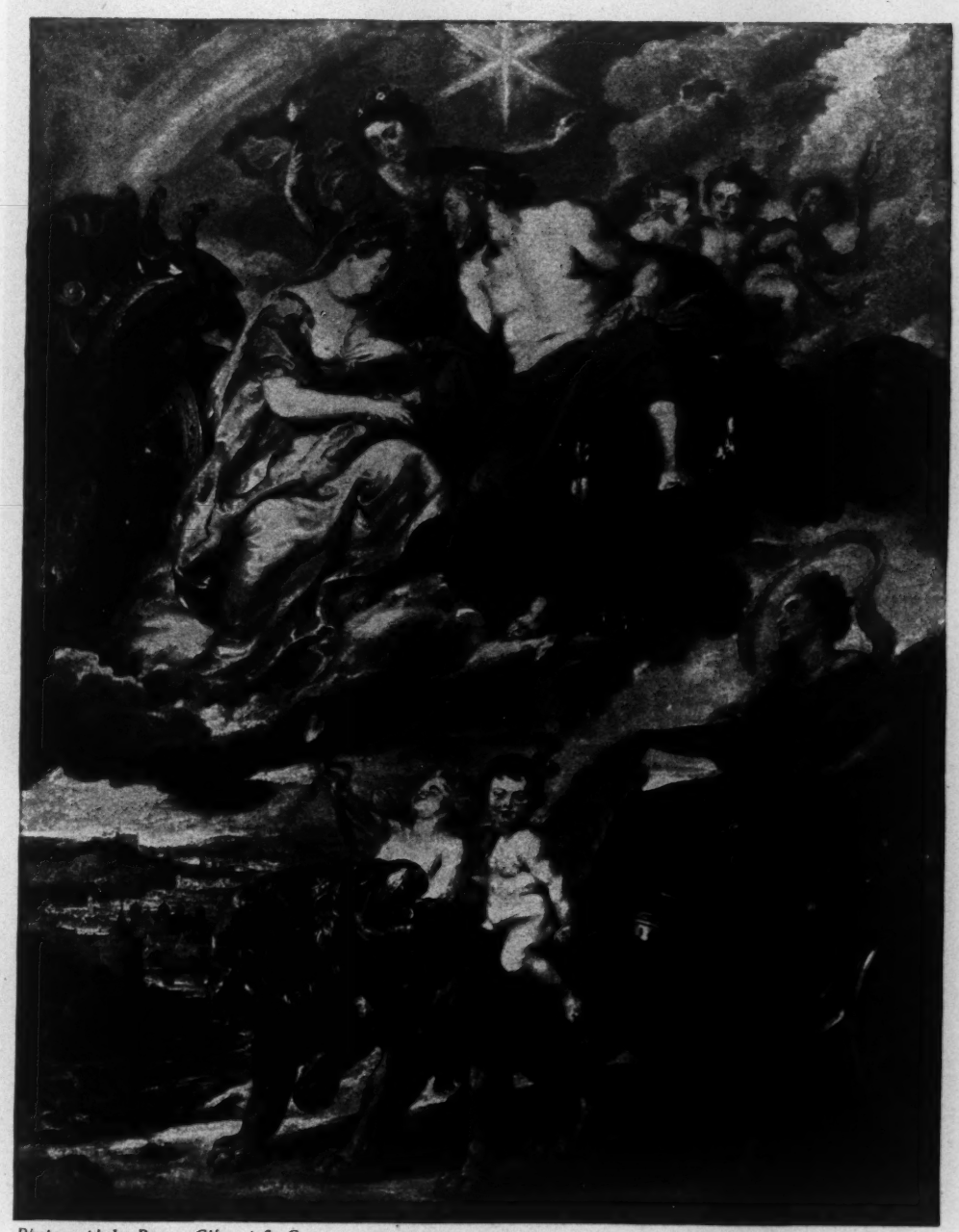
Let us consider some of these triumphs, these paintings by the painter of pomp and circumstance. It will be almost the last time in the history of painting that we shall see splendour represented. Once or twice in a few moments of the nineteenth century, some chance of fortune may give us such a reminder of the past, but apart from these very few, which contradict the general meaning of the age, there will be in painting but a grayer heaven and a more prosaic earth. The world will have stiffened into forms more commercial and more practical, ruled and guided by academic formulas.

It is difficult to select from a sequence whose very abundance is part of the wonder

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

HENRI IV DECIDING UPON HIS FUTURE MARRIAGE

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS



Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

MARRIAGE OF HENRI IV AND MARIE DE MEDICI

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS XIII

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

MARIE DE MEDICI AT PONTS-DE-CÉ

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

Photograph by Alinari.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF HENRI IV

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

of the artist's success. One subject after another rolls out from this wealth of imagination, without our doubting for a moment the amount of power still stored up in the mind of the inventor. Any part of the story of the Queen is at once a theme for a new form of composition. Most likely the subjects were indicated. Nothing could be apparently less suggestive than the subject of the painting whose official title is "Henry the Fourth of France Deciding Upon His Future Marriage," yet at once we pass from prose into the spaces of allegory and courtly mythology. Hymen and Love present the King a portrait of Mary, a prose portrait such as Rubens might have painted. It is the portrait of a portrait, for its flat surface gives to the living figures still more reality, still more illusion of roundness and of life. It is the centre of the picture; one cannot escape from the meaning: Love points out to the King the graces of the offered bride. The prose of the picture is continued, but with all the gallantry of Rubens, in the figure of Henry of Navarre, who is represented as he must have looked, an elderly man, well balanced on his feet, a type of the warrior of that day. On his rich and gilded armour is detached the great white scarf, whose colour, the mark of his house, led the Protestant chivalry of France at many a hard fought fight. From him we pass at once into pure fancy, marvellously connected with reality by exquisite arrangement of lines and colours. The emblematic figure of France presses the arm of the hero as if advising him. France is dressed in that imaginary classical dress just about to become the fashion, and which the theatre will take up and carry over to the next century. The great theatrical helmet, with many feathers, the deep blue mantle, the half boots, help to make of this figure a tie between the realism of the King's figure and the more imaginative, more distinct costuming, of the Gods above, Jupiter and Juno, seated on the accustomed clouds, surrounded and upheld by their attributes, the thunder-bearing eagle and the gorgeous peacocks that crown the chariot of Juno. The Gods, emblems of conjugal life, nod approval. Their great draperies, the Rubens red of Jupiter and the Rubens yellow of Juno, are spread over the clouds. Below the clouds stretches a vast landscape, reminiscent perhaps of the artist's accustomed sights. Near by, two little loves in the well-known allegorical mood, play with the big helmet and the shield of the warrior, as they might with the armour of Mars in classical imitations.

We must pass unseen that picture of the "Marriage of the Queen by Proxy," which is the nearest to a real happening, which Rubens saw himself, and which almost escapes our scheme of triumph because of its qualities of accuracy. We shall skip over the beautiful landing of the Queen at Marseilles, where, in accurate costume and fair portraiture, she is received by emblematic figures, as she descends from the great golden galley, down to a bridge of boats, amid the joys of the sea-nymphs and sirens, the sound of trumpets, and waving flags. I have chosen again another of the most allegorical of the series, for its extreme boldness, under one of the truest of impulses derived from classical antiquity. In such a way as a Roman artist would have flattered the divine emperor and empress, Rubens has represented a marriage of Jupiter and Juno. Within their forms Henry IV and Mary are meant. A wonderful blending of the portrait with the classical type is carried through with the ease born of the long apprenticeship to all forms of art. The constellation of Venus shines above, within the rainbow of good promise, and Hymen points to the kindly influence of the constellations. The accustomed scheme of Rubens combines the colours of the draperies and the flesh in a joyous harmony of light. Red and gold for the dress of the Queen, and blue and white for her cloak, and scarlet for King Jupiter shine out in front of the more retiring green dress of Hymen. Below, under the conventional clouds which support the bridal party, the eagle of Jove and the peacocks and chariot of Juno, rises the City of Lyons—the city where the marriage took place. Her chariot is drawn by the emblematic lions, the symbols of the name of the city, upon whose back sit the accustomed genii of children. Within the half shadow of the lower figures, the orange and the violets and the gold of the chariot make a solemn harmony purposely less brilliant than that of the half divine group above. In the distance, the real earthly city spreads to the line of the Mountains of Dauphiny, and the River Rhone divides the middle ground.

Let us skip still more of the great paintings, the great tapestries. With them we skip just so much of the history of the Queen. Her husband has died, she has ruled as Regent; many of the great paintings represent

the official happiness of her rule, and now she and her son sail the seas of fate in the symbolic ship. The Queen has just given him the tiller, her hand is yet outstretched. The Queen is still young and beautiful. It will now be for the boy to hold the course. In his favour, the mainmast is really the figure of France, who stands behind him holding the traditional sword of flame and a globe of lillies. The virtues of the nations spread the sails and, like a great garland of colour and light, Strength and Religion, Justice and Good Faith, pull at the oars. Along the gunwale of the ship, emblematic shields belonging to this allegorical crew hang in the classical antique fashion to tell us what they are. The ovals of the shields collect all the curves above and return them back as in a big garland, such as hangs from the poop of the vessel of state. At the yard-arm the fortunate constellations of the Twin Brothers make good omen, and friendly dolphins and little fishes of the sea toss below in the water, painted with all the sweep of Rubens or his very best assistants.

The great series ends in a glorification of the Queen, represented in a combined image of Bellona and Pallas. She stands upon the collected trophies of the enemies: armour and cannon and flags. She holds in the ancient way a little golden Victory and genii place upon her helmet the crown of Victory. It is one of the most careful of the series; but, notwithstanding, it is more of an allegory, more of a portrait, less of a displacement of fact than the picture I give. This picture is meant to tell this small story, that the Queen's troops, accompanied by her, dispersed some rebels by a little town known as the Bridge of Cé. In a final place this painting would close more triumphantly the series in praise of the Queen's success in life. She rides on a white horse, with long mane and tail in the style of the day, and she holds the baton of command upon her thigh, in true military style. Her white satin robe is embroidered with the golden lillies and her great yellow cloak—of the favorite Rubens yellow—blows out in the wind; their great curves bring together the rider and the horse—that difficult achievement which most equestrian statues miss. The helmet of the Queen is studded with precious stones; and great plumes, green and white, almost double the importance of her size. Power, holding the mane of the emblematic lion and clad in deep red and yellow, follows the Queen in attendance. Above her floats Victory with wings outspread, and her green draperies form that favourite background for Rubens' high colours. An emblematic eagle breaks up in the skies the company of emblematic revolted hawks, as below in the distance the Chiefs of the Royal Army accept the surrender of the rebel garrisons. Above, to the right, a trumpeter in the person of idealized Renown, entangled in dull violet draperies, blows the trumpet of fame. Those trumpets have never sounded since. Flags of so much weight and flapping strain are only seen to-day in nature; no painter tries them—even no military painter of to-day dares to give in his pictures the struggle of weight against weight, of man against wind and silk. Once or twice in the last century, in the paintings of Gros the soldier, or the sea pieces of Turner, or some of the stories of Delacroix the poet, do we see this record, and then it ends. It is strange. When shall it come again?

There exists, painted by the same great man, a painting, or rather the preparation for a painting, which is the representation of a "Triumph"—"The Triumphal Entry of Henry IV of France into Paris after the Battle of Ivry." The reasons for its not having been absolutely completed are as follows: When Rubens came to Paris in 1622, to place in the Gallery of the Luxembourg the "Story of Mary of Medici," which we are discussing, he was asked before his departure, in September of the same year, for a new series of colossal pictures. This was the request of the Queen, and Rubens undertook the work with alacrity and interest. We have, in this case, the first impression of the master, without the discount of his many helpers. Eight years afterwards, the King had again quarreled with his mother, and the orders were interrupted, to the great distress and injury of the painter. Six of these paintings, more or less unfinished, were sold after Rubens' death, and only two have come down to us. This one and another are in the Gallery of the Uffizi, in Florence, they having been obtained by the Grand Dukes, and removed in the eighteenth century to Italy. We may, perhaps, see still further in this painting, the special power and energy of Rubens; undiluted, unchecked by the prudence that comes of necessities and the toning down of the scale through the hired help of others.

The painting is a gorgeous reminiscence and aggrandizement of the sculptures representing Roman Triumphs. The colossal learning of Rubens, his natural fondness for pomp and display, found in these reminiscences of triumphal Rome a proper allegorical form. The good taste of the choice is, in reality, as marvellous as the use of it. Wherever there is a chance, some memory of the antique is suggested ; and combined with this ornamental and conventional side, this recall of ancient rhetoric, are passages of real life, helping to certify and make more real the purely imaginary passages, contrariwise to what usual and lesser men have been able to put together.

Some way back, in the long painting, the King, clad in glistening armour and carrying a branch of olive for Peace, rides in the front of a great gilded war chariot, against whose front he leans, so that we see him only to mid-waist. All the more does this resemblance to a great sculptural bust or half image emphasize the triumphal character, by condensing all our attention on the head and arms and breast, and helping the look of movement by the line of the great car. On its edge one foot of Victory is slightly poised, as she stretches over to place the wreath of laurel upon the conqueror's bare head. Clad also in floating white drapery, Fame, floating still higher, lifts above the chariot a branch of palms. Winged figures sustain the edges of the long mantle of the conqueror that floats far behind into the air. Around the chariot march with the strut of musicians, trumpeters and soldiers, blowing with full cheeks through their horns. Along with them walks the youthful Poet-Laureate, calling out and pointing to the goddesses above, whose unheard voices his lyre shall make clear to the lower world. Behind these groups, well outside of the picture, through the skill of the artist, come a few official prisoners, and along with them, a part of the great crowd that belongs to shows. Right in front, below the chariot, on the driving seat, Bellona or Pallas, with bare arms and helmeted, guides the white horses at whose bits and cheek-straps, youthful women, clad in white, bend forward to check them as they are turned toward the triumphal arch crowned by another triumphal group in marble, of horses and chariot, and attendants. A small escort marches on either side, lifting the trophies of armour and flags, one of which, the great white Bourbon flag, spotted with gold lillies, tumbles tumultuously across the scene. In front ride captains-at-arms, draped and armoured in a mixture of Roman adaptation of the costumes of the time.

All this scene is witnessed and framed in by a crowd of men and women and children, mostly seated, who watch and acclaim the victors, and by their truthful resemblance to everyday life, give still more probability to the imaginary and the impossible of the remainder of the picture.

We have here the painter working for himself before his final changes, and never has he been more successful in his poetic recalling of the Roman antiquity, which he loved and studied, and which was so eminently fitted to help him out in the meaning of these pages of praise and exultation.

GLASS-EYED BILL

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "FORTY YEARS BETWEEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE

HE was plainly new to God's country and showed it by his artless contempt of God's Own. Bob Hammil, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "over thar." But the straight-backed, yellow-mustached, soldierly looking gentleman from "over thar" received these advices with inarticulate murmurs of repression; and on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hammil and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but as it later on involved the descent of the straight-backed gentleman into what might be called space—together with a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and a roll of steamer rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty iron notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half obliterated inscription: El Nido Ranch.

A little unbending on the part of the gentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination; and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "you're welcome" as he whipped up his four horses. But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically arisen to carry his baggage, move him in the proper direction, and answer generally for his comfort and well being. To find himself on a dusty road, in the heart of a wild and lonely country, an orphan traveler so to speak, with nobody to take care of him but himself—was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his pugree drooped limply in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course he had a pugree, and strange, enormous shoes with hobnails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped half way up his calf. He was no less singular inside than out, and next his skin was a leather money-belt, and he was wound round and round with flannel to keep him from having cholera, and concealed about his person was a silver drinking-cup that cost eight guineas at Silver's, and a compact little filter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it, and a gimlet and a saw and a sailor's needle. He had been "outfitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked and dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrific preparations it is not for the narrator to say. Perhaps it is because the narrator does not know. Does anybody know, indeed, why the Briton abroad should assume a guise likely to tempt the lightning from its path and interfere with the stars in their courses?

Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther regarded his dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath and roll of steamer rugs with a dawning sense that British solidity and deadweight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had

conveyed these articles to the shelter of some adjacent chapparal and had lopped off (with the help of the knife with the folding-spoon, the gimlet, saw and sailor's needle) enough dusty branches to hide them from the gaze of possible passers-by.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido Ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch and soda, and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one engaged with a very disagreeable duty, and his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and roll of steamer rugs left unchecked in the cloak-room of high Heaven. However, he advanced manfully, swinging a very thick stick, and printing the mountain-road with a hobnailed pattern that puzzled those little woodmen, the school children, for days afterwards. A mile—two miles—and then he came in sight of some straggly red buildings on a hill. The captain pegged away; the red buildings grew redder and larger; one of them, almost a factory for size, curtly informing him, in letters ten feet high, that it was a WINERY.

The stranger breathed a sigh of relief. He knew now that he had arrived at his destination. He struck off a little to the right where a good-sized private house, surrounded by a paling fence, obviously sheltered the owner or foreman of the ranch. The privacy of this place was protected by a board which said succinctly: "Keep Out;" but the Englishman, undeterred by the warning, kept on, and strode up the gravel walk to the rose-embowered porch beyond. He was a little daunted, however, by the prevailing silence. He would have welcomed the bark of a dog or some gruff voice demanding what he wanted. To walk into such a tomb-like quiet made him uncomfortable. He saw himself in imagination possibly misjudged; beset maybe; and his hand tightened on his stick, and he set his feet down more loudly than ever to assert the uprightness of his intentions. He tramped up the three steps leading to the porch like a mule battery going into action. But the stillness remained unbroken by any noise but his own.

He looked about in perplexity until at last, in the darkest and furthest corner, he detected a hammock; and saw, not without relief, that it was occupied by a recumbent figure. He went over to it, still in his heavy, soldierly fashion, and looked down on—well, what, in his own words he used to describe afterwards as: "'Pon my soul, the most beautiful creacha' I was ever privileged to gaze upon — Gad, a girl of twenty, with her lips a little parted on the whitest teeth you ever saw, and her breath comin' and goin' as faint as a baby's in a cot, and beauty? Why, it was like seein' the Taj Mahal by moonlight—the same indescribable whatd'yecallum, you know, when something seems to take you by the throat and you gasp, my boy, positively gasp!"

She was dressed in silvery gray, with a wide lace collar about her neck, and in her thick, rumpled chestnut hair there lay a single red carnation. She was as fresh and sweet and exquisite as the flower itself; and in contrast to the dust and heat without, the sight of her was as refreshing as a splashing pool in the depths of a woody canyon. The Captain, after his first moment of surprise, began to wonder what steps he ought to take to awaken her. Every instinct as a gentleman bade him cough. So he coughed. At first so gently that it was almost a lullaby, and then by degrees rising to an honest, growling, bull-doggish cough that seemed to say: "Wake up, blast you."

At last she stirred and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily, "I beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of candy and a half-opened novel from the chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him with astonishment, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

("Gad, sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri flute on the Lake of Selangor, borne over the water at dusk! Or the bulbul in one of those moldy old gardens where the Rajput princes held high revel in the Company days!")

"My name is Anstruther," he said, picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Captain Anstruther of the British Army."

She smiled at him without saying a word.

"You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on.

She showed the least little sign of embarrassment and colored perceptibly as she assented with a movement of her head.

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated the Captain. "Most extraordinary!"

"Why?" she asked.

It was the Captain's turn to look put out.

"I'm not accustomed to awaken the young ladies I call on," he said. "I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered. I nearly went away."

"There was my side of it too," she said.

They both laughed and the Captain asked permission to take a chair. He could be a very agreeable man when he chose and it was plain that he was choosing. His manner was almost too ingratiating and Helen could not but wonder inwardly what he was after.

"My business—is rather with your father," he said.

"He's at the Hot Springs, sick," she said. "I'm running the Winery for him. Can't you make me do?"

"You don't mean to say that you are in charge of this whole establishment!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I'm the boss here," she returned, "though of course I have Pa on the wire, you know. What can I do for you, Captain? We'll only be too glad to make an opening over there for our wines—that is, if your rating is good and you represent responsible people."

"Oh, it isn't wine," said the Captain hastily. "It's — it's something very different!"

"You can ring up Pa in the next room," she said helpfully. "Call up Long Distance and ask for Byron Hot Springs."

"It isn't the kind of thing you can very well telephone," said the Captain.

"Then you'd better chase him up to Byron," remarked the young lady.

"But you're in it too," explained Anstruther. "It's really more you than anybody. I've come from England just to see you!"

"Me!" she cried.

"Yes, you," said the Captain.

"Then what do you want Pa for," she demanded.

"I thought it would be better to lay it before him first," he returned.

"You'd better begin with me," she said. "That is, if you want to get anywhere. I have Pa in my pocket, as politicians say."

"Haven't you a man employed here called Gray?" he inquired. "An Englishman like myself—a gentleman—though he fills, I understand, rather a subordinate position?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "only he's mostly called Bill, you know. I should say he is here. Very much here, indeed!"

"His real name is William Charles Hepworth St. John Gray," said the Captain impressively.

"Well, all he's got left of that is his glass eye," she said. "That's why the boys call him Glass-Eyed Bill, you know."

It took the Captain a little time to get over the shock.

"I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray," he said at last.

"Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said.

The Englishman sprang from his chair.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my interest could be for anything but for his advantage. I beg you to believe that. It would be premature to explain why, but will you not take it on trust? Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virtual disappearance. All I ask of you is to fill in the details."

She gave him a very searching look. The Captain did not suffer from such a mute interrogation and his straight honest gaze reassured her. Something about him was indefinitely reminiscent of Bill.

"You must be related to him," she said.

"That is why I am here," he returned gravely. "That is why I want you to tell me everything."

"When he first blew in here," said the girl, "he was the most forlorn, hopeless, tattered thing you ever saw. Ah Sue gave him something to eat on the doorstep—Ah Sue has a heart like melted butter, you know—and I happened to be passing through the kitchen and saw him there. Do you know what he said to me, sticking his eye-glass in his eye and speaking with his mouth full of chicken tamale? Said he understood now why pigs squealed when they ate! If he hadn't said that I suppose he'd have gone away and that would have been the end of him. But I couldn't resist a man like that, could I? Besides, it was awfully pitiful—he was so evidently the real thing—so handsome even in his terrible clothes—a gentleman, you know."

The Captain wriggled nervously on his chair. These recollections seemed to make him acutely uncomfortable. His shrewd tanned face was bright with an interest not untouched with shame. Had Helen needed any reassurance as to his concern in Bill, the

expression of his face would have been sufficient.

"We knew he was in very low water," he said. "We knew he had parted from nearly all the associations — the refinements of . . . Had lost caste and sunk lower and lower in the Western Avernus—but we never dreamed he had been reduced to—to——"

"The chicken of charity," said the girl, filling in the gap.

"I would call it rather the husks of the Prodigal Son," said the Captain solemnly.

"Are you the elder brother?" she asked.

"No, no," returned the Captain; "only what you might call—a—friend, a——"

"Bill didn't have any friends," she said bitterly. "Only an aunt, that's all. Except for her, he said, there wasn't a soul in England who would have walked around the block to help him."

Captain Anstruther looked depressed.

"He was wrong," he said. "He was wrong."

"Of course the trouble with Bill was that he drank," she said.

"Oh, he did everything," assented the Captain comprehensively.

"He's on the water-wagon, now," she remarked. "Been there for a year and a half. Is going to stay too."

"Water-wagon?" inquired the Captain; "is that the vernacular for—for——?"

"I mean I have reformed him," she explained. "I guess you wouldn't know Bill now. He has money in the bank and drinks coffee with his meals!"

The Captain looked more depressed than ever.

"I suppose we ought all to thank you," he said. "Yes, indeed, we are very grateful to you."

"I don't want you to think I am just a little angel," she went on, "or that I go around radiating reform like a lawn sprinkler sprinkling. I'm quite a believer in letting people mind their own business. But you see, in this case Bill brought it on his own head."

"That's where he usually brought things," said the Captain. "Often pretty hard too."

"He never was a nipping kind of man, thank goodness," she said, "but he used to go off on what Pa called a biennial bust. He had been here five months, and a perfect pattern, before we got on to it. Pa at last made him the Dago foreman, you know, and we were really beginning to think we had found our long-lost child. He was always so polite, you know, and hard-working and reliable; and he just snuggled into the place like a dog that's followed you home. Pa said it was all too good to be true and I guess Pa was right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a man came running in to say that Bill was fighting drunk and was waltzing around the the yard with a pistol to shoot Mr. Jackson with—our chemist, you know, and expert wine-maker—and that he was drawing beads on anybody that tried to stop him. Even while he was talking we heard bang, bang, bang out there and Mr. Jackson came pelting in like a jack-rabbit—not a bit hurt, you know—but like a person on a sinking ship wanting to catch the last boat. I started upstairs to get under the bed, but I hadn't got up a step before I saw Pa reaching for his Winchester and pinning his deputy sheriff badge on the lapel of his coat. I knew that was the end of Bill, and it came over me I couldn't bear to have him killed—he was too big and splendid to be shot down like a dog, and, anyhow, I had never liked Jackson since he had tried to kiss me once at a dance—and so I just ran out to see if something couldn't be done. I tell you, Bill looked eight feet high, and his eyes were bloodshot and crazy, and he kind of sobbed when he breathed—and if you ever looked down the wrong end of a frontier Colt, you can imagine my feelings for yourself. But I went straight up to him and wrested his gun away and stood in front of him so Pa couldn't shoot him from the house. Fine? I should say it was—nobody was more surprised than me, I'm sure, and I'm surprised now! But I guess I knew pretty well Bill wouldn't have hurt me for the world; though, looking back at it, I can't see how I didn't choose underneath the bed.

"Well, I led him back to the bunk-house and made him sit down on the wooden steps. The tears were rolling down his face and I felt too sorry for him to say a word. They say a girl always likes a bad man—not that Bill was really bad, you know—only unfortunate that he should have complicated his biennial bust with a quarrel with Jackson. When he saw Pa prancing towards us he begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with; and I almost felt like giving it to him when he talked about wearing stripes and perhaps being sent up for years. But I felt sure I could handle Pa; and, anyway, Bill

was sort of my dog, you know, and I wasn't going to let anybody hurt him. But I had a tough time with Pa. Pa is such a stickler for law and order. Wanted to take him off to the county-seat and lay a felony charge against him. He hadn't been deputy sheriff very long, you see, and was doing new broom. Then Bill made it worse by saying it was all about a woman—never mentioning that I was the woman and Jackson had said something then . . . Well, Bill was such a gentleman that he wouldn't bring my name into it. Said 'woman,' like that, till I wonder Pa didn't burst.

"It was then that I felt what training can do for a man—with Pa, I mean—and how wise I had been to always keep the upper hand of him. He was determined to settle Bill out of hand—was positively *prejudiced* against him—and for a time it looked as though I was nowhere in the scrimmage. And I think he was cut up too about my liking Bill so well, for of course (didn't I tell you?) Bill was just silly about me—always had been since Ah Sue gave him that chicken tamale on the doorstep—wore things next his heart and all that, and thought anything sacred I had ever touched. The whole ranch is a sort of church to Bill, you know . . . Well, as I said, Pa was awful. He paced up and down like a royal Nubian lion, while I, with my heart in my mouth, did Little Spangles in the wild beast's cage. Little Spangles won out, of course, though once or twice it was a pretty close call. But at last Pa quieted down and went off, quite mild, to find Mr. Jackson. But he didn't find Mr. Jackson. Nobody ever has. He disappeared like an orange under a conjuror's hat. All that's left of him is up-stairs in two trunks and a debit balance of a hundred and thirteen dollars on the pay-roll. I think he must have changed his name and quit the country. If you had ever been up against Bill I guess you'd have done it too. Anyway, peace descended like a beautiful dream, and Bill stayed Dago foreman instead of going into the jute business at San Quentin Prison. I dare say he might never really have got there, but he *might* have, you know, and he didn't want to try.

"That's all more than a year old now and Bill has never been on a tear since. He says it was all my running out at him and looking down his pistol, but I tell you it was the scare he got from Pa! It wasn't as though he really liked it, you know—drinking, I mean—but sometimes he'd come to the place where he simply couldn't go on, and was so hopeless and desperate and miserable—That was his last biennial bust, for now, of course, he has got something to live for, and it's all different, and he's become one of the little saints of the Y. M. C. A. They say he's the pinkest thing in the room when he gets up and does solemn warning, though I think it's rather fine of him, don't you? And the fun of it is that he runs a boxing class there too, and punches their little heads off afterwards. Oh, Bill's a great boy, and they're going to make him president . . . Oh, dear, once I get started talking about Bill I never seem to know when to stop. Why do you look so grave, Captain? Aren't you pleased?"

"I have something to say about Bill, too," he returned slowly.

"His early life and his early scrapes," she said, "and how you don't believe it will last? There isn't much about Bill I don't know already—his being sent away from England and how they never wanted to see him again."

"I am out here to take him back," said the Captain.

"He won't go easy," said the girl.

"I am not so sure," said the Captain. "Circumstances have altered. I don't see very well how he can refuse. I—we—the family, I mean, are delighted to hear that he has retrieved himself and risen superior to the boyish follies that threatened to engulf him. Let me express to you our deep sense of obligation—our gratitude—for your evident kindness to him at a time when he needed it most."

"I don't think I care to receive the family gratitude," she answered coolly. "What did they ever do for Bill but give him the cold shoulder from the time he was left an orphan at twelve? Sent him to Eton and Oxford as a preparatory step to giving him a thousand pounds and telling him to scoot. You can imagine how well equipped he was to strike out for himself. Couldn't even spell English till I got after him with a speller, and had to work nights before he could write a page without at least six schoolboy's mistakes. The only thing he really knew was 'Paradise Lost,' which had been crammed into him for the army. He must have found it nice and useful."

"He was given his chance," said the Captain, "and, like many another, he wouldn't

"The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads"

take it. He was put into a good regiment and received an allowance that with economy would have amply sufficed to let him hold his head up. Then he went the pace and was forgiven. Then he went the pace again and wasn't. He has no right to complain."

"Oh, but he doesn't," she exclaimed hastily. "I wouldn't have you think that for anything."

"But you seem to do it for him," said the Captain.

"I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly."

"Well, it was enough to bring me from England," said the Captain. "What you think or don't think has suddenly become of great importance to many people."

"Don't you think it is about time to tell me why?" she asked. "You have hinted and hinted till I feel like a person in a detective story—and I no sooner seem to touch something than you continue it in the next number."

"Did—Bill—ever tell you of his first cousin, Lord Tranton?"

"Only that he held down the title and was the dead image of the postmaster at Watsonville. Never passes there but he says: 'Look at that tallow-faced, wall-eyed old——'"

"Hush," said the Captain. "Lord Tranton is dead."

"Dead!"

"His two sons with him, and Lady Grace Morrison—William's aunt, you know. All killed in the terrible lift accident at the Hotel des Hesperides in Nice."

"Well, I am sorry," she said, as Anstruther gazed steadfastly at her as though expecting she knew not what. "Sorry for anybody that gets killed, you know—especially in an elevator. But, as I didn't know them, you can't expect me to feel very bad about it, can you?"

"Don't you realize how it will affect William?"

"Oh, he'll be terribly cut up about his aunt. She was the only person who was ever kind to him. The only one in England he ever wrote to—or who wrote to him."

"tramped up the three steps . . . like a mule battery going into action"

"This makes him Lord Tranton," said the Captain.

"I suppose it does," she said. "I had never thought of that."

"We've thought of it a good deal," said Anstruther.

"Lord Tranton," she repeated. "Then won't his—his wife—be Lady Tranton?"

"That's just it, you see," said the Captain. "She will be Lady Tranton."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" said the girl.

"You'll hardly believe it," said the Captain, disregarding her question, "but for a time we didn't know where under the sun to find him. They, somebody, said about Lady Grace, you know—I believe it was her maid or housekeeper—and we went over all her letters to try and get track of him."

"Well, you've succeeded," she remarked as he hesitated.

"We got on the track of something else," he went on significantly. "It seemed—indeed there was no doubt about it—his affections—er—were seriously engaged—er—to a young lady—er——"

"Me, I suppose?" she said quite calmly.

"Yes, you," he returned, "though it is only fair to William to say that his letters were expressed—er—with considerable reserve—with what you might call perfect respect, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Of course, I know that," she exclaimed.

"It was very alarming," said the Captain.

"Who for? For you or the young lady or Bill?"

The Captain tugged at his yellow mustache.

"I must really beg your indulgence," he said at last. "I am sure the very last thing in the world I wish to do is to offend you. I had hoped, as I told you, to discuss the matter first with your father."

"We'll just leave Pa out," she said. "It's me that Bill's in love with—not Pa."

"Still it's very awkward," murmured the Captain. "Very awkward."

"So you read Bill's letters and got quite discouraged," she said, smiling.

"He seemed on the verge of committing an—er—irrevocable mistake," said the Captain.

"Is that how you'd describe his marrying me?" she asked.

There was a pause.

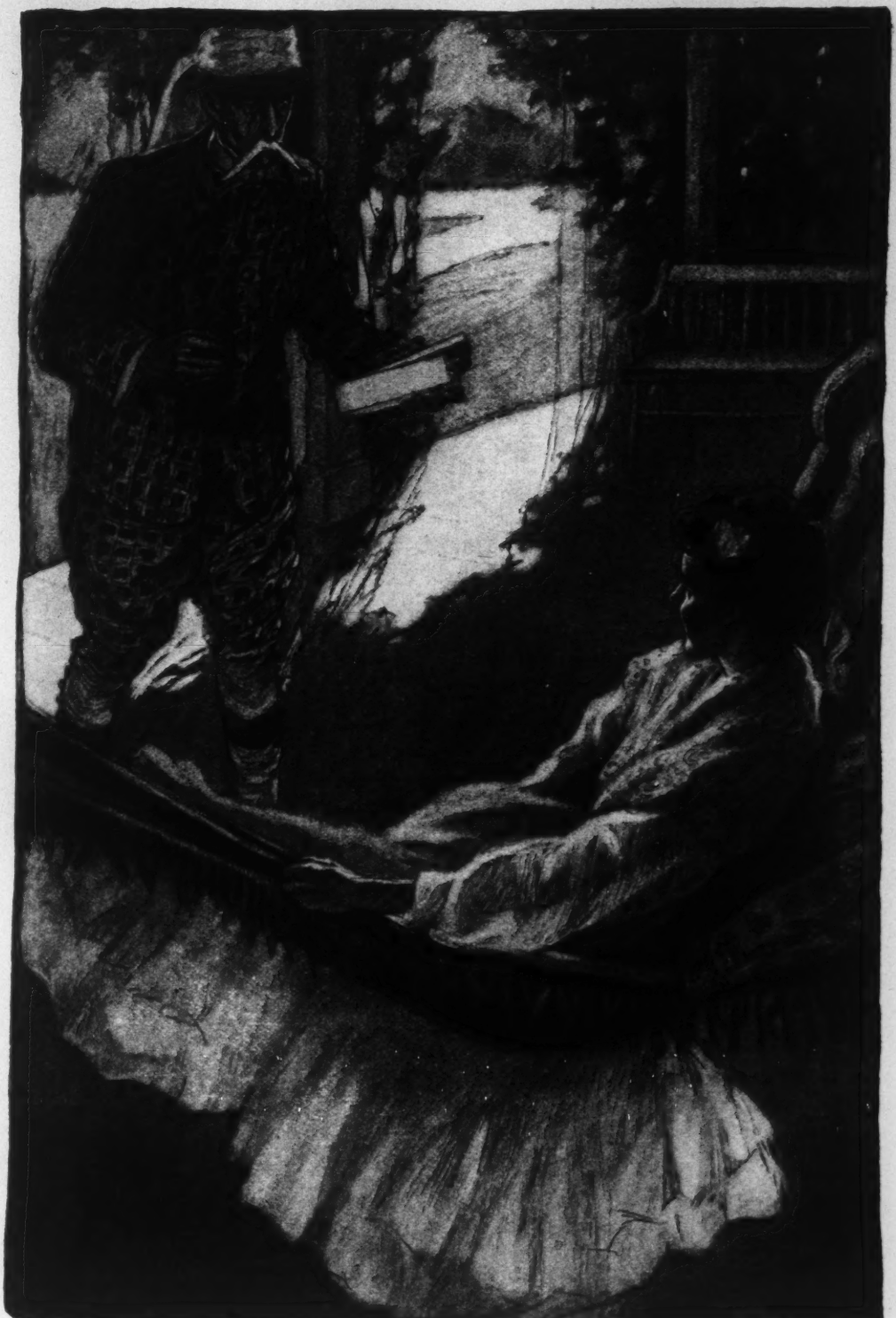
"Frankly—yes," said the Captain.

"There are people here who think the irrevocable mistake might be the other way," she remarked.

"Then, my dear young lady," he went on briskly, "the people here have your true interests at heart. Believe me, there can be no lasting happiness in a union that involves a great inequality of station. It is currently said that a man raises his wife to his own level, but a knowledge of the world teaches us that only too often he—er—sinks to hers."

"Bill seems quite satisfied to sink," she returned. "In fact he's been in a panic lest he wouldn't get the chance."

"The Bill of yesterday and the Bill of today are two different men," said the Captain. "He has now a great place to fill. He becomes the head of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in England. It would be too unutterably sad if he failed in



"'I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered'"

the duty he owes both to his class and to his rank."

"His class and his rank never bothered very much about him out here," she said. "They seemed quite happy in fact to be quit of him. He might have starved to death for all they cared."

"I know we lay ourselves open to that imputation," went on the Captain, in a tone of depressed suavity. "But, as the dear Duke said in the family council we held at Holderton Abbey, 'Circumstances alter cases.'"

"It's not Bill they're thinking about," she said; "it's their noble and splendid selves."

"They cannot very well detach themselves from the affair, even if they would," continued the Captain. "Tranton's disgrace is necessarily theirs."

"If the dear Duke doesn't want to know me, he needn't," she retorted, with a heightened color. "If he doesn't want to play in my yard he can always have the aristocratic privilege of staying out."

"Then there's the dowager Lady Tranton," said the Captain; "Bill's step-mother."

"She too then," said the girl.

"She really feels it more than anybody," sighed the Captain. "The same name, you know—the possibility of mistakes being made—the inevitable confusion of——"

"It's just what you said before, Captain," she exclaimed mockingly. "It's too unutterably sad, isn't it?"

"I know I am expressing myself very badly," he said. "I told them at the time they ought to choose somebody better fitted for the task than I. But the dear Duke was so peremptory, and Lady Tranton cried on my shoulder, and the memory of a life-long obligation naturally turned the scale—and so here I am, and making a terrible mess of it, just as Whitcombe said I would."

"It was certainly a long way to come just to talk to a girl," she said.

"And then to do it so badly," added the Captain.

"I can't see that it's any of their business," she exclaimed.

"I was charged to offer—inducements," said the Captain with embarrassment.

"Inducements? What sort of inducements?"

"Oh, I am almost ashamed to say—er—of a monetary nature."

"Well, you ought to be," she said. "How much?"

"Whitcombe said I was to begin at five thousand pounds."

"The point is, where were you to leave off at?"

"Ten thousand!"

"Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"The fact is—er—the dear Duke thought—er—Whitcombe said——"

"That you might pull it off without?"

The Captain hung his head.

"They must have thought you more of a spellbinder than you are," she remarked cruelly.

"'he's the pinkest thing in the room'"

"I told Whitcombe myself I was the last man to talk anybody into doing anything," said the Captain.

"Well, it's not enough for Bill," said the girl. "The price of a thing is what it's worth to you. Bill's worth lots more than that—to me."

"I will make it fifteen thousand," said the Captain hesitatingly. "That is, on my own personal responsibility, subject to confirmation by wire."

"Where's the thing for me to sign?" she asked.

He drew out from his breast pocket a large, important-looking document engrossed on

sheepskin. It creakled richly as he opened it and spread it flat with his big hands. It was beautifully glossy and Helen thought the Declaration of Independence must have looked like it when it was new. She lay back in the hammock, took a chocolate cream, and gave it her disdainful attention. Bill was renounced with a wealth of legal detail that was positively bewildering; renounced from his head to his heels; renounced awake or sleeping or dining out or sitting up with a sick friend; renounced body and soul, alive or dead, positively and explicitly, for all time, past, present, or to come. She couldn't even say good morning to Bill without violating two whole pages of it; she couldn't even send him a post-card without incurring fourteen lines of different kinds of penalties; and the whole thing was inexplicably intertwined with the Lord Chancellor's displeasure and the High Court of Chancery. It reminded Helen, in the profuseness of its reprobation, to the curse of the Jackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the corner of his eye and who took it for a good sign that she had read it with such care and patience.

Helen gazed at him and then shook her head.

"I wouldn't give up Bill for all the money in England," she exclaimed. "I wouldn't give Bill up if you threw in the Crown Jewels! I wouldn't give him up if you added Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the Beef-eaters and the place where Shakespeare was born!"

The Captain slowly took back the Declaration of Independence and folded it up.

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he remarked.

"Oh, but there is," she retorted mischievously. "I think it's about time to tell you that Bill and I were married yesterday!"

THE WORLD IS ROUND

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

WHITE in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above,
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travelers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

From "A Shropshire Lad"

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

FRIEND OF THE REPUBLIC

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

It has been the unpleasant task of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *to publish recently some very ugly stories of civic and commercial disgrace. The men whose deeds we have set forth we have called "Enemies of the Republic." This title, terrible as it is, has been applied without malice or undue harshness. We believe it to be but too well deserved, and that, unchecked, such men will ruin the fairest experiment yet made in democratic institutions. In sharp contrast to these sordid histories we publish below the sketch of a man who truly merits the title of "Friend of the Republic." George William Curtis cultivated the highest ideal of republican government. He realized clearly that the surest way to ruin such a government is to allow to become a ruling influence in it a class of men who substitute personal and party interest for public good. His conception of the duty of citizenship in a Republic was so lofty that he considered it his first business in life to help unearth abuses and dislodge the powers of evil in our public concerns. With such facts of our industrial and municipal life before them as have been given by Miss Tarbell, Mr. Steffens, and Mr. Baker, in the last two years, it is surely unnecessary for us to insist to the readers of* McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *on the need to-day in our public life of men of the Curtis type. It must be obvious, too, to them why we take deep satisfaction in publishing Mr. Schurz's inspiring sketch of this ideal Friend of the Republic, which was prepared originally as an address and delivered at the unveiling of the bust of Mr. Curtis in the Lenox Library, New York.*

—THE EDITOR.

AMONG the most inspiring recollections of my life is a scene I witnessed in the Republican National Convention of 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln as its candidate for the presidency of the United States. The Convention was about to vote upon the Republican platform reported by the Committee on Resolutions. Then arose the venerable form of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause. He confessed himself painfully surprised that the Declaration of Independence had not found a word of recognition in that solemn announcement of the Republican creed, and he moved to amend the platform by inserting in a certain place the words: "That the maintenance of the principle promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." The Convention, impatient, as such assemblages are apt to be at any proposition threatening to delay the despatch of business, heedlessly rejected the amendment. Mr. Giddings, a look of distress upon his face, his white head towering above the crowd, slowly and sadly walked toward the door of the hall.

Suddenly, from among the New York delegation a young man of strikingly beautiful features leaped upon a chair and demanded to be heard. The same noisy demonstration of impatience greeted him. But he would not yield. "Gentlemen," he said in calm tones, "this is a convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have but

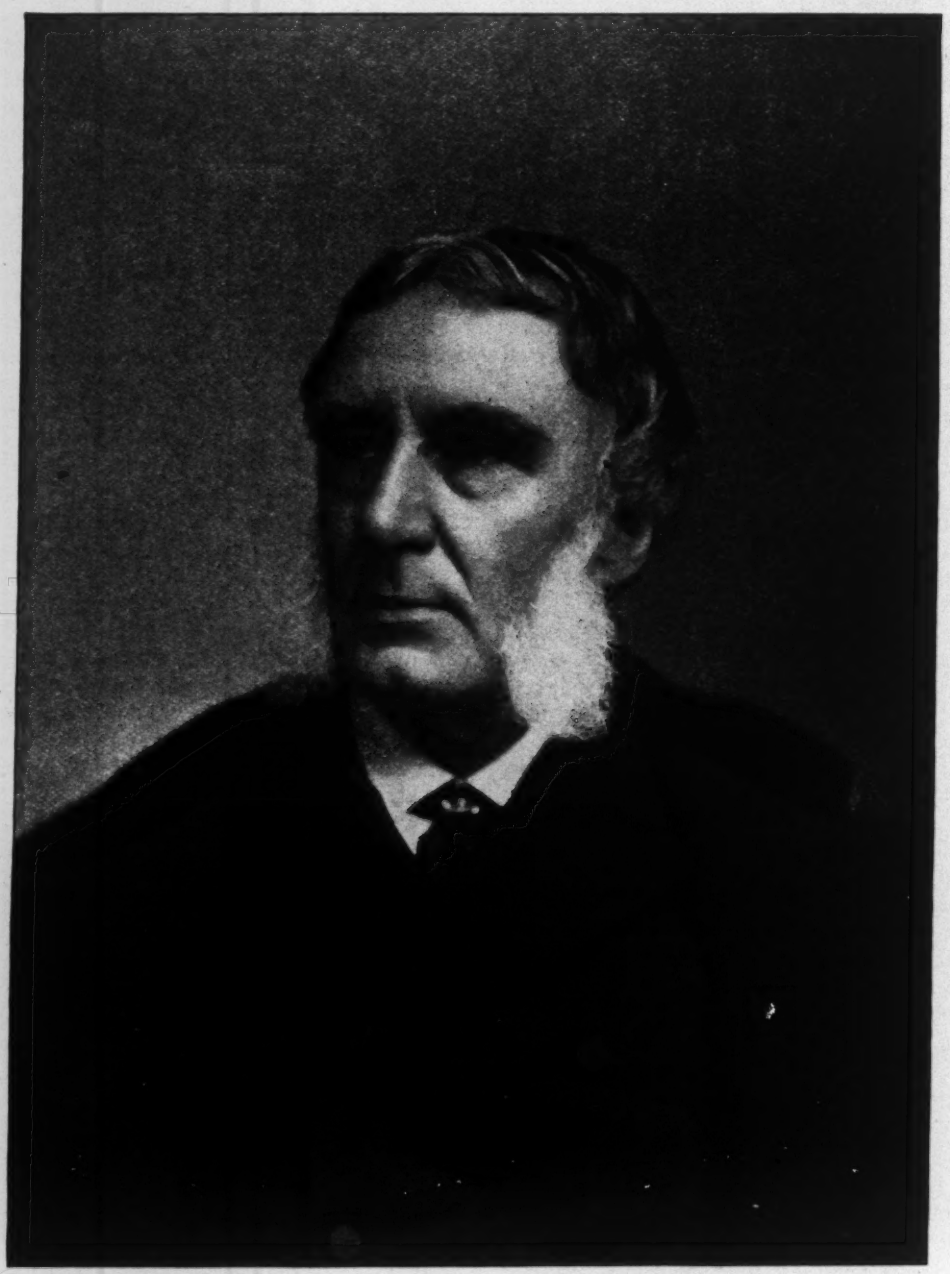
a few words to say to you, but I shall say them if I stand here until to-morrow morning." Another tumultuous explosion of impatience, but he did not falter. At last his courage won and silence fell upon the assembly. Then his musical voice rang out like a trumpet call. Was this, he said, the party of freedom met on the borders of the free prairies to advance the cause of liberty and human rights? And would the representatives of that party dare to reject the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence affirming the equality and rights of men? After a few such sentences of almost defiant appeal he renewed the amendment to the platform moved by Mr. Giddings, and with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm the Convention adopted it.

The young man who did this was George William Curtis. I had never seen him before. After the adjournment of that day's session I went to him to thank him for what he had done. We became friends then and there and remained friends to the day of his death. He was then in the flower of youthful manhood. As he stood there in that convention, dauntless among the seething multitude, his beautiful face radiant with resolute fervor, his peculiarly melodious voice thrilling with impassioned anxiety of purpose, one might have seen in him an ideal, poetic embodiment of the best of that moral impulse and that lofty enthusiasm which aroused the people of the North to the decisive struggle against slavery. Nor was the impression he made then weakened by closer acquaintance. All those who knew him well, found him not only to possess in ample measure the qualities and the lofty inspirations as the personification of which he had appeared in that memorable scene, but also that his whole being breathed an exquisite refinement of moral and æsthetic sense, of ways of thinking, of manner and speech, which made his friends feel as if he were almost too gentle a being to be exposed to the ordinary rude jostlings and buffetings of public life, which those of us who were made of rougher clay could well endure.

Nature seemed to have designed him for the republic of letters, and at an early period he gave promise of a literary career of rare distinction. His preparation for that career was indeed not such as the reader of his writings and the listener to his speech would suppose it to have been. He had not passed through the classical course of a college or university, although his personality might have been taken to present the very ideal of a university man. It cannot even be said that he had enjoyed the advantage of a methodical and continuous education of any sort. To be sure, he had as a boy something more than the ordinary elementary schooling. But beyond that he did his reading, and gathered his knowledge, and cultivated his abilities very much according to his own individual tastes and his adventitious opportunities.

His father, a prosperous banker, intended him for commercial pursuits and placed him in a mercantile house. But there he learned quickly that commercial pursuits were not for him. Seventeen years old, he joined, for a while, with his brother Burrill, as a boarder, the famous Brook Farm community, that assemblage of fine moral and intellectual enthusiasms, given to the cultivation of somewhat fantastic ideals. There his poetic and at the same time soberly discriminating mind accepted all there was of noble inspiration, but kept aloof from extravagant theories. Then he lived, once more with his brother Burrill, for two years on a farm near Concord, Massachusetts, again studying what he liked—history, languages, literature, art, philosophy—and, meanwhile, enjoying the conversation of Emerson and of the remarkable men that gathered around that sage, and sipping their "transcendentalism" as much as his constantly sober mind could digest and assimilate.

This was all he had in his younger days of what may be called sedentary education. Then his travels began—leisurely roaming through Egypt, Syria, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, France, and England—delightful rambles which enriched his imagination, broadened his knowledge of things and men, inspired his artistic instincts, developed the cosmopolitan largeness and justice of his mind, and, giving him much to say and the desire to say it, started him as a productive man of letters. During the four years of travel he described his experiences in the *Courier and Enquirer* and in the *New York Tribune*. But after his return in 1851, he published his "Nile Notes of a Howadji," and his "Howadji in Syria," candid, warm-blooded accounts of what he had seen and heard and felt, the honestly picturesque and innocently glowing realism of which seems to have startled some over-fastidious critics. Then he wrote for *Putnam's Magazine*



From a photograph by Gutekunst

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

"And as he was the ideal party man and the ideal independent, so he might well have been called the finest type of the American gentleman"

which had among its contributors the foremost American writers of the time. The most notable of his own contributions were that trenchant, although kind-hearted, satire on the follies of the pretentious "society" of those days, the "Potiphar Papers," then the "Homes of American Authors," and that charmingly fantastic well of thought and sentiment, "Prue and I." At last, in October, 1853, he sat down in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and ten years later he took charge of the editorial page of *Harper's Weekly*, from which two positions he continued to speak to the American people to the end of his days.

The exuberance of his fancy, his faculty of keen observation, the wide reach of his knowledge, the geniality of his humor, kindly even in his sarcasm, the exquisite purity and refinement of his diction, the loftiness of his principles, and the nobility and warmth of his enthusiasms gave his writings a charm all their own, and to the reader a full measure of unalloyed delight. Eminent as he was as a contributor to American letters, he was far more eminent as a public teacher of the highest order—a teacher who taught, by example as well as precept, lessons inspired by the noblest ideals of virtue and patriotism.

I do not mean to say he confined himself to what might be called literary preaching; for his deep and ardent public spirit called him in early manhood to the sterner tasks imposed upon him by his conception of civic duty. The anti-slavery cause took hold of his whole moral nature and made him an active member of the Republican party of those days. He was one of those who advocated anti-slavery principles when it was dangerous to do so, and who exposed themselves not only to partizan reviling in speech and press, but to physical violence in facing infuriated mobs. It was the moral courage of his convictions which kept him calm and resolute on a platform in Philadelphia, when clubs and brickbats were used to answer the anti-slavery argument.

But his political career was in some respects essentially different from that of most men of ability and ambition, who devote themselves to the service of the public. While he unceasingly labored with pen and speech for what he thought right and just and honorable, not selecting for himself, like a fastidious dilettante, only the dainty part of the work, but plunging personally into the rough encounter with the partizan opponent as well as, on his own side, with the professional politician in primary, caucus, and convention, he declined for himself those rewards which even a perfectly legitimate personal ambition might have coveted. Although a man of his brilliant abilities, splendid working force, and charming personality might easily have risen to high places of distinction and power, he sought for himself nothing but the station and the opportunities of the simple public-spirited citizen, looking for his own recompense only to the good that might be accomplished for his country and mankind. He declined the high honor of the mission to England, a post in which his exceptionally fine qualities would have shone to the utmost advantage, but he accepted the comparatively humble chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission, because there he hoped to do a work which strongly appealed to his sense of patriotic duty.

After the abolition of slavery the reform of the civil service was the cause dearest to his heart. In the brutal barbarism of the spoils system and the far-reaching demoralization of our political life springing from it, he saw not only a grave danger to our free institutions, but also a dishonor to the American name. This scandalous abuse not only alarmed him as a statesman, but it also wounded his pride as an American citizen. He threw the whole enthusiasm and energy of his nature into the struggle against it. At the head of a small body of men of the same faith he led in the struggle. He had to combat the greed of the professional politicians who drew from the patronage their means of livelihood, and the hostility of more aspiring public men, who found a well-drilled organization of mercenary henchmen necessary for their maintenance in power. He had to overcome also the lethargy of the public mind, which inertly adhered to long established custom. It seemed to be an almost hopeless contest, and disappointment followed disappointment.

But he joined to the enthusiasm of the idealist the tough tenacity of purpose which is inspired by true conviction. After every failure he patiently resumed the Sisyphean task of heaving the stone uphill, until at last it found a lodgment. Congress, as well as some State Legislatures, enacted laws rescuing a large part of the public service from the curse of spoils politics. But this

was only a beginning; and with unflagging watchfulness and zeal he endeavored to fortify the positions won and to push on the advance.

Without injustice to others, whose part in the work cannot be overlooked, it may well be said that Curtis, by his wide knowledge and experience, his ripe and calm judgment, his gentle temper, and his scarcely asserted but easily acknowledged authority, was most perfectly fitted for that essential task of leadership in such a cause—the task of reconciling the diversities of opinion, and of harmonizing, stimulating, and directing the zeal and the efforts of others laboring for the same object. He was not only the President of the National Civil Service Reform League, reëlected from year to year without any question, as a matter of course, but he was also to the day of his death, more than any other person, the intellectual head, the guiding force, and the constant moral inspiration of the civil service reform movement. The addresses he delivered at the annual meetings of the League were like mile-stones in the progress of the work, and as he reported to the country what had been done and what was still to be done, and why and wherefore, enlightening the public mind and cheering on his fellow laborers, the spoils politicians had to listen with respect and wonder—unwilling perhaps—to the voice of a devotion, the perfect unselfishness of which nobody could doubt, and of a quiet energy which no obstacle and no failure could dismay, and which, slowly but steadily, drove them from one entrenchment to another.

The civil service reform movement, acting upon the public mind, without resort to any of the contrivances of party machinery, by a perfectly intellectual and moral influence, and by compelling by such means the spoils politician to surrender from his stubborn grasp one after another of his fields of prey, is one of the most remarkable and cheering proofs of the power of an enlightened public opinion in our time. And of that intellectual and moral influence George William Curtis was the fairest exponent and representative. While the successes won are still incomplete and not uncontested, yet the eyes of the leader closed upon a vastly improved public sentiment and upon results which cannot be undone; and when, at some future day, the reform of the civil service in the widest sense is an accomplished fact, as it surely will be, the American people, while justly recognizing the merits of others, will gratefully remember George William Curtis as one of the bravest pioneers and champions, and as the true hero of that great achievement.

He was a warm and faithful party man so long as the objects pursued by his party were such as not to offend his conscience. He broke with his party when he became convinced that its conduct made it an instrument of evil to the country. It was not upon a mere quick impulse, or with a light heart, that he took the decisive step. The party which had fought the great battle against slavery was very dear to him. In it he had formed associations to which he was most warmly attached and which it gave him the keenest pangs of pain to sever. Only the stern voice of duty could move him to give up all this. How much he sacrificed, and how much more he risked, when in 1884 he declared himself against a Republican candidate for the presidency, only those know who stood nearest to him.

No conspicuous member of a party can turn away from it without exposing himself to bitter censure and vituperation. This was also his lot. It seems to be extremely difficult to the ordinary partizan mind to understand how a man of conscience may abandon his party allegiance in order to maintain his allegiance to his principles and his convictions of right. To the common run of party politicians fidelity to the organization is the highest of political virtues, even when it involves faithlessness to a great cause, and he denounces severance from the organization as a sort of felony, even when it is demanded by fidelity to the faith always professed. No doubt Curtis felt keenly the obloquy that was poured upon him. But he had at least the high satisfaction of receiving from his very opponents a rare tribute to the nobility of his character. Even the most wanton ebullitions of an exasperated party spirit hardly ever went so far as seriously to impugn the purity of his motives.

He was the finest type of the independent in politics. While fully recognizing the usefulness and even the necessity of political parties in a government like ours, he never forgot that a party is, after all, only a means to an end, and not an end itself. He considered and discussed questions of public interest on their own merits—for this is the

true essence of conscientious independence. He carefully weighed in his judgment the question, the success of which party or candidate would be most beneficial to the public good, and then awarded his support or opposition according to the conviction so formed, unawed by power or popular clamor, and unbiased by favor or personal friendship—and in all this there was no man more dutifully respecting the constituted authorities, or more kindly heeding the opinions of others, or more loyal as a friend to his friends.

But however strenuous his political activity in the public arena may have been from time to time, it did not interrupt his editorial work. He steadily continued his tranquil and genial talks in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*—talks which were in good part called forth by passing occurrences and roamed over almost every field of human interest. And even now, when the happenings or conditions which occasioned them have long been forgotten, or live only in dim reminiscence, the "Easy Chair" papers can still be read with delightful enjoyment as entertaining literature, full as they are of animated pictures of life, of instructive suggestions or keen judgments, and, without obtrusive moralizing, of elevating sentiment.

And as the political editor and leading writer of *Harper's Weekly* he unceasingly spoke to the untold thousands of his countrymen all over the land; and all those thousands felt that every word he said to them was the truth as understood by an honest intellect and a great heart; that he always endeavored to discover the truth by conscientious inquiry and careful consideration; that every praise he bestowed and every censure he pronounced on any public man or any political party, was dictated by the most scrupulous desire to be just; that his very denunciations were tempered with charity; and that every advice he gave was prompted by the most unselfish zeal for the honor and true greatness of the republic and the elevation and happiness of the people. They had, even when their opinions differed from his, instinctive confidence in the purity of the source from which the utterances flowed; they knew that in that source there was nothing of greed, nothing of envy, nothing of vain pride of opinion—nothing but an ardent love of his country, and of liberty and justice, and a profound devotion to the highest ideals of human civilization.

But however effective his regular journalistic communion with the public was, the most valuable and impressive of his teachings were contained in that grand series of orations and occasional addresses which not only placed him in the first rank of the great orators of his time, but also constitute his finest contributions to American literature—addresses and orations delivered at college commencements, alumni reunions, the unveiling of monuments, memorial services in honor of statesmen, or soldiers, or men of letters, or public meetings held to shape, or express, or stimulate popular sentiment on some matter of great public concern. Nothing could surpass the splendid architecture of their argument and the wealth and chaste beauty of their ornamentation. In what gorgeous colors he would paint the glories of his country! How he would revel in the memories of the heroic birth of the republic and in extolling the grand and eternal significance of the principles which constituted its reason of being and its promise to all mankind! With what lofty sternness he would castigate those whose mean spirit failed to appreciate those principles! How vividly he would make to gleam and radiate the virtues and high aims and achievements of the great men who were the subjects of his eulogy! How magnificently his noble manhood and his American citizen's pride shone forth when he defined to the youth of his generation the nature of true patriotism—a patriotism that embraced all the human kind and had its source in the purest moral sense and in the profoundest and most courageous convictions of right and duty in the service of the highest ideals!

We shall know the character and the principles of the man best when we let him speak for himself in his own language. Listen to these words he uttered to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, addressing them on "The American Doctrine of Liberty": "The real patriot in this country is *he* who sees most clearly what the nation *ought* to desire, who does what he can by plain and brave speech to influence it to that desire, and then urges and supports the laws which express it. But as public opinion is necessarily so powerful with us, we fear and flatter it, and so pamper it into a tyrant. How the country teems with conspicuous men, scholars, orators, politicians, divines, advocates—public teachers all, whose speeches, sermons, letters, votes, actions, are

a prolonged, incessant falsehood and sophism; a soft and shallow wooing of the Public Alexander and the Public Cromwell, telling him that he has no crook in his neck and no wart on his nose. How many of our public men and famous orators have said not what they thought, but rather what they supposed we wanted to hear? In a system like ours, where almost every man has a vote, and votes as he chooses, public opinion is really the government. Whoever panders to it, is training a tyrant for our master. Whoever enlightens it, lifts the people toward peace and prosperity." To teach the people what they OUGHT to desire, that is the office of patriotic leadership.

He pursued this subject with the intensest earnestness. "Patriotism," he said to the graduating class of Union College, "patriotism is like the family instinct. In the child it is a blind devotion; in the man an intelligent love. The patriot perceives the claim made upon his country by the circumstances and time of her growth and power, and how God is to be served by using both opportunities of helping mankind. Therefore his country's honor is dear to him as his own, and he would as soon lie and steal himself as assist or excuse his country in a crime. Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man shouts: 'My country, by whatever means extended and bounded, my country right or wrong,' he merely utters words such as those might be of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the Custom House, both of them chuckling: 'My fortune, however acquired!'"

"Remember," he said on another occasion, "remember that the greatness of our country is not in the greatness of its (material) achievements, but in its promise—a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive moral conscience. Commercial prosperity is only a curse if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress, and our prosperity will conquer us if we do not conquer our prosperity. Our commercial success tends to make us all cowards; but we have got to make up our minds in this country whether we believe in the power and goodness of God as sincerely as we undoubtedly do in the dexterity of the devil, that we may shape our national life accordingly, and not be praying now to good God, and now to good devil, and wondering which is going to carry us off after all. The whole of patriotism seems to consist at the present moment in the maintenance of this public moral tone. No voice of self-glorification, no complacent congratulation that we are the greatest, wisest, and best of nations will help our greatness and goodness in the smallest degree. Are we satisfied that America should have no other excuse for independent national existence than a superior facility of money-making? Why, if we are unfaithful as a nation, though our population were to double in a year, and the roar and rush of our vast machinery were to silence the music of the spheres, and our wealth were enough to buy all the world, our population could not bully history, nor all our riches bribe the eternal justice not to write upon us: 'Ichabod, Ichabod, thy glory is departed.' But I am not here to counsel you to despair and head-shakings. I am here to-day to say that this country which you are to inherit, and for which you are to be responsible, needs only an enlightened patriotism to fulfil all its mission and justify the dreams of its youth."

Equally high was his conception of government. "The object of government," he said in an address on the duty of the American scholar, "the object of government is human liberty. Laws restrain the encroachment of the individual upon society in order that all individuals may be secured the freest play of their powers. This is because the end of society is the improvement of the individual and the development of the race. Liberty is, therefore, the condition of human progress, and consequently that is the best government which gives to men the largest liberty, and constantly modifies itself in the interest of freedom."

And further in his oration on patriotism: "Our government was established confessedly in obedience to this sentiment of human liberty. And your duty as patriots is to understand clearly that by all its antecedents your country is consecrated to the cause of freedom; that it was discovered when the great principle of human liberty was about to be organized in institutions; that it was settled by men who were exiled by reason of their loyalty to that principle; that it separated from its mother country because that principle had been assailed; that it began its

peculiar existence by formally declaring its faith in human freedom and equality; and, therefore, that whatever in its government policy tends to destroy that freedom and equality is Anti-American and unpatriotic, because America and Liberty are inseparable ideas."

Listen to his thoughts upon the relation of the citizen to his party—and he said this when he was still a party man of regular standing: "The most plausible suspicion of the permanence of the American government is founded in the belief that party spirit cannot be restrained. The first object of concerted political action is the highest welfare of the country. But the conditions of party association are such that the means are constantly and easily substituted for the end. The sophistry is subtle and seductive. Holding the ascendancy of his party essential to the national welfare, the zealous partizan merges patriotism in party. He insists that not to sustain the party is to betray the country; and against all honest doubt and reasonable hesitation and reluctance he vehemently urges that quibbles of conscience must be sacrificed to the public good; that wise and practical men will not be squeamish; that every soldier in the army cannot indulge his whims; and that if the majority may justly prevail in determining the government, it must not be questioned in the control of a party. This spirit adds moral coercion to sophistry. It denounces as a traitor him who protests against party tyranny, and it makes unflinching adherence to what is called regular party action, the condition of the gratification of honorable political ambition. Because a man who sympathizes with the party aims refuses to vote for a thief, this spirit scorns him as a rat and a renegade. Because he holds to principle and law against party expediency and dictation, he is proclaimed as the betrayer of his country, justice and humanity. Because he tranquilly insists upon deciding for himself when he must dissent from his party, he is reviled as a popinjay and visionary fool. Seeking with honest purpose only the welfare of his country, the hot air around him hums with the cry of 'the grand old party,' 'the traditions of the party,' 'loyalty to the party,' 'future of the party,' 'servants of the party,' and he sees and hears the gorged and portly money changers in the temple usurping the very divinity of the God. Young hearts, be not dismayed. If ever any one of you shall be the man so denounced, do not forget that your own individual convictions are the whips of small cords which God has put into your hands to expel the blasphemers. Perfect party discipline is the most dangerous weapon of party spirit, for it is the abdication of individual judgment; it is the application to political parties of the Jesuit principle of implicit obedience. If is for you (the academic youth) to help break this withering spell. When you are angrily told that, if you erect your individual judgment against the regular party behest, you make representative government impossible by refusing to accept its conditions, hold fast by your conscience and let the party go. The remedy for the constant excess of party spirit lies, and lies alone, in the courageous independence of the individual citizen."

And with what words of fire he addressed the representatives of the press, he himself being a working journalist: "I need not be told that an editor may be an honest partizan. We all probably belong to a party not alone in great emergencies of the state, but upon general principles and tendencies of government we must all take sides. Naturally the army in whose ranks we march becomes identified with the cause. Its colors, its music, its battlecries, become those of the cause itself. So a man comes to confound his party with his country, and to be wholly partizan seems to him to be only patriotic. Associated with illustrious achievements for his country and for mankind, the party name becomes as sweet to his ear and heart as, after famous victories, the name of his regiment to a soldier. But this is only the romantic and poetic aspect of one of the greatest perils to popular government. We liken a party to an army, and the phrases of an election are military terms. But an army is not a cause; it is merely an agency. A party is not a principle and an end; it is only a means. It is the abject servility which is bred by the military spirit that has made a standing army the standing threat of liberty. As the servility of the military spirit is a standing peril of liberty, so the servility of party spirit is the standing peril of popular government. The servility to party spirit is the abdication of that moral leadership of opinion which is the great function of the political press. It is a subserviency which destroys the independence of the paper; but it does not save the party. There is not a

party in the history of this country which has been utterly overthrown, that might not have survived long and victoriously, if its press had been courageously independent. The press submits to be led by party leaders, while its duty is to lead leaders. They dare to disgrace their party, to expose it to humiliation and defeat, because they count upon the slavery of the party press. The press is never a more beneficent power than when it disappoints this malignant expectation and shows the country that, while loyal to a party and its policy, it is more loyal to honor and patriotism. This is the independence of the press. It is not non-partizanship nor impotent neutrality. It is not the free lance of an Italian bravo or soldier of fortune at the disposal of the master who pays the best. It is not the unprincipled indifference which cries to-day 'good Lord' and to-morrow 'good devil' as the Lord or the devil seems to be prevailing. Nor is it a daily guess how the wind is going to blow, and a dexterous conformity to what it believes to be public opinion. No paper and no man who fears to be in the minority has the power to create a majority. It is the unquailing advocacy of its own principles when it stands alone, and honorable support of a party when a party proclaims them ; it is scorn of falsehood and baseness and bribery in sustaining them ; it is manly justice to opponents and unsparing exposure of offenders and offenses which, disgracing the party, tend to weaken and destroy it ; it is austere allegiance to high ideals of public virtue and perfect reliance upon the ultimate justice of the people—it is all this which makes an independent press the greatest power in Christendom."

And as he taught the sanctity of conscience as against party, so he taught the sanctity of conscience as against the majority. "In a republic," he said in an address on the leadership of educated men, "as the majority must control action, the majority constantly tends to usurp control of opinion. Its decree is accepted as the standard of right and wrong. To differ is grotesque and eccentric. To protest is preposterous. To defy is incendiary and revolutionary. But just here interposes educated intelligence and asserts the worth of self-reliance and the power of the individual conscience. And, further, it is educated citizenship which, while defining the rightful limitation of the power of the majority, is most loyal to its legitimate authority, and foremost always in rescuing it from the treachery of political peddlers and parasites."

The highest praise he bestowed on James Russell Lowell in his magnificent eulogy, was in these words, which he might have spoken of himself : "Literature was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress. He resented the least imputation upon his ideal America, and nothing was finer than his instinctive scorn for the pinchbeck patriotism which brags and boasts and swaggers, insisting that bigness is greatness, and vulgarity simplicity, and the will of the majority the moral law."

As portrayed by his own utterances this was George William Curtis as a public character and a public teacher—the ideal party man—for he always strove to the utmost to hold his party true to its highest aims ; and the ideal independent, being true to his principles, his convictions of right and the commands of his conscience even against the behests of his party. And as he was the ideal party man and the ideal independent, so he might well have been called the finest type of the American gentleman.

He was intensely proud of his country without ever being boastful. He would have stood in the company of kings without embarrassment, but also without making any demonstrative display of his feeling himself at ease. He was not ashamed of not being rich. Indeed, he took good care not to *become* rich, by voluntarily assuming and laboriously working to pay off obligations of friends and associates, to which he could never have been legally held, and for which only a most susceptible sense of honor could detect any sort of responsibility on his part. He possessed that true politeness which consists in an instinctive regard for the feelings of others and springs from genuine kindness of heart. His exquisite refinement of taste and manner had not the slightest tinge of affectation or superciliousness. No coarse utterance ever crossed his lips because no coarse thought or sentiment ever crossed his soul. He made his inferiors feel at home in his presence by gladly recognizing their merits without the faintest air of condescending superiority. He was a distinguished man in the most distinguished society, moving in it with unpretending naturalness, and appearing only what he really was. When we think of the men whom we would point out as models to our youth at home, or whom

we would like to have looked upon as representative American gentlemen by the world abroad, George William Curtis will surely be selected as one of the first.

What his pure, gentle, lovable, and loving nature was to those standing nearest to him, no words can express. If his personal friends speak of him only in the language of eulogy, it is because it will sound like eulogy when they speak of him only the sober truth as they understand and feel it. He was, indeed, one of those rare human beings in whom the eye of criticism detects nothing that friendship would care to conceal; and it may well be said that nobody ever came into contact with him without being better and happier for it.

It is a saddening thought that the melody of his eloquent voice will never be heard again, and that his ennobling presence is gone from among us forever. We have to console ourselves with the certainty that much of his work will endure, that the inspiration of his teaching and example will live, and that his memory will be tenderly cherished and remain highly honored as that of a benefactor of mankind and one of the noblest citizens of our republic.

A FRUIT OF THE FAIR

BY

MARION HILL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. Y. CORY

HEARING sounds from below which indicated that Rex and Regina had come home, Mrs. Pettison, always heroic about attending to her duties as a mother, reluctantly put down her magazine, *The Privileges of Parenthood*, and prepared to be "motherly" to the twins when they came to her room to report their Saturday outing. The *P. O. P.* insisted that parents should hold "smiling talks" with children. Mrs. Pettison took to motherhood with so fierce a seriousness that the prescribed smile came hard. But she never gave up.

Mentally allowing her offspring time to remove their rubbers and place them in the shoe box in the hall, to fold their mittens and tuck them in the right hand lower pocket of their coats, to take off those coats and hang them upon the appointed pegs, and to balance their caps neatly and securely upon the collars of the pendent coats, she summoned the maternal smile to her lips and glanced toward the door.

On the very minute, the twins appeared. When they saw the smile their hearts sank. They knew there was conversation to be met. Left to themselves they could gabble for hours, but in the presence of their mother they were so preoccupied about standing on both their feet, refraining from "twiddling," taking their hands from their pockets, not whistling, throwing their shoulders out, holding their chins up, not frowning, turning their heads aside when they coughed or sneezed, saying "pardon me" when they

"The twins pallidly left the room"

sniffed, holding their elbows in, keeping their eyes upon the speaker—doing so many painful things all at the one horrible moment—that they had no shred of brains left for genial converse.

Mrs. Pettison, striving by example to discourage "mumbling," let these words drip pearl-like from her lips:

"Have my little son and little daughter had a pleasant time at the Fair?"

Had the pearly words been hot shot they could not have caused worse pangs to the ears upon which they fell. Under the shock, the children convulsively gripped hands. The maternal eye lingered upon "little daughter," and little daughter wriggled in dumb anguish. The eye traveled coldly to little son.

"Yes, mamma," said little son, promptly. Whether he had ideas or not, Rex always had language.

"And did you see anybody we know?" The eye was upon the daughter again.

"Yes, mamma," said Regina. It seemed safe. It had worked all right with Rex.

"Whom?"

Whom indeed! How fatal are the depths of speech! How quagmiry compared with the solidity of silence! Regina despairingly rolled unhappy orbs at Rex.

"We met Miss Arthur, the school teacher," he said suavely.

"Do not be foolish, Rex," reprimanded his mother, still dutifully smiling, though mirth was an emotion far from her mind; "you *went* with Miss Arthur. Of course you saw her."

"Of course, mamma," agreed Rex. He looked at her hopefully, as if interested to know how she intended further to juggle with words. She changed the subject.

"Can you not tell me about the wonderful, the instructive exhibits?" The long words Mrs. Pettison pronounced with extra distinctness.

Either the ominous pearliness or the very richness of their memory kept the twins speechless. Of all those glorious sights, which merited first attention—the machinery, the fountain, the balloon, the animals, the sedate ride on the lumpy camel, or the more reckless voyage on the roller coast? This last bright remembrance was Regina's complete undoing.

"The best time I had was bumping around on the Holy Ghost!" she cried. She glowed pleasantly.

"*What?*"

This word came so explosively from her mother that Regina shivered and gripped Rex tighter.

"Is it a bad word? Is 'bumping' a bad word?" she wailed, immense tears already dotting her lashes.

"Roller coast," murmured Rex, helpfully.

"Rolly ghost," chattered Regina very quickly. Speedy correction might stave off possible bad results.

Silently, sadly, Rex shook his head. Adept in language, he knew that his dear twin had failed to redeem herself.

"*Holy Ghost!*" hissed Mrs. Pettison, the words gushing out like profanity.

"Soon deep in the luxury of study"

"*Holy Ghost!*" copied Regina, equally profane.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Pettison awfully. "What do you know about the Holy Ghost?"

"Nothing, mamma; nothing!" roared Regina, with the ardor of complete innocence.

"Rex!" implored his mother. Rex always knew everything a child wanted to know.

"The roller coast is a sort of shoot-the-chutes," began Rex, obligingly.

"And the Holy Ghost—" prompted Mrs. Pettison, feverish for the climax.

"—and the Holy Ghost—isn't." Rex seemed to be done. He looked self-reproving.

Mrs. Pettison panted. Made aware by this sound that his contribution lacked fatness, Rex put forth superhuman effort and added:

"It—it goes to Sunday-school—I believe."

"Where you shall go—both of you—to-morrow!" ejaculated Mrs. Pettison, waving them from her sight. She was anxious

"hunted for the shortest verse she could find"

to find out what the *P. O. P.* had to say about the properest age for children to receive religious instruction.

The twins pallidly left the room.

"We'd better get the book of texts," advised Rex, when in the safety of the hall, "and learn one before to-morrow. The Sunday-school teacher will ask us for one."

"What's tecks?" demanded Regina, glowering.

"It's—a—a receipt—a religious receipt."

"What for?"

"For writing sermons, I think."

"What do we have to write a sermon for?"

"We don't."

"What's the use of a tecks to us then?"

"I don't know. But we have to have it. And a penny. You can't go to Sunday-school without a text and a penny."

"Perhaps Mrs. Pettison braided Regina's hair tighter than usual"

"We never have a penny." And Regina cheered visibly.

"Your mothers give you the penny."

"What for?" dropping back into hopelessness.

"To put in the plate."

"What plate?"

"For the heathen."

"What heathen?"

Whenever Regina gave evidence of having untied the knot in her what-string, Rex knew that she needed immediate diversion, so he steered her into the library and began a search for their "Children's Bible."

Mrs. Pettison was one of these very pure women, to whom everything is impure, so she allowed her children access only to a sort of expunged, ærated Holy Writ—very moral.

Rex found it and was soon deep in the luxury of study. Both twins had early taken to literature as a solace, the girl flightily, the boy like a sage.

She was proud of his superior gifts, but was none the less sullenly envious of his ability always to find peace within book covers, she herself being ever too smartingly conscious of a blighted past, a bitter present, or an ill-omened future, to take more than a surface interest in anything the library afforded.

After chewing her braids for several morbid moments, she hurled herself upon Rex and wrenched the volume from him.

"Give me the tecks," she growled; "it's both of our books."

"It is only one 'book,' Regina, and the word is 'texts,'" insinuated Rex gently.

"Keep still and let me learn a receipt," rejoined Regina, ungrateful for instruction.

"her long hair flowing in ripples till it looked like a golden washboard"

She fell to the floor, the book under her much as if she had tackled a football, and hunted for the shortest verse she could find. The ringing of the supper bell brought her but small comfort.

"And this is our night for squogged oats and water-cress," she observed sorrowfully. She would have liked to support her text with something more substantial, but knew better than to expect it. Mrs. Pettison, following suggestions in the food column of the *P. O. P.*, was at present furnishing her table with uncooked grains and raw vegetables. The food column maintained that such a diet would prolong life. So far, no death had occurred in the Pettison family to discredit the statement.

It was a household wonderfully well ordered, and on the morrow the array of the twins for Sunday-school was accomplished with so little flurry as to seem an every-day occurrence. Perhaps Mrs. Pettison braided Regina's hair tighter than usual. That was all.

"It is never nice to see a little girl's hair disheveled, particularly on Sunday," she remarked, tying the ends with blue bows instead of the week-day red.

Disheveled. Rex played with the word quite a while in silence. He liked new words, and he liked, too, to discover their meaning for himself. But his mother had used "disheveled" indefinitely. It might mean unplaited or it might mean tied with red. So he asked about it.

"Disheveled means not properly arranged," he was told.

The possibilities of the new word kept him busy and happy during the walk to Sunday-school. Mrs. Pettison went with them to the little church nearby, put them in Miss Kate's infant class, and there left them.

The several classes were penned into separate pews and teachers sat in chairs in the aisle and instructed their wriggling charges.

The shocked twins felt that it was all very indecorous, for they had been to church service once and had carried away with them as one of their most wonderful and beautiful memories a sense of the solemn sacredness of the building. From a white-robed far-off man had come to their devout ears words of majestic seriousness; from a choir invisible had floated strains of an unearthly sweet music; the fragrance of lilies had crept into their hearts like a prayer; the very silences had blessed them with mystery; and in marveling at the mystic earnestness of the worshipers they too had worshiped—who shall say unacceptably?

"just a bewitching bunch of curls"

This scene was different. A constant hum prevailed. Sometimes a snort pierced the hum, or a giggle, or a little girl's starched skirt rustled, or a little boy's boot banged a pew, or a book dropped, or a teacher uttered a reprimand—much needed, doubtless, but jarring.

Miss Kate's class being the youngest was the wriggliest; moreover, the children changed places constantly and without premeditation — like lovebirds on a crowded perch. The tiny girls were mostly always measuring the widths of the ribbons on their extraordinary hats; and the tiny boys were mostly doing queer things with their pennies, putting them in their ears and their mouths, or trying to hold them in their eyelids. Not all of the little boys, however, had pennies; and those who hadn't had candy in a rear pocket. Never once did the combination of a penny *and* candy arrive in one boy. It was odd.

Another odd thing was the gorgeousness of the general apparel. At first the twins thought they must have fallen among celestials until calm scrutiny discovered just ordinary boys and girls above the ruffled collars and below the beflowered hats. The biggest surprise was Minnie McCarty. Minnie was the grocer's little girl and on week days wore spotted clothes, had her red hair in a frowsy pig-tail, sported bad manners, and was reckoned an undesirable acquaintance. But to-day her raiment was blue silk, her long hair was flowing in ripples till it looked like a golden washboard, and her hat was as big as a parasol, and was made all out of pink and white daisies. Anybody with such clothes up her sleeve, so to speak, was well worth knowing. The twins promptly promoted her to a place among the desirables. The charmingest surprise—at least to Rex—was Angela, a kindergarten sweetheart of his. To describe her were impossible. She was just a bewitching bunch of curls, coquetry, dimples, and smiles. Everything about her floated, from the butterfly bows in her halo of curls, to the tassels on her shoes. Rex felt a warm religious fervor growing upon him as he caught her flying smiles.

Wriggly as the class was when seated, it was worse standing, for then it climbed upon the prayer stools, pressed its diaphragm against the top of the pew in front, and balanced itself thereon. Angela became unduly acrobatic and went right over.

"Ah!" cried Rex.

Miss Kate looked at him apprehensively. "Angela's gone over the—the—dashboard," he explained weakly.

But Angela appeared at her teacher's side as good as new, squeezed into the pew again, wriggled to her former place, and continued her interrupted stunt. Miss Kate taught serenely on, trusting that her charges might soak in through the pores some of the wisdom they refused to hearken to with their ears. Yet they got something that way, too. When Miss Kate asked them to repeat such and such a verse in concert, they generally did it.

"All together, now," she would say sweetly; "the Golden Rule."

"Angela became unduly acrobatic and went right over"

Then came a willing chorus: "Done truthers. As Sue would have! Others done! To you!"

"Very good indeed. I want you to sit down now and we'll each repeat a text. Sit down, dears."

Flutter, flutter, flutter, wriggle, wriggle, wriggle, biff, bang, giggle—and they were down.

"Now, Minnie."

Minnie blushed, gasped, and thought terrifically; then lisped:

"Love yennemies."

"Very sweet. Elsa."

"Love—one nuther," cooed Elsa.

"Yes, dear. Albert."

"Love—love—love—" here Albert gagged on his penny which was in his mouth.

"Well, another time, Albert. Rex."

"He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame: and he that rebuketh a wicked man getteth himself a blot," said Rex, musically, his big eyes fixed on Miss Kate's.

She looked at him with rampant amaze.

"I can go on if you want any more," he volunteered.

"No; that is enough," said Miss Kate. "I don't think you understand it as it is."

"Yes, Miss Kate, I understand it."

"Tell us, then."

"Next Sunday, Miss Kate; not to-day."

"Why not to-day?"

"'Hump!' she hissed . . . 'You have to hump to pray'"

"Because I *know* what it means but I can't *say* it yet."

"Why?"

"Because the words of the meaning—in my mind—are—are disheveled."

"Are what?"

"Disheveled," repeated Rex, firmly, unwinkingly.

Putting this down to impertinence or imbecility, and not anxious to probe either state, Miss Kate passed on to Regina.

"God is a mocker. Strong drink is ragtime," said Regina gruffly. She disapproved of it herself.

"Oh, my dear! Wine. Raging. Say it again, please."

"God is a mocker. Strong drink is ragtime. Wine. Raging," said Regina, blindly obedient.

Mrs. Pettison prided herself upon the twins' obedience and called it their "strong point." It was really their weakest, for they were obedient beyond reason—to the point of idiocy. When they were not kept steadily busy being obedient, they were quite normal.

Miss Kate looked as though she thought them far from such, but she was spared the necessity of dealing with them because of an opportune interruption from James Akers.

"Annie Haddon couldn't come to-day; her baby sister died," he said, by way of a text.

"And is going to be put in the ground," supplemented Minnie, gruesomely.

Angela paled and shuddered. A sympathetic shudder attacked every other little girl. Miss Kate seized the opportunity to give a striking talk upon immortality and the hope held out to believers. She concluded by saying most impressively:

"The dead are not dead. Their souls go to heaven. Their love lives on. The grave gets only their bodies."

"*Only* their bodies?" demanded Rex, thunderstruck.

"*Only* their bodies," she repeated, convincingly.

"I wonder," whispered Rex in a horrified aside to his twin, "I wonder what's done with their arms and legs!"

Regina grinned blithely as one whose imagination holds out pleasing visions.

"Listen, little ones," now warned Miss Kate; "we are going to say 'We humbly pray Thee, O Father.' Get ready."

The initiated promptly dropped on the floor and hunched themselves into the attitude of devotion. The twins, being strangers, sat bolt upright. Miss Kate waited a moment, hoping intuition would come to their aid. It did. Being woman's natural gift, it reached Regina first. Under its enlightening influence she thumped Rex on the back.

"Hump!" she hissed. "All the others are humping. You have to hump to pray. Hump."

They too slid to the floor and joined devoutly in the petition which, to Regina at least, began intelligently thus: "We hump to pray Thee, Our Father."

When they again scrambled to their seats something was doing up in front, and kept coming steadily nearer. It was a very conscious boy. He held a sort of filagree frying-pan—a wire basket attached to a stick—

and he poked the article into each pew that he passed and then withdrew it. When it appeared under Regina's nose, she started back distrustfully.

"It's for your penny," whispered Rex.

"You said 'plate,'" argued she.

"Put it in," said her patient counselor.

"In the corn-popper?"

"Yes."

Regina dropped in her penny and left off worrying. If the heathen chose to call that thing a plate what was it to her? The collection over, a greater relaxation was observable in the already relaxed classes. They gathered up their belongings and stood in the aisles. Suddenly the organ pealed joyously out with the child-beloved hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and everybody began to sing and march. When she came to the lines,

"Christ, our Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see His banners go!"

Regina was surprised to find herself out in the street. It was all over then. Evidently; for Mrs. Pettison was there awaiting them.

"Have my little boy and girl been interested?" she asked, with unfailing radiance.

The twins looked at each other dubiously. Had they?

"Tell mother what you have learned."

Rex saw "Holy Ghost" in her eye.

"We learned nothing at all about what we didn't know yesterday," he said firmly and diplomatically.

"Has my little daughter (don't squint, Regina) nothing to tell mother?"

Regina cast about desperately in her memory to see if anything of the morning's business yet lingered there. There did—the last words she had sung.

"I learned 'Our Royal Master leans against the post,'" she said.

Mrs. Pettison looked unconvinced.

"Surely," she urged, "you have made a mistake. Is it not 'leads against the foe'?"

"Not in our school," said Regina doggedly. "In our school he leans against the post. I heard them say so."

Mrs. Pettison surveyed the two with some severity.

"You seem to have learned but little for this morning's time," she criticized coldly. "Think well, and then answer this question: Do you feel that you derive enough benefit from your instruction to care to go regularly?"

Rex studied the blue vault of heaven for a few devout moments, and then said earnestly:

"Yes, mamma."

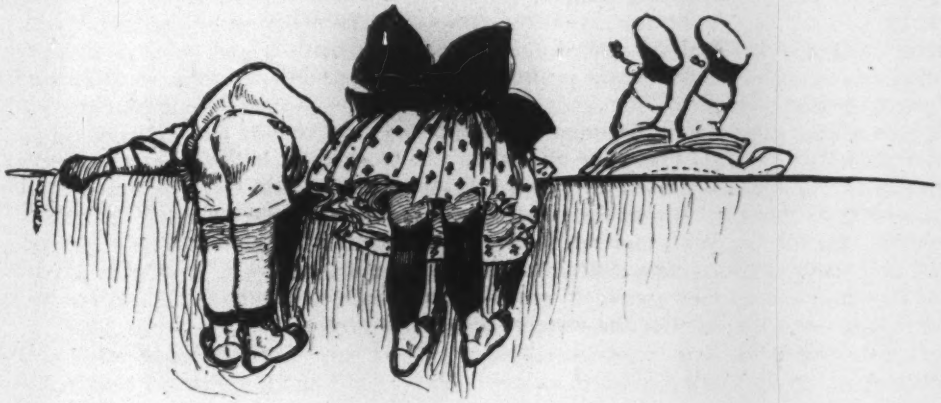
Regina, after knotting her brows in fearful thought, arrived at the same conclusion:

"Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Pettison was satisfied.

How was she to know that Rex felt drawn to the throne of grace solely by his desire and intention of many times sitting next to the dimpling Angela, or that Regina's whole incentive was her determination further to enjoy those exhilarating callisthenics on the "dashboard"?

"those exhilarating callisthenics on the 'dashboard'"



THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN the Lord of the great and the little,
The potter whose hand shapes our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market
Where the world-peoples chaffer all day,
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor,
A thought of the Maker Divine;—

And men, in their lust for dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm from that spirit,
Make the flower-face withered and old,
Bind the hands and the feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie,
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

He sees, though we think Him unseeing,
He knows when the factory wheels
Grind down to the life-blood of children;
When the poor little bond-servant kneels
In the pang of its frightful abasement;—
Though all men are deaf to its prayer,
There is coming a dark day of judgment,
And the Lord of the child will be there.

The child in the midst, as we've marred it,
Bent-shouldered, dull-eyed, and a slave,
That cringes at word and at fetter,
That cries for the rest of the grave;
With our free flag unfolding above it,
So free, from the pine to the palm!
And our scared pallid children beneath it!
There's a jar in the lilt of our psalm.

From the mine where the midnight engulfs it,
From the mill where the clogged air is thick
With the dust of the weaving that chokes it;
From the home, where it's fevered and sick
With man's toil, when God meant it for gladness,
The child in the midst, in our clay
God-moulded, greed-marred, calls to heaven
For the vengeance we're daring, this day.

THE FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SABBATH-SCHOOL," "THE SWIMMING HOLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT isn't only Christmas that comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer; it's any festival that is worth a hill of beans, High School Commencement, Fourth of July, Sunday-school excursion, Election Bonfire, Thanksgiving Day (a nice day and one whereon you can eat roast turkey till you can't choke down another bite, and pumpkin pie, and cranberry sauce. Tell you!)—but about the best in the whole lot, and something the city folks don't have is Firemen's Tournament. That comes once a year, generally about the time for putting up tomatoes.

The first that most of us know about it is when we see the bills up telling how much excursion rates will be to our town from Ostrander and Mt. Victory, and Wapatomica, and New Berlin, and Foster's, and Caledonia, and Mechanicsburg—all the towns around on both the railroads. But before that there was the Citizens' Committee, and then the Executive Committee, and the Finance Committee, and the Committee on Press and Publicity, and Printing and Prizes, and Decorations and Badges, and Music, and Reception to Firemen, and Reception to Guests—as many committees as there are nails in the fence from your house to mine. And these committees come around and tell you that we want to show the folks that we've got public spirit in our town, some spunk, some git-up to us. We want our town to contrast favorably with Caledonia where they had the Tournament last year. We want to put it all over the Caledonia people (they think they're so smart) and we can do it too, if everybody will take a-holt and help. . . . Well, we want all we can get. We expect a pretty generous offer from you, for one. Man that has as pretty and tasty got-up store as you have, and does the business that you do, ought to show his appreciation of the town and try to help along. . . . Oh, anything you're a mind to give. 'Most anything comes in handy for prizes. But what we principally need is cash, ready cash. You see, there's a good deal of expense attached to an enterprise of this character. So many little things you wouldn't think of, that you've just *got* to have. But laws! you'll make it all back and more, too. We cackleate there'll be, at the very least, ten thousand people in town that day, and it's just naturally bound to be that some of them will do their trading. . . . Thank you very much. That's very handsome of you. Good day. (What are you growling about? Lucky to get five cents out of that man.)

The Ladies Aid, of Center Street M. E., has secured the store-room recently vacated by Rouse and Myers and is going to serve a dinner that day for the benefit of the Carpet Fund of their church and about time, too, I say. I like to broke my neck there a week ago last Sunday night, when our minister was away. Caught my foot in a hole in the carpet, and a little more and I'd have gone headlong. So, it's: "Why, I've been meaning for more than a year, to call on you, Mrs. . . . . Mrs. . . . . (Let me look at my list. Oh, yes) Mrs. Cooper, but we've had so much sickness at home—you know my husband's father is staying with us at present, and he's been in very poor health all winter—and when it hasn't been sickness, it's been company. You know how it is. And it seemed as if I—just—could—not—make—out to get up your way. What a pretty little place you have! So cozy! I was just saying to Mrs. Thorpe here, it was so seldom you saw a really pretty residence in this part of town. *We* think that *up on the hill*, where *we* reside, you know,

is about the handsomest. . . . Yes, there *are* a great many wealthy people live up there. The Quackenbushes are enormously wealthy. I was saying to Mrs. Quackenbush only the other day that I thought the hill people were almost *too* exclusive. . . . Yes, it *is* a perfectly lovely day. . . . Er—er— We're soliciting for the Firemen's Tournament—well, not for the Tournament exactly, but the Ladies' Aid are going to give a dinner that day for the Carpet Fund and we thought perhaps you'd like to help along. . . . Oh, any little thing, a boiled ham or— . . . Well, we shall want *some* cake, but we'd druther—or, at least, rawther—have something more substantial, don't you know, pie or pickles or jelly, don't you know. And will you bring it or shall I send Michael with the carriage for it? . . . Oh, thank you! If you *would!* It will be *so* much appreciated. So sorry we couldn't make a longer stay, but now that we've found the way. . . . Yes, that's very true. Well, good afternoon."

The lady of the house watches them as Michael inquires: "Whur next, mum?" and bangs the door of the carriage. Then she turns and says to herself: "Huh!" Mrs. Thorpe is that instant observing: "Did *you* notice that crayon enlargement she had hanging up? Wouldn't it kill you?' To which the other lady responds: "Well, between you and I, Mrs. Thorpe, if I couldn't have a real hand-painted picture I wouldn't have nothing at all."

The lady of the house bakes a cake. She'll show them a thing or two in the cake line. And while it is in the oven what does that little dev—, that provoking Freddie do but see if he can't jump across the kitchen in two jumps. Fall? What cake wouldn't fall? Of course it falls. But it is too late now to bake another, and if they don't like it they know what they can do. She doesn't know that *she's* under any obligation to them.

Mrs. John Van Meter hears Freddie say off the little speech his mother taught him—Oh, you may be sure she'd be there as large as life, taking charge of everything, just as if she had been one of the workers, when, to my certain knowledge, she hadn't been to one of the committee meetings, not a one. I declare I don't know what Mr. Craddock is thinking of, to let her boss every body around the way she does—and she smiles and says: "It's all right. It's just lovely. Tell your mamma Mrs. Van Meter is *ever* and *ever* so much obliged to her. Isn't he a dear boy?" And when he is gone, she says: "What *are* we *ever* going to do with all this cake? It seems as if everybody has sent *cake*. And whatever possessed *that* woman to attempt a cake, I—can't—imagine. Ts! ts! ts! H-well. Oh, put it somewhere. Maybe we can work it off on the country people. Mrs. Filkins, your coffee *smells* PERfectly grand! Perfectly grand. Do you think we'll have spoons enough?"

The Tournament prizes are exhibited in the windows of the leading furniture emporium at the corner of Main and Center, each with a card attached bearing the name of the donor in distinctly legible characters. Old man Hagerman has been mowing all the ragweed and cuckleburrs along the line of march and the lawns got an unusual amount of shaving and sprinkling. Out near the end of Center Street, the grand-stand has been going up, tiers of seats rising from each curb line. The street has been rolled and sprinkled and scraped until it is in fine condition for a running track. Why don't you pick up that pebble and throw it over into the lot? Suppose some runner should slip on that stone and fall and hurt himself, you'd be to blame.

The day before the Tournament, they hang the banner: "WELCOME VOLUNTEER FIREMEN" from Barnes' drug-store across to the Furniture Emporium. Along the line of march you may see the man of the house up on a step-ladder against the front porch, with his hands full of drapery and his mouth full of tacks. His wife is backing toward the geranium bed to get a good view, cocking her head on one side.

"How'v vif?" he asks as well as he can for the tacks.

"Little higher. Oh not so much. Down a little. Whope! That's. . . . Oh, plague take the firemen! Just look at that! Mercy! Mercy!"

The man of the house can't turn his head.

"Oh, I wouldn't have had it happen for I don't know what! Ts! Ts! Ts! That lovely silver leaf geranium that Mrs. Pritchard give me the slip of. Broke right off! Oh my! My! My! Do you s'pose it'd grow if I was to stick it into the ground just as it is with all them buds on it?"

The man of the house lets one end of the drapery go and empties his mouth of tacks into his disengaged hand.

"I don't know. Ow! Jabbed right into my gum! But I can tell you this: If you think I'm going to stick up on that ladder all morning while you carry on about some fool old geranium that you can just as well fuss with when I'm gone, why, you're mighty much mistaken."

"Well, you needn't to take my head off. I feel awful about that geranium."

"Well, why don't you look where you're going? Is this right?"

"Yes, I told you. I wish now I'd done it myself. I can't ask you to do a thing about the house but there's a row raised right away."

People that don't want to go to the trouble of tacking up these alphabet flags on the edge of the verandah eaves (it takes fourteen of them to spell "Welcome Firemen") say *they* think a handsome flag—a really handsome one, not one of these twenty-five centers—is as pretty and rich looking a decoration as a body can put up.

Tents are raised in the vacant lots along Center Street and counters knocked together for the sale of ice-cold lemonade, lemo, lemo, lemo, made in the shade, with a spade, by an old maid, lemo, lemo. Here y'are now, gents, gitch nice cool drink, on'y five a glass. There is even the hook for the ice-cream candy man to throw the taffy over when he pulls it. I like to watch him. It makes me dribble at the mouth to think about it.

The man that sells the squawking toys and the rubber balloons on sticks is in town. All he can say is: "Fi' cent." He will blow up the balloons to-morrow morning. The men with the black velvet covered shields, all stuck full of "souvenirs," are here and the men with the little canes. I guess we'll have a big crowd if it doesn't rain. What does the paper say about the weather?

The boys have been playing a new game for some time past but it is only this evening that you notice it. The way of it is this: You take an express-wagon—it has to have real wheels: these sawed-out wheels are too baby—and you tie a long rope to the tongue and fix loops on the rope, so that the boys can put each a loop over his shoulder. (You want a good many boys.) And you get big, long, thick pieces of rag and you take and tie them so as to make a big, big, long piece, about as long as from here to'way over there. And you lay this in the wagon, kind of in folds like. Then you go up to where they water the horses and two of you go at the back end of the wagon and the rest put the loops over their shoulders, and one boy says, "Are you ready?" and he has a Fourth of July pistol and he shoots off a cap. And when you hear that, you run like the dickens and the two boys behind the wagon let out the hose (the big, long, thick piece of rag) and fix it so it lies about straight on the ground. And when you have run as far as the hose will reach the boy with the Fourth of July pistol says: "Twenty-eight and two-fifths," and that's the game. And the kids don't like for big folks to stand and watch them, because they always make fun so.

"But what we principally need is cash, ready cash"

In other towns they have Boys' Companies organized strictly for Tournament purposes. There was talk of having one here. Mat. King, the assistant chief, was all for having one so that we could compete in what he calls "the juveline contests," but it fell through somehow.

II

Along about sun-up you hear the big farm-wagons clattering into town, chairs in the wagon bed, and Paw, and Maw, and Mary Elizabeth, and Martin Luther, and all the family, clean down to Teedy, the baby. He's named after Theodore Roosevelt, and they

have the letter home now, framed and hanging up over the organ. But for all the wagon is so full, there is room for a big basket covered with a red-ended towel. (Seems to me I smell fried chicken, don't you?)

I just thought I'd see if you'd bite. You've formed your notions of country people from "The Old Homestead" and these by-gosh-Mirandy novels. The real farmers, nowadays, drive into town in double-seated carriages with matched bays, curried so that you could see to comb your hair in their glossy sides. The single rigs sparkle in the sun, conveying young men and young women of such clean-cut, high-bred features as to make us wonder. And yet I don't know why we should wonder, either. They all come from good old stock. The young fellows run a little too strongly to patent leather shoes and their horses are almost too skittish for my liking, but the girls are all right. If their clothes set better than you thought they would, why, you must remember that they subscribe for the very same fashion magazines that you do, and there is such a thing as a mail order business in this country, even if you aren't aware of it.

All the little boys in town are out with their baskets chanting sadly:

You'll hear that all day long.

But there isn't much going on before the excursion trains come in. Then things begin to hop. The grand marshal and his aides gallop through the streets as if they were going for the doctor. The trains of ten and fifteen coaches pile up in the railroad yard and the yardmaster nearly goes out of his mind. People are so anxious to get out of the cars, in which they have been packed and jammed for hours, that they don't mind a little thing like being run over by a switching engine. Every platform is just one solid chunk of summer hats and babies and red shirts and alto horns. They have been nearly five hours coming fifty miles. Stopped at every station and side-tracked for all the regular trains. Such a time! Lots of fun, though. The fellows got out and pulled flowers and seed cucumbers and things and threw them at folks. You never saw such cut-ups as they are. Pretty good singers, too. Good part of the way, they sung "My Bonnie lies Over the Ocean," and "How can I bear to Leave Thee," nice and slow, you know, a good deal of tenor and not much bass, and plenty of these "minor chords." Yes, I know, some people call them "barber-shop chords," but I think "minor" is a nicer name.

The band played "Hiawatha" eighteen times. One old fellow got on at Huntsville and he says to Joe Bangs (that's the leader), "Shay," he says, "play 'Turkey in er Straw,' won't you? Aw, go on. Play it. Thass goo' feller. Go on."

Joe, he never heard of the tune. . . . Don't you know it? Goes like this: . . . No, that ain't it. That's 'Gray Eagle.' . . . Funny, I can't think how that tune starts. Well, no matter. They played an arrangement that had "Old Zip Coon" in it.

"Naw," he says, "tha' ain' it 't all. Go on. Play it. Play 'Turkey in er Straw.' Ah, ye don't know it. Thass reason. Betch don' know it. Don' know 'Turkey in er Straw.' Ho! Caw seff ml-m' sishn. Ho! You—you—you ain' no m'sishn. You—you—you're zis bluff." Only about half-past eight too. Think of that! So early in the morning. Ah me! That's one of the sad features of such an occasion.

If there is anything more magnificent than a firemen's parade, I don't know what it is. The varnished woodwork on the apparatus looks as if it had just come out of the shop and every bit of bright work glitters fit to strike you blind. You take, now, a nice hose-reel painted white and striped into panels with a fine red line, every other panel fruits and flowers and every other panel a piece of looking-glass shaped like a piece of pie and, I tell you, it looks gay. That's what it does. It looks gay. Some of the

hook-and-ladder trucks are just one mass of golden-rod and hydrangeas, and some of them are all fixed with this red, white and blue paper rope, sort of chenille effect, or more like a feather boa. Everybody has on white cotton gloves and those entitled to carry speaking trumpets have bouquets in the bells of them, salvias, and golden-rod, and nasturtiums, and marigolds and all such.

The Wapatomicas always have a dog up on top of their wagon. First off, you would think it didn't help out much, it is such a forlorn looking little fice; but this dog, I want you to know, waked up the folks late one night, 'way 'long about ten or eleven o'clock, barking at a fire. Saved the town, as you might say. And after that, the fire-boys took him for a mascot. I guess he didn't belong to anybody before. And another wagon has a chair on it, and in that chair the cutest little girl you almost ever saw hair all frizzed at the ends, and a wide blue sash and her white frock starched as stiff as a milk-pail. Everybody says: "Aw, ain't she just too sweet?"

The Caledonias have tried to make quite a splurge this year. They walk four abreast, with their arms locked and their white gloves on each other's shoulders. Their truck has on it what they call "an allegorical figure." There is a kind of a business (looks to me like it is the axle and wheels of a toy wagon, stood up on end and covered with white paper muslin and a string tied around the middle) that is supposed to be an hour-glass. Then there is a scythe covered with cotton batting and then a man in a bath-robe (I saw the figure of the goods when the wind blew it open) also covered with white cotton batting. The man has a wig and beard of wicking. First, I thought it was Santa Claus, and then I saw the scythe and knew it must be old Father Time. The hour-glass puzzled me no little though. The man has cotton batting wings. One of them is a little wabbly, but what can you expect from Caledonia? They're always trying to butt the bull off the bridge. They're jealous of our town. Oh, they stooped to all the mean, underhanded tricks you ever heard of to get the canning factory to go to their place instead of here. But we know a thing or two ourselves. Yes, we got the canning factory, all right, all right.

Did you notice how neat and trim our boys looked? None of this flub-dub of scarlet shirts with a big white monogram on the breast, or these fawn-colored suits with querlycues of braid all over. They spot very easily. And did you notice how the Caledonias had long lean men walking with short fat men, and nobody keeping step? Our boys are all carefully graded and matched and their dark blue uniforms with just the neat nickel badge, I think, presented the best appearance of all. And I'll tell you another thing. They'll put it all over the Caledonias this afternoon. They won't let'em get a smell.

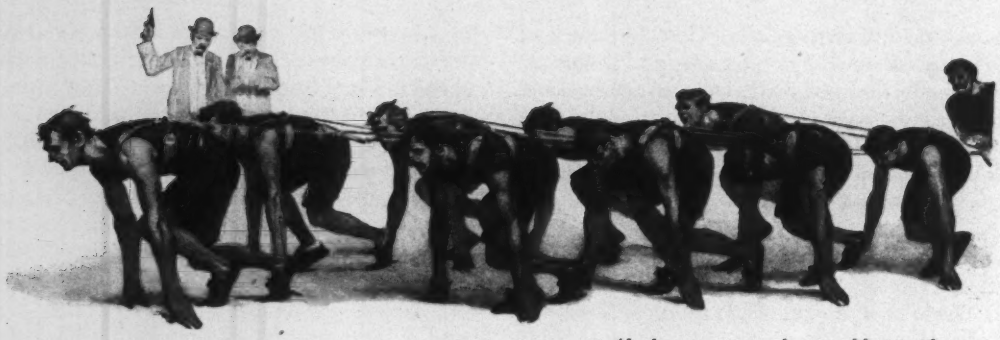
"'Shay,' he says, 'play "Turkey in er Straw," won't you?'"

Don't you like the fife-and-drum corps? The fifes set my teeth on edge, but I could follow the drums all day with their:

Tucket a brum-brum, brum-brum, tuck all de brum
Tucket a brum-brum, tuck-all de brum-brum-brum!
Tucket a blip-blip-blip-blip, tucka tuck-all de brum,
Tucket a brum-brum, tuck-all de brum-brum-brum!

Part of the time the drummers click their sticks together instead of hitting the drum-head. That's what makes it sound so nice. I wish I could play the snare-drum.

In the Mechanicsburg band is a boy about fourteen years old, a muscular, sturdy chunk



"Ah, here are our boys. Notice the way

of a lad. He walks with his heels down, his calves bulged out behind, his head up, and the regular, proper swagger of a bandsman. He hasn't any uniform, but he's all right. He plays a solo B part, and he and the other solo cornet spell each other. On the repeat of every strain my boy rests and rubs his lips with his forefinger while he looks at the populace with bright, expectant eyes. When he blows, he scowls and brings the cushion of muscle on the point of his chin clear up to his under lip and he draws his breath through the corners of his mouth. He's the real thing. Bright boy, too, I judge, the kind that has a quick answer for everybody, like: "Aw, go chase yerself," or "Go on, yeh big stiff." Watch him on the countermarch when they pass the Radnor cornet band. The Radnors broke up the Mechanicsburg band last year and they're going to try to do it again this year. The musicians blow themselves the color of a huckleberry, and the drummers grit their teeth and try to pound holes in their sheep-skins. Aha! It's the Radnor band got rattled in its time this year. Went all to pieces. The boy snatches a rest. "Yah!" he squawks. "Didge ever get left?" and picks up the tune again. I wish I could play the cornet. I'd play solo B or I wouldn't play any—Ooooooooh! Did you see that? Took that stick by the other end from the knob and slung it away, 'way up in the air, whirling like sixty, and caught it when it came down and never missed a step. Look at him juggle it from hand to hand, over his shoulder, and behind his back, and under one leg, whirling so fast that you can hardly see it, and all in perfect step. Whope! I thought he was going to drop it that time but he didn't. That's something you don't see in the cities. There, all the drum-major does with his stick is just to point it the way the band is to go. I like our fashion the best. Geeminentally! Look at that! I bet it went up in the air forty feet if it went an inch. I wish I was a drum-major. I guess I'd sooner be a drum-major than anything else. Oh, well, detective—that's different.

III

Let's go farther along. Don't get too near the judge's stand. I know. It's the best place to see the finish of an event but I've been to Firemen's Tournament before. You let me pick out the seats. Up close to the judges' stand is all right till you come to the "wet races." What? Oh, you wait and see. Fun? Well, I should say so. I hope they'll clear all those boys off the rail. Here! Get down off that rail. Think we can see through you? You're thin, but you're not thin enough for that. Yes, I mean you, and don't you give me any of your impudence either. Look at those women out there. Right spang in the way of the scraper. Isn't that a woman all over? A woman and a hen, I don't know which is—Well, hel-lo! Where'd *you* come from? How's all the folks? Where's Lizzie? Didn't she come with you? Aw, isn't that too bad? Scalding hot! Ts! Ts! Ts! Seems as if they made preserving kettles a-purpose so's they'd tip up when you go to pour anything. . . . Why, I guess we can. Move over a little, Charley. Can you squeeze in? That's all right. Pretty thick around here, isn't it? There's the band starting up. About time, I think. Teedle-eedle um-tum, teedle-eedle um-tum "Hiawatha," of course. What other tune is there on earth? I've got so I know almost all of it.

First is—let me see the programme. First is what Mat. King calls "the juveline contest." It says here: "Run with truck

they start with their hands on the ground"

carrying three ladders one hundred yards. Take fifteen-foot ladder from truck, raise it against structure"—that's the judges' stand —"and boy ascend. Time to be taken when climber grasps top rung of ladder." They're off. That pistol-shot started them. Why can't people sit down? See just as well if they did. New Berlin's, I guess. Pretty good. He's hanging out the slate with the time on it. Eighteen and four-fifths. Oh, no, never in the world. Here's the Mt. Victory boys. See that light-haired boy. Go it, towhead! Ah, they've got the ladder crooked. Eighteen. That's not so bad. . . . Oh, quit your fooling. He's nothing of the kind. Honestly? What! That old skeezicks? Who to, for pity's sake? Well, I thought he was a confirmed old bachelor, if anybody ever was. Well, sir, that just goes to show that any man, I don't care who he is, can get married if he— Who were those? Are those the Caledonia juveniles? I don't think much of 'em, do you? Seventeen and two-fifths. I wouldn't have thought it. So their team gets the first prize. Well, we weren't in that."

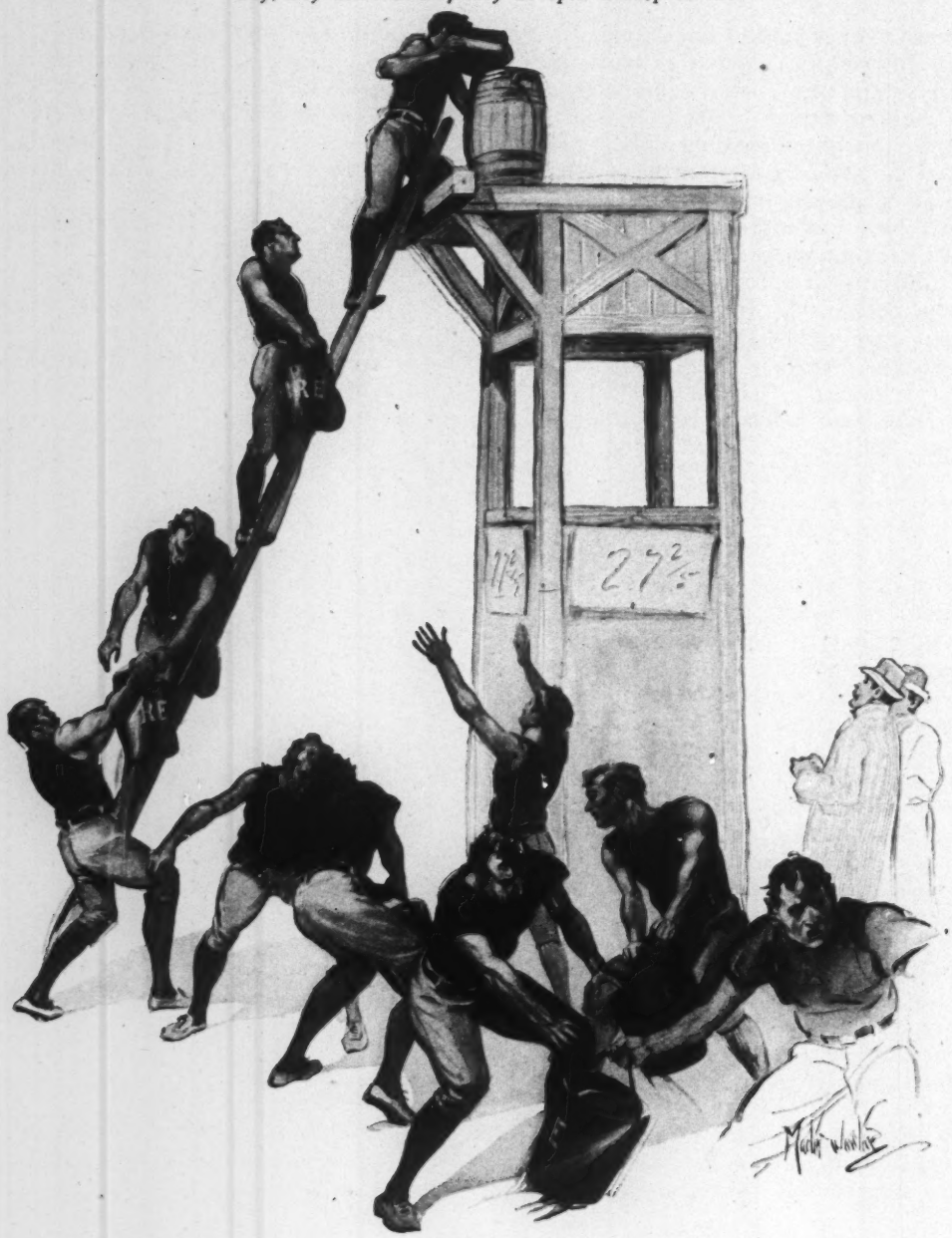
What's next? "First prize, silver water-set, donated by Hon. William Krouse." Since when did old Bill Krouse get to be "Honorable?" Yes, well, don't talk to me about Bill Krouse. I know him and his whole connection and there isn't an honest hair— "Association trophy will also be competed for." Oh, that's the gold-lined loving cup we saw in the window. Our boys have won it twice and the Caledonias have won it twice. If we get it this time, it will be ours for keeps. "Run with truck one hundred and fifty yards; take twenty-five foot ladder," and so forth and so forth. Dan O'Brien's the boy for scaling ladders. He was going to enlist in the Boer war, he hates the English so. Down on them the worst way. And say, what do you think? Last year, at Caledonia, he won the first prize for individual ladder scaling. And what do you suppose the first prize was? A picture of Queen Victoria. Isn't that Caledonia all over? There's a kind of rivalry between our boys and the Caledonias.

Here they come now. Those are the Caledonias. Tell by the truck. . . . Do you think so? I don't think they're anything so very much. Nix. You'll never do it. Look at the way they run with their heads up. That shows they're all winded. Look at the clumsy way they got the ladder off the wagon. Blap! The judge thought it was coming through the boards on him. Oh, pretty good, pretty good, but you just wait till you see our boys. Look at the fool hanging there on the ladder waiting till the time is announced. Isn't that Caledonia all over? Yah! Come down! Come down! What is it? Twenty-five seconds. What's the record? Twenty-four and four-fifths? Oh, well, it isn't so bad for Caledonia, but you just wait and see what our boys do. Hear those yaps from Caledonia yell! If there's anything I despise it is for a man to whoop and holler and make a public spectacle of himself.

Who's this? Oh, the Radnors. They're out of it. Look at them. Pulling every which way. That ladder's too straight up and down. . . . Twenty-seven and two-fifths. What did I tell you? . . . What time does your train go? Well, why don't you and your wife come take supper with us? Why didn't you look us up noon-time? . . I could have told you better than that. They went to the Ladies' Aid dinner. Well, we sha'n't have much, I expect, but we'll try and scrape up something more filling than layer cake. The idea of expecting to feed hungry people on layer-cake! It's an imposition.

. . . I didn't notice which one it was. Doesn't matter any way. Only twenty-eight. Ah, here are our boys. They've got blue silk running-breeches on. Well, maybe it is sateen. Let the women folks alone for knowing sateen from silk a mile off. How much a yard did you say it was? Notice the way they start with their hands on the ground, just like the pictures on the sporting page of the Sunday newspapers. Here they come. Oh, I hope they'll win. That's Charley Rodehaver in front. Run! Oh, why don't you run? Come on! Come on! *Come on! Come on!* COME ON! COME ON! COME O—— O-oh! See Dan skin up that ladder! Go it, Dan! Go it, old boy! Hooray-ay! Hooray-ay-ay! What's the time? Twenty-four! *Twenty-four flat!* BROKE THE RECORD! Hooray-ay-ay! Where's Caledonia now? Where's

"Say, they don't care if they do spill a drop or two"



Caledonia now? Oh, I'm so glad our boys won. There goes the Caledonia chief. I'll bet he feels like thirty cents, Spanish. Ya-a-a-ah! Ya-a-a-ah! Where's Caledonia now? They can't beat that, the other fellows can't, and it's our trophy for keeps. . . . Oh, some crank in the next row. "Wouldn't I please sit down and not obstruct the view." Guess he comes from Caledonia. Looks like it. You stand up, too, why don't you? Those planks are terribly hard. . . . I didn't notice. Yes, that wasn't so bad. Twenty-five and two-fifths. But it's our trophy. There goes Dan now. Hey, Dan! Good boy, Dan! Wave your handkerchief at him. Hooray-ay-ay! Good boy, Dan!

Next is a wet race. Now look out. Let's see what the programme says: "Run seventy-five yards to structure, on top of which an empty barrel has been placed with spout outlet near top. Barrel to be filled with water by means of buckets from reservoir"—That big tin-lined box opposite is the reservoir. They are filling it now with a hose attached to the water-plug yonder—"until water issues from spout." What are they all laughing at? Which one? Oh, but isn't she mad? Talk about a wet hen. Why, Charley, the hose got away from the man that was filling the reservoir and the lady was splashed. Why don't you use your eyes and see what's going on and not be bothering me to tell you? Ip! There it goes again. Oh, ho! ho! ho! hee! hee! Didn't I tell you it would be fun? See it run out of his sleeves. . . . I always get to coughing when I laugh as hard as that. Oh, dear me! Makes the tears come.

These are the fellows from Luxora. Oh, the clumsy things! Let the ladder get away from them and it fell and hit that man in the second row right on the head. Hope it didn't hurt him much. See 'em scurry with the water buckets. Aw, get a move on! Get a move! Why, what makes them so slow? "Water, water!" Well, I should think as much. Not for themselves though. Those fellows at the bottom of the ladder are catching it, aren't they? Oh, pshaw, they don't mind it. They get it worse than that at a real fire when they aren't half so well fixed for it. Why, is there no bottom to that barrel at all? . . . Why, look! . . . Say, the judge forgot to close the valve. There's a hose connected with the bottom of the barrel to run the water off after each trial and he's forgotten to. . . . Well, isn't

"'Who? Who? Who are we?'"

that too bad! All that work for nothing. I suppose they'll let them try it over again. . . . That man must have got a pretty hard rap. They're carrying him out. His head's all bloody. . . . Wapatomicas, I guess. Yes, Wapatomicas. I hope the valve's closed this time. Whope, did you see that? One fellow got hit with a water bucket and it was about half-full. It's running out of the spout. Yes, and it's falling on those people right where you wanted to sit. Hear the girls squeal. Talk about your fun. I don't want any better fun than this. Look at 'em come down the ladder just holding the sides with their hands. They couldn't do that if the ladder was dry.

Ah, here's our crowd. Come on! Come on! *Come on!* COME ON! Oh, don't be so slow with those buckets! Aren't they fine? Say, they don't care if they do spill a drop or two. Why. . . . Why, what are they coming down for? It isn't running out of the spout yet. Come back! COME BACK! Oh, pshaw! Just threw it away by being in too much of a hurry. That judge looks funny, doesn't he, with a rubber overcoat on and the sun shining? See, he's telling them: "One bucket more." They'll let 'em have another trial, of course. . . . No? Oh, that's an outrage. That's not fair. The Caledonias will get it now. . . . Yes sir, they did get it. Oh, well, accidents will happen. What? "Where's Caledonia now?" Well, they got it by a fluke. What say? . . . Well only for— Oh, pshaw! Now, don't tell me that because I was there and— Well, I say they didn't. . . .

I know better, they didn't. . . . Oh, shut up. You don't know what you're talking about. I tell you— Now, Mary, don't you interfere. I'm *not* quarreling. I'm just telling this gentleman back of me that— Well, all right, if you're going to cry. If there was any fouling done, it was the Caledonias that did it, though.

The next is where they "run three hundred feet from the judges' stand, raise ladder, hose company to couple to hydrant, break coupling in hose and put on nozzle, scale ladder and fill twenty-five gallon barrel." Only the Caledonias and our boys are entered in this. Now we'll see which is the best. All right, Mary, I won't say a word. . . . Say, for country-jakes, those Caledonias didn't do so badly. I give them that much. Look at the water fly! I'll bet those folks near the judges' stand wish they'd brought their umbrellas. Now you see why these are the best seats, don't you? I told you I'd been to Firemen's Tournament before. What? You'll have to talk louder than that if you want me to hear with all this noise. . . . Oh, that'll be all right. They'll be so hungry they won't notice it. . . . Here, be careful how you wabble that hose around. Good thing they turned the water off at the plug just when they did or we'd have been— Here's our company. Where's Caledonia's now? Eh? Pretty work! Pretty work! Say, do you know that hose full of water's heavy? Now watch Riley. Riley's the one that's got the nozzle. Always up to some monkeyshine. Ah! See him? See him? Oh, isn't he soaking them? Oh-ho! Ho! Ho! ha!

ha! hee-hee! Yip. . . . Blame clumsy fool! . . . P-too! Yes, in my mouth and in my ears and down the back of my neck. All over. Running out of my sleeves. Everything I got on is just ruined. Completely ruined. Come on. Let's go home. There's nothing more to see, much. Aw, come on. Well, stay if you want to, but I'm going home and get some dry clothes on me. You get me to go to another Firemen's Tournament and you'll know it. Look at that monkey from Caledonia laughing at me. For half a cent I'd go up and smack his face for him. . . . Aw, let up on your "Where's Caledonia now?" Give us a rest. Well, are you coming, you folks? . . . Kind of a fizzle this year, wasn't it?

However, after supper, with dry clothes on, it isn't so bad. The streets are packed. All the firemen are parading and shouting: "Who? Who? Who are we?" The Caledonias got one more prize than our boys. Well, why shouldn't they? Entered in three more events. I don't see as that's anything to brag of or to carry brooms about. All the fife-and-drum corps are out and the bands are all playing "Hiawatha" at once, but not together. Not all either. There's one band in front of Hofmeyer's playing "Oh, Happy Day! That Fixed my Choice." That's funny: to play a hymn-tune in front of a beer-saloon. Hofmeyer seems to think it's all right. He's inviting them in to have something. "Took the hint?" I don't understand. . . . Oh, is that so? I didn't know there were other words to that tune.

See that woman with four little ones. Her husband's carrying two more. "I want to go howm? Why caint we gow howm? I do want to gow howm pretty soon. I want to gow na-ow!" Eh, Mary, how would you like to lug them around all day and then stand up in the cars all the way home?

Well, good-by. Hope you had a nice time. Give my regards to all the folks. Don't be in such a rush, my friend. . . . Oh, did you see? It must be the man that got hit on the head with the ladder. Taking him home on a stretcher. Gee! That's tough. Skull fractured, eh? Dear! Dear! I hear they have been keeping company a long time and were to have been married soon. No wonder she cried and took on so. Poor girl! Yes, it's the women that suffer. . . . Oh, quite a day for accidents. I didn't mind though after I had changed my clothes. I took some quinine and I guess I'll be all right. Lucky you got a seat. Well, you're off at last. Good-by. Remember me to all. Good-by.

Well, thank goodness, that's over. Another ten minutes of them and I'd have— Well, Mary, what else could I do but ask them home after he told me what they didn't have to eat at the Ladies' Aid? . . . It was all right. Plenty good enough. Better than they have at home and I'll bet on it. The table looked beautiful. I'm glad the Tournament doesn't come but once a year. I'm about ready to drop.

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU: HER BOOK AND HEART"

PART III—CHAPTER X

THE Captain, Mrs. Leroy, and Alexina, on the gallery, watched King as he trudged across the yard. He was going for his horse that he might take a telegram in to Aden for Alexina, who was to leave the following morning.

He trudged sturdily and was whistling under his breath as he went.

"But it's a debt—I owe it to you," said the girl suddenly, turning on the Captain. She spoke with vehemence, entreaty, passion.

"We put that aside the other day—discussed," said the Captain gently.

"You did," declared the girl; "but not—you can't say I did. And Mrs. Leroy saw the right, the justice of it, when I talked to her up-stairs.

"But I hadn't heard Georges then," Charlotte hastened to say, "and I see now how you're trying to make a purely business affair a personal one." Poor Charlotte, she did not see anything of the kind, she was quoting the Captain.

"But it is a debt," declared the girl, crying a little against her will, "and you have no right to refuse me. The whole transaction was a taking advantage, and hard, and mean, it was the pound of flesh, and you said, Mrs. Leroy, that if the grove could be held a year or two, and not sacrificed right away ——"

"The boy will fight that part out," said the Captain. The words sounded final, but the hand laid on the girlish one clasping the arm of his chair made it right.

"How can he?" she insisted, with stubbornness.

"I don't know," said the father.

The three sat silent. King, waving his hat at them as he rode around, stooped from his horse, opened the gate, and went through. He was not a person to be offered sympathy. Right now he was absorbingly cheerful.

"But Mrs. Leroy admitted," Alexina began again, her under lip trembling.

"No, Alexina," said Charlotte hastily; "I didn't. Or I ought not to have," she added honestly. "I've never set myself against Georges in things concerning Willy since we came down here. We talked it out then, Georges and I. It's been hard to see Willy fighting things; he was born imperious, but he's used to battling now; and I see what Georges meant. It's better for people to learn how to battle. If I had ever been taught——"

The sun was slanting in under the old wild orange tree onto the gallery. Again the three sat silent. Then out of the silence the Captain spoke. He was an old man who had laid down the burden of labor, to lift and carry the heavier load of inaction in silence as he had carried the other. His tone was impersonal.

"There was a giant wrestler, one Antaeus of Lybia, if I remember my classics, Alexina. King used to lie on the rug when you both were children, and read you about him. So many times as this Antaeus was brought to earth, he arose renewed, if I recall. The boy must wrestle with his own fate."

CHAPTER XI

On entering Uncle Austen's house, self-consciousness and constraint closed in like bars across the door of spontaneity. Alexina had arrived the night before and they were at breakfast. Uncle Austen was facetiously affable, and his sportive sallies, not being natural with him, embarrassed his audience. There is something almost pitiable in the sight of middle-age grown playful.

Emily, Uncle Austen's wife—embarrassing realization in itself—looked in her plate constrainedly, so that Alexina, if only that his further playfulness might be prevented, threw herself into the conversation and chattered volubly, but in vain, for Uncle Austen found chance to reply.

There was complacency in his facetiousness too. He had married him a wife, and the pride of the thing coming to him this late, made him a little absurd, and yet, Alexina reflected, he was a man of big ability and varied interests, prominent in whatever large enterprises the city boasted, banks, railroads, bridges; a power in the Republican party of his state, his name standing for respectability, wealth, and conservatism.

"I'm taking pretty good care of your old friend Emily, Alexina," Uncle Austen was demanding playfully, as he arose from the table. "She's standing transplanting pretty well, eh?"

Emily got up abruptly, so abruptly her chair would have turned over but for his quickness in getting there to catch it: but his good-humor was proof even against this, though he ordinarily frowned at awkwardness. He set the chair in place and, taking Emily's hand as they all went from the room, patted it ostentatiously. Alexina grew hot.

"A pretty hand, a hand for a man to be proud to own, eh, Alexina?"

Emily almost snatched it away and paused at the foot of the stairs.

"Good-by," she said.

He was finding his overcoat and feeling for his gloves. Then he took a little whisk-broom from the rack drawer and brushed his hat with nicety. He was smiling with high humor. The man's content was almost fatuous.

"I'm glad to have you here, Alexina," he said; "very glad. I will feel that Emily is

having the companionship she ought to have in my absence."

The click of the door as he closed it seemed to breathe a brisk and satisfied complacency. Emily had fled up-stairs. Alexina followed her slowly.

How strange it seemed to hear her moving about in what had been Aunt Harriet's room.

"Come in," she called.

Alexina went in.

"He might at least have re-furnished it, mightn't he?" said Emily, with a laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh. "What would you like for dinner?" she asked, her hand on the bell.

"I don't care, anything," said Alexina.

"So it doesn't cost too much," said Emily, laughing the laugh that was not pleasant.

Later, the conferences with the servants over, she sat down to make certain entries in the ledger, open on the desk. Alexina picked up a magazine.

"He asked me one day," said Emily, turning, "what had become of an end of roast that ought to have come back made over, and said there must be waste in the kitchen."

"Don't," said Alexina. "I wouldn't, Emily."

"Why not? You knew it all before."

Alexina flushed. "Yes," she said slowly, "I did. I knew it—before. How are your mother and the little girls, Emily?"

"Mother—oh, all right. He told me to ask Nan and Nell over every Friday from school to supper, and mother and father and Oliver over to Sunday night tea. 'It ought in the end,' he told me, 'to make an appreciable saving in your mother's providing, these continued absences from stated meals.'"

"You mustn't, Emily. Tell me about the winter. Have you been gay?"

"Gay?" Emily wheeled from the desk. She gazed at Alexina almost wildly. Then she laughed again. "Gay! oh, my great Heaven—gay! Then you don't know? I'm going to bear him a child—and, oh, help me somehow, Alexina, I loathe him."

A child, Uncle Austen and Emily a child. A warmth swept out of Alexina's very soul and enveloped her. She knew, and she did not know. Other women, and girls, had taken it for granted always that she knew, and talked on before her. It meant to her something vague, unapproachable, veiled, and a great overwhelming consciousness stifled and choked her.

"I went out on the platform of the train while we were away," Emily was saying, Emily who, never even in childhood had curbed a mood, a dislike, a humor; "and tried to throw myself off, but I was afraid."

Alexina shrunk. "I mustn't listen—you mustn't tell me—it's between you and him, Emily."

Emily had got up and was walking about.

"He offered Oliver a place in the bank, to please me, I thought. Oliver's nineteen now. The place had been paying eighteen dollars a week, and Oliver had only been making twelve. So he offered it to him at fifteen. 'To the benefiting of both sides,' he came home and told me."

Emily stood still, her eyes tearless and hard. "Put on your wraps, Alexina, and we'll go drive. It's like a duty, a task, the exercising of the horses. It hangs over me like a nightmare that I've got it to do, until I've gone out and gotten it over."

"Yes," said Alexina, on familiar ground, "I know. I've hated those horses too, before you. But you ought to be like Aunt Harriet, Emily; don't be like me—tell him so."

Emily, unlocking the wardrobe door, suddenly flung up her arms against it and hid her face in them. "I've tried, I have tried, and I can't—I can't; I'm afraid of him, Alexina."

But the child coming—their child? Perhaps the child would make it right? When it came, Emily would love her child? Perhaps she did, she never talked about it afterwards, and Alexina never saw her with it; it died in the summer, soon after its coming.

When she did see the two again, her uncle and Emily, on her own return to Louisville in the late fall, the embarrassing playfulness had left Uncle Austen. Perhaps the steely coldness of his manner was worse. Had Emily dared—even in her mourning, there was something about her that was reckless. But she did not dare. She was twenty-two and he was fifty-two, and she was to live afraid of him, to see him an old man, for he is living now.

CHAPTER XII

Harriet laughed at Alexina's wonder over her. "It took me a time to realize that

hospitality means the incidental oftener than the invited," she confessed. "My guests, you know, Alexina, were formally asked, and the other would have fretted me. That was why, I suppose, I had no intimates."

Harriet never knew, it would seem, these days, whether the Judge, the Colonel, Father Ryan, the man from the office chatting in the library with the Major, one or all, were going to stay for supper or were not, yet she had come to the place where she could smile in serene and genuine welcome, the while everybody moved up and the colored housemaid slipped in an extra chair and plate.

And she only laid a hand on the spoon with which little Stevie hammered his plate.

"I'd take it away and spank him myself, you know," confided Louise, Stevie's mother, to Alexina; "I do spank William."

But all of life seemed to be moving for Harriet with serenity. Every trivial happening was swallowed up in the joy that death had spared her her husband. And the Major, whatever the agony, the horror, preceding the acceptation of a maimed life, had not lost the vital grace of humor. Life flowed in and out of the Rathbone home with him for center, as it had used to do in and out of his office. The room where he sat amid his papers and books was a rallying place, because the strong will and personality of the man in the wheeled chair made it so.

"He's been meaning for years to do a series of guerrilla articles a magazine has wanted of him, and now he's at them," said Harriet, "and he has given in this far, in his stiff-necked pride, that he's bought an interest in the paper for me, and it keeps him in touch and absorbed."

The Major had been watching Alexina. At the end of several days' observations, he leaned back in his chair and addressed her. His eyes were humorous. "There's an encouraging promise about you, Alexina," he informed her. Then he caressed his lean chin with his lean, smooth hand. "A promise that gives me hope. You've laughed at my jokes since you've been here, and not from mere politeness either. Now, Harriet smiles out of the goodness of her heart because she thinks she ought to."

But he caught at Harriet's hand, even while they all three laughed, for it was patent to everybody that Harriet had no idea what his jokes were about, which was the amusing thing of all, seeing that it was the Major's humor that she confessed had attracted her.

And yet, the eyes of the man often deepened and glowed as he watched her moving about the house, for she made even the trivial duties seem beautiful because of her unconscious earnestness and her joy in their doing.

CHAPTER XIII

On the return to Aden, that last hour on the train, Alexina was trembling. She was glad, glad to be back, yet of the actual moment of arrival she was afraid.

It was Peter, and alone, who met her at the station with the wagonette. The high ecstasy of her shrinking fell like collapsing walls beneath her. Life was gray, level, flat.

"Mrs. Garnier's po'ly this mornin'," Pete told her as they drove homeward. "Mis' Cha'lotte wouldn't leave her to come, and Mr. Willy, he's been gone for a week now, down to the grasswater with a pahty of gen'l'men, as guide."

She felt strangely tired and quiet. It was going to be hard to seem as glad to be back as she ought. Yet the world, as they drove out to Nancy, was rioting in bud and new leaf and bloom. Magnolias were uplifting giant ivory cups of heavy sweetness; every tree-trunk, rail, and stump bore a clambering weight of yellow jasmine bloom; the tai-tai drooped pendulous fringes of faintest fragrance, and wild convolvulus ran riot over the palmetto. There was bird song and sunshine and ecstasy everywhere.

And she could not feel glad, she could not feel glad.

Promptly Molly dragged the girl off to their room. She looked slighter and more wistful-eyed and bored to death. "You promised me we would go early in March, if I stayed out here—you promised, Malise. And I've stayed. You promised we'd go to The Bay, where there are people and hotels and it's gay. And it's March—now. You look so tall and cold, Malise—what's the matter?"

Alexina, restless and absent, wandered out on the porch to the Captain. She chatted to him about Louisville, but there were sharpening angles about his face that made

her heart ache. She went up to Mrs. Leroy's room.

"I don't know what we are going to do, Alexina," Charlotte told her. "Willy said I was not to think or worry about it; I was to put it all aside until he got back. But it hurts. He went off looking so gaunt. I don't believe he slept a night through after the freeze; all hours I could hear him up, walking around, but he don't like it if I notice, you know."

Alexina dropped down and put her head in Charlotte's lap and cried, and Charlotte patted the girl's wealth of shining hair and cried too.

But since he could go without a sign to her, Alexina could go too. That day she wrote for rooms at The Bay Hotel. The answer came that she could have what she wanted by the eighth. She told Mrs. Leroy she and Molly would go on that date.

She could leave without a sign, too, she had said, but in her heart there was joy that Fate had given her to the eighth. She would not have moved a finger to stay, but since he was to return on the sixth, why——

But the very day the letter from The Bay reached her, a Seminole came up from the glades with game from King and a note. The party was considering making a longer stay, he wrote to his mother, so she need not worry in case he did not return.

"I told him in my answer," said Charlotte, "that you all were going. Dear me, I'll miss you so."

Then he would know, he would know, and if he did not come it would be because it was his desire not to.

Molly confessed to a few bills in town. Malise had left money, yet Molly had managed to make accounts at a fruiterer's, the café, as it called itself, the drug store, the stationer's, and the two dry-goods establishments.

"I'm glad you're not stingy like the Blairs," Molly told her, "you know, Malise, they're really mean. Your grandfather Blair carried you out to their gate once to see a hand-organ man and his monkey. You were too pleased for anything and, when the man finally moved away, your grandfather told you, 'Say good-by to the monkey, Alexina.'"

Truth to tell, Molly and Charlotte seemed to have had a fine time in the absence of their two youthful monitors. Charlotte was as wax in the naughty Molly's hands. Even now, with Alexina on the scene, Molly proceeded to put Mrs. Leroy up to a thing that never would have entered that innocent soul's head.

Charlotte went mysteriously to town one morning, Peter in his best clothes driving her, and came back beaming.

"I've asked some of the Aden young people out for the evening before you go," she told Alexina. "The halls and the parlors are so big, you can dance."

Charlotte beamed and Molly looked innocent. Alexina gazed at Mrs. Leroy dismayed. What would the Captain, what would King William think? It would never occur to Mrs. Leroy until afterward that she could not afford such a thing.

"I think we ought to do it together," said Alexina privately to her. "Molly and I owe Aden some return."

Charlotte was made to see it. Had Willy come along, she would have seen it as speedily, after his will, be that what it might have been.

Whatever the Captain thought, he sat unmoved in the midst of the deluge of water and mopping that suddenly swept about him on the porches. There must have been Dutch in Charlotte somewhere, for hospitality with her meant excess of cleaning.

It was a miserable week altogether to Alexina. The days dragged through to their nights, and the nights to morning. She had never known so hateful a time. She hated the grove where thousands of oranges gathered into piles, lay rotting, and where the smiling trees, wherever their buds had escaped injury, were putting out scattered blooms; she hated the lake and the Cherokee roses in bloom, she hated the crepe myrtles and the camellias in the yard. To walk meant wading through sand, there was nothing in town to make the drive worth while. The shame, the sting was in everything that was beautiful, that she should care.

Mr. Jonas and Mr. Henderson drove out one evening, Mr. Jonas to talk over matters with the Captain. Alexina wandered off by herself.

Presently she heard Mrs. Leroy calling softly. "It's your mother," she told Alexina in a whisper, as the girl came back to the house, "I don't believe Mr. Henderson is good for her."

Molly was talking to Mr. Jonas, rapidly,

eagerly, like one defending self, as Alexina reached them. Mr. Henderson was regarding her out of somber eyes.

"It's not that I think I'm sick," Molly was saying, "like he says I am. I'm better, really, much better, only while he was talking about, about things—it's a dreadful religion his—I'd rather be without any, like Jean, than have one like his—I remembered how Father Bonot used to pull the oranges for me I couldn't reach. Here's Malise come back. Malise, let's not go to The Bay after all; I'm tired, let's go to Cannes Brulée. He's there, Father Bonot is, they told me in Washington. He's an old, old man. Let's go back home there."

"Why yes," said the girl, "if you want; yes, we'll go."

"You were a little baby at Cannes Brulée—yes," animatedly, "that's what we'll do. We'll go home to Father Bonot, Malise."

At the touch of Mr. Jonas the minister started. His face was gray. Then he got up and followed the other. On the way into Aden in the buckboard he hardly spoke until the hotel was reached.

Mr. Jonas stopped the mare before the plank sidewalk. The minister came to himself as out of chaos.

"My God," he said.

Mr. Jonas turned the wheel. "Only yours?" he rejoined briskly.

The minister, on the sidewalk now, looked up at him dazedly. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Not yet," returned Mr. Jonas, with cheerful reassurance; "you will, you will, though."

So again Alexina made plans. They would go on the eighth as before, she and Celeste and Molly, but they would go to Cannes Brulée.

Supper was over and the Captain sat smoking in his cane chair on the gallery. If King was coming, it would be to-night; the train from the south came in at seven, and he knew that they were going.

Alexina, sitting on the steps below him, was glad it was the Captain out here with her, rather that the others. It was like the quiet and cover of twilight, the silence of the Captain. Moving a little, she put a hand up on the arm of his chair. His closed upon it. His eyes were resting on her strong, beautiful profile, though she did not know it.

The moon came up. The clock in the hall struck eight. Molly was lying on the sofa inside, Mrs. Leroy moving about as was her wont, straightening after the servants had gone, and innocently unsystematizing what little system they employed.

Outside sat the man and the girl. There were night calls from birds and insects, but beyond these sounds, the girl's heart, listening, heard——

Between where the road emerged from the hummock and the gate to Nancy was a stretch of old corduroy road over a marshy strip. Elsewhere a horse's hoofs sank into sand. Willy Leroy would ride out, if he came, probably on Mr. Jonas's mare.

The girl sat, all else abeyant, listening. She heard the first hoof-beat, the first clattering thud on wood. Her hand slipped from the Captain's; she sat still.

She sat stiller even as Willy rode in and called halloo to the house, while his mother and Molly, and even Celeste, came out. She hardly moved, as he touched her hand, and went past her with the others into the house, and left her there.

She hardly knew how long it was they came and went, Pete with the horse to the stable, Mrs. Leroy getting the boy his supper. The talk of the father and mother and son rose and fell within.

She heard them closing shutters, hunting lamps, and moving up the steps. But he came out and sat on the step, near her, and yet far away.

They did not look toward each other. And yet he knew how she looked, fair, still, perhaps a little cold; and she knew how he looked, tanned and bronzed, yet good to see in his hunting clothes.

Shy as two young wild things they sat, and wordless.

Presently he spoke. looking away from her.

"Mother wrote me you were going. I came up to say good-by. They're to wait for me in camp."

After that they both were silent, how long neither knew. Then the girl stood up.

"It must be late," she said.

"Oh," he said, "no——"

"Yes," she said; "I think you'll find it is. Good-night."

CHAPTER XIV

In her packing Alexina had left out a muslin dress for Mrs. Leroy's evening. Going up from the hurried supper to dress, she glanced

at it, then drew forth a box from a trunk and pulled the contents therefrom. The dress that came forth shimmered and gleamed and floated, it was a thing that must have enfolded any woman to beautiful lines, and have made any throat, any head lift. It was a purchase she had been in a way ashamed of, tempted to it in a moment of weakness, urged on by Molly.

Now she laid it forth and dressed with care, grave as some young priestess. Molly watched her curiously. Even at the hotel there had been occasions for only simple clothes.

But the girl even brought forth some leather cases. Generally it was her little pose that she did not care for jewels, but in her heart she loved them, as every woman does, primitive or civilized, young or three-score-and-ten. Now she put on what she had. Of late the fairness of Malise had deepened into abiding beauty, yet it was the garb she was emphasizing, it would seem, not the personality.

"You're curious," said Molly. "I would have thought it was a time for the simplest."

"Should you?" said Alexina.

The evening turned into a really spontaneous little affair. It was the sort of thing the young people of Aden—dwellers in the various frame houses about the town, all sojourners from a common cause—somebody's health—it was the sort of thing these young people got up about every other night in the year. Two mandolins, a violin, and a harp made music. A college boy with a cough, and a Mexican bar-keeper played the mandolins, the local boot and shoe dealer the violin, an Italian the harp, and the whole called itself a string band.

Charlotte Leroy, in a rejuvenated dress of former splendor, was the beaming soul of delight. That Alexina, Willy, and Celeste had really seen to everything Charlotte had no idea, for neither had she sat down that day.

But she beamed now, while Molly's low laughter rose softly.

Alexina rearranged lights and adjusted decorations. She went out to the kitchen and took a reassuring survey. Later, she told the Aden youths who asked, she didn't believe she meant to dance. They did not press her; perhaps it was the gown, perhaps it was her manner preventing. She laughed, as if it mattered! She talked with Mr. Jonas, but all the time she knew that William Leroy, in his white flannel clothes, was outside, smoking on the gallery. After a while she went out. He was leaning against a pillar, and turned at her step. The night was flooded as by an ecstasy of moonlight. His eyes swept her bare shoulders and arms, the shimmering dress, the jewels, then, turning, he looked away.

"Come and dance," said Alexina.

"I don't know how."

"It's your own fault," said the girl as promptly; "you climbed up on back sheds at dancing school so you wouldn't have to learn."

"It gave me my own satisfaction at the time," said he.

"There's so much that's your own fault," she returned, "and which you cover up by pretending you don't like or want. You're as human as any one else. You make yourself believe you don't want things because you're stubborn and proud, but you do, you do."

"Under proper conditions," he admitted largely, "I might, yes."

"Under any conditions, in your heart you want them, we all want them; you're not different."

"Well, and what then?"

"You are not honest, that is what then."

"Well," he returned, "and what then?"

She was almost crying. "You exonerate yourself, you condone yourself, you say you would, you could, you will—some day, if—if thus and so. You think some better condition is going to bring the confidence to be what nature meant you to be; yes, you do think it; you do, you do. But it has to grow out of yourself. I can tell you that, and when the time you think for comes, to be what you'd like to be, you'll have lost the power. I want to say it, I mean to say it, I want to hurt you, I hope my saying it can hurt you, so I can go away glad, glad I've hurt you. There, I've said it; don't stop me, don't; I came to say it and I'm going back now."

He was breathing hard. "Oh, no," he said, "you're not." He glanced around. Then he stepped down from the gallery and turned. "Come, let yourself go, I'll steady you."

She hesitated, brushing some wet from her cheek with her hand. She did not know until then there had been tears.

"Come," he reiterated. It was the tone, women, even Molly, obeyed.

She slipped down and he caught her and

set her on her feet. "Pick up your dress," he said, "the grass is wet."

Everywhere, it seemed, there were couples strolling. Around to the right, by the side door with its little vine-covered pent house, was a bench beneath a tree; Aunt Mandy and Mrs. Leroy aired their crocks and pans thereon. He led the way to it, spread out his handkerchief, and Alexina, gathering up her gleaming dress, sat down. The comical side of it must have occurred to him, the girl gathering up a dress fit for a princess, to sit there. He laughed, not an altogether humorous laugh.

"Illustrative of the true state of things, as it were," he said. "I proffer my lady a milk-bench."

A sob rose in her throat. "I hate you," she said hotly.

"That you bestow feeling, of any sort, to such degree, is flattering," said he nastily.

"You're very rude."

"It puts us on a sort of equality, and establishes me in my own self-respect, so to speak, to have face to be rude to *une grande dame*——"

"You're not honest, and you know it, and it's hurting you while you're doing it."

"Just so," said William, after the fashion of his father. "Where are you going?"

"To the house."

"Come back."

"I won't. I've said what I had to say."

He came after her. "And now you shall listen." They stood and looked at each other. Her eyes measured him with some scorn, his met the look squarely. "I care for you as the only thing worth while in life," he said.

"I've not so much pride left you need think you have to say that to save it," she burst forth.

"You are the one not true now. You know it; you have known it right along. I hadn't even the arts of your world to know how to conceal it."

"My world!" said Alexina.

"Very well; let's both be honest. I've fought it because I've had enough decency to see the impossibility—oh, my God!—what's the use being fool enough to talk about it. I haven't one cent on earth that's my own; I'm worse than a beggar, if we are going to be quite honest about matters, since I'm a debtor."

"Oh," said Alexina; "oh, don't."

"I've fought it out, or thought I had, down there in the glades, and then got up and came back because I couldn't let you go —without——"

"I'm glad," said Alexina; "I'm glad."

"You don't know what you're saying."

"I do know," said the girl. "I'm glad, I'm glad——"

"Alexina!"

"I'm glad." Her young face was white and solemn in the moonlight, but her eyes came up to his with a splendid courage. "I'm glad," she repeated.

It might have been a moment, an hour, a day, an aeon, the two looked at each other. Then their hands went out to each other, for very need of human touch in the great awe of it.

When he spoke both were trembling.

"Will you wait?" he asked her. "It may be long." But the note in his voice was new. The fight even then was begun.

"Yes," she told him, grave eyes meeting grave eyes, for young love, like all young things, is solemn. Then he drew her to him, and sight and sound went out, and the solid round earth was spurned. And yet they were but two of the long, unending line, mounting thus to God and His Heaven, for it is for this we are come into the world.

Suddenly Alexina slipped her hands from his and fled.

Molly was on the porch with Mr. Jonas. A toy harness from the cotillion favors jangled on her dress. She had sunk laughing on a bench to get breath.

"Yes," she told Mr. Jonas, "we go in the morning, to Cannes Brulée."

Alexina was coming up on the porch and to Molly. Straight she slipped to her knees and her arms went round her mother.

"Dear me, Malise," said Molly.

The head of the girl hid itself in the curve of the mother's neck and shoulder.

"Dear me, Malise," said Molly; "you're such a child."

THE END

THE PRISON DAYS OF BILLY MACCHEECK

BY

LEROY SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

WE had wandered down to the village graveyard, gloomy with cedars and overgrown with poison ivy, for the cemetery, as it is in all country towns, was one of Grayfield's showplaces; and at length we came upon a marble slab, freckled with lichen and wearing a skirt of the ivy about its lower third, that bore this inscription:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM MACCHEECK
KILLED SEPT. 3, 1871
IN HIS 25TH YEAR

ERECTED BY HIS FRIEND
ARCHIBALD SIMPSON
SHERIFF OF STRINGER CO., IND.

No better murderer ever lived

At the sight of this gravestone the proprietor of the Hilltop House, whose summer guest I was, chuckled reminiscently. "Billy MacCheeck he sent word around to Ball Simpson that if he didn't keep them darned sheep out o' the jail he wasn't goin' to stay in there."

To bolt out in this wise a sentence whose sequent position was near the middle or toward the end of his narrative, I had learned, was my landlord's individual way of opening a story. After such a start he usually covered in a leap the space that lay between this middle point and the logical beginning, and then told the story straight through to the end. I now expectantly awaited the narratory bound, but he regarded the monument silently, his lean face gashed with the shallow wrinkles of a grin.

I tried to hasten the jump. "Surely, Mr. Greer, Simpson didn't keep his sheep in the jail."

Mr. Greer gave me a look of pity. "O' course not; that was Billy MacCheeck's little joke," he explained. "That was his way o' sayin' anybody could get in the jail that wanted in, 'n' anybody could get out that wanted out. He was a funny fellow, Billy MacCheeck."

Again I essayed to draw him to the story's beginning. "The epitaph says he was a murderer," I remarked suggestively.

Mr. Greer seated himself on one end of a prostrate tombstone and I took the other end. He kicked out first one leg, then the other, trundled his quid of tobacco with his tongue into his right palm, tossed it to one side, spat, settled back, and I knew he had taken the leap and was ready to begin.

"MacCheeck was a murderer, yes," he commenced. "He killed a man. I never could see's there was anything partic'lar wrong in his killin' Jim Hines. But law's law, an' though you're all right if you kill a

snake in a snake's skin, you've got to hang if you kill a snake in a man's skin. That's so.

"Billy was the queerest lot I ever knew. He was a wild devil, drank 'n' played cards, and had been in all sorts of trouble one way 'n' another. But everybody't knew Billy MacCheeck liked him. He lived here about a year, an' after the first month he come purty near knowin' everybody. He was a wiry chap, an' good-lookin' in a devil-may-care sort o' way; all the time he was on trial there was the greatest lot o' women-folks out to see him. He'd fight in a minute, for he had a temper like a match; an' he'd make up in a minute, for his temper'd go out like a match does when you blow it. Billy was what I guess you'd call a pagan—didn't seem to believe in nothin' special. But I never understood him, an' no one else did either. You'd think that if a man in jail for murder got a chance to get away he'd take it, wouldn't you? Billy had two chances—the best sort. Why he didn't light out, that's what I don't understand.

"Him an' Jim Hines met on the street one mornin', had a few words, an' Billy up 'n' shot him dead. Billy never knew just why he killed Hines, for Hines had never done him any harm, but he said that at the minute he couldn't help doin' what he done.

"O' course, a lot of people come runnin' up at the shot, an' Billy stood with 'em lookin' down on Jim Hines bleedin' there on the stones, till he seen Ball Simpson comin' in a lope, an' he walked away to meet Ball.

"'Hello, Ball,' he said, when they come together. 'I guess I'll have to be your boarder for a while,' an' he handed his pistol over to the sheriff.

"'Why, what you been doin', Billy?' the sheriff asked. He looked awful scared-like, but MacCheeck, though purty white, was as steady as you please. They was the best sort o' friends, Ball 'n' Billy; Billy'd helped Ball 'lectioneer.

"'Killin' Jim Hines,' Billy said.

"The sheriff looked like he wanted to cry. 'Oh, Billy. What'd you do that for?' he said.

"But Billy said nothin' an' walked with Ball back to where Jim Hines was layin'. They tried to rouse him, but Jim was as dead as Moses; and Billy walked with Ball down to the jail.

"The trial was one o' the biggest things there'd ever been in the Stringer County court-house, an' the court-room wouldn't hold half the people. The women-folks kep' sendin' Billy flowers till his cell looked all the time like the M. E. church on Childurn's Day. Billy didn't seem worried a bit; looked like the trial was anybody else's but his'n. A friend o' his that was a lawyer defended him, but la! Billy never had any sort of a chance. He ought to've had a gold medal 'n' a vote o' thanks from the judge 'n' jury for killin' Jim Hines, but instead he was found guilty o' murder in the first degree, an' sentenced to be hung.

"Billy was purty pale when he stood up an' Judge Ellis sentenced him, but he was smilin' all right again when the sheriff come up for him. Ball Simpson was a whole lot worse cut up than Billy was. Ball was a tall, ganglin' fellow, with slopin', stooped shoulders, big hands, an' about as much beard as a head o' wheat. He walked with his head 'n' shoulders so far ahead o' the rest o' his body that it looked like his feet was half minded to go with him an' half minded to stay where they were. He wasn't much of a hustler, Ball wasn't, an' he used to get converted at every protracted meetin'. Ball ought to 'a' been a woman if he hadn't been so homely. Stringer was such a quiet county back in them days that it used to be a sayin' that 'most any old woman could hold down the sheriff's office, so I guess Ball was just about the man for the job. Leastways, he never had much trouble.

"Ball'd never 'a' been sheriff if it hadn't been for old man Simpson—he was a justice o' the peace. The old man had a lot of get-up about him, an' since Ball didn't seem to do no good at nothin' else, he made up his mind that Ball might as well have the thousan' dollars that the sheriff got a year as anybody else. He nagged at Ball till Ball said he'd be a candidate for nomination; an' the two of 'em drove all over the county canvassin'. For all his looks Ball was purty sharp, an' he knew how some men went back on their 'lection promises; so when they'd get some man's promise to support him at the county convention Ball'd say, 'Swear him, dad'; an' old man Simpson'd swear him. When the convention came off Ball owned it. The other candidates had the delegates' promises, but Ball had their oaths, an' they had to stand by Ball. Since bein' nominated by the Democratic party in Stringer County was the same as election in them days, just as it is now, Ball was elected.

"'Swear him, dad'"

"Well, sir, when Ball 'n' Billy got back down in the jail after Billy had been sentenced, Ball purty nigh went to pieces; one o' the men in the jail told me about it afterwards. He dropped down on Billy's bed and put his face in his hands.

"'What's the matter with you, Ball?' Billy asked.

"'To think I've got to do it, Billy!' Ball said.

"'Do what?' Billy asked.

"'Hang you,' an' Ball broke plumb down an' laid on the bed an' cried.

"Billy slipped an arm across his shoulders an' patted him on the back an' told him not to let that worry him. He wouldn't hold it again' him, he said, an' he'd a lot ruther be hung by an old friend than by a stranger. He told Ball to brace up, for he said it was the first hangin' for both of em' an' they ought to put up a good front.

"Ball chirked up consid'able at this, an' purty soon he was feelin' purty peart; an' they played seven-up on Billy's bed till supper-time.

"The jail that Billy was in ain't standin' now; it was tore down nigh onto twenty year ago. The man who built the new one wrote a piece for the paper sayin' no man could ever break that jail, an' the first man put in it got out the first night. The old jail was solid enough lookin', but it was a purty poor contraption. Old Phil Hinkle, he made an' put in all the gratin' about the cells; he was

"they played seven-up on Billy's bed till supper-time"

a good enough blacksmith but his strong point wasn't in fixin' up jails. So's I said a while ago, no one didn't have to stay in there unless he wanted to. Besides, Ball was easy goin'. Over in Buck township, where he come from, there wasn't much worth stealin,' so old man Simpson never locked his doors, an', out o' habit I guess, Ball run the jail on purty near the same plan.

"One night Billy took a notion he wanted out—it was an awful hot night an' he couldn't sleep. So he dug away the mortar about one o' the stones in his window with a pocket knife Ball had forgot an' left in his cell when he was eatin' an apple there one day, till he got the stone loose. Then he took the stone down, pulled out one o' the bars, an' slipped out through the window an' dropped to the ground. You'd think a man in Billy's fix, if he got out o' jail, 'd skin out for good 'n' all, wouldn't you? But Billy didn't. He walked out the east pike till his legs was stretched a bit, then he went down to the pulp mill by the river which used to run all night. Billy knew all the fellows there, an' maybe you think they wasn't a surprised lot when he come a-walkin' in on 'em between twelve 'n' one.

"'What you doin' down here?' they wanted to know.

"'Oh,' said Billy, 'I just got tired settin' alone up there in the jail, so I thought I'd come down here an' talk to you fellows for a spell.'

"One o' the men slipped up close to Billy an' whispered: 'What the devil you hangin' round here for, MacCheeck? Now's your chance. Why don't you skip out? Ball Simpson'll never catch you.'

"Billy looked at him an' smiled an' passed it off by sayin' somethin' that didn't mean nothin'. He loafed around there till daylight, talkin' an' jokin' with the fellows. When he started away they asked him where he was goin'. 'Down to have a swim,' he said. 'I ain't had what you can call a bath for three months.'

"Billy walked up the river to the old swimmin'-hole, an' splashed an' swum round for half an hour. Then he dressed and walked back to town. It was still early an' there was hardly anybody out yet when he come into Main Street. I was doin' some work in the office, an' when I seen him go by I guess I was as much surprised as the boys was down in the pulp mill. I run to my door an' yelled to him. He stopped 'n' turned round. He was lookin' just as fresh an' happy as ever you want to look. It done you good just to see Billy smile.

"I asked him how he got out an' where he'd been, an' he told me; an' I asked him where he was bound for. 'For the sheriff's for my breakfast,' he said, laughin'. 'I'm goin' to eat at Ball's house this mornin', an' he's got to set out a good breakfast, I tell you what.'

"Ball lived just across from my place in the old Lias McGee property; the jail was two squares west of it. So across the street Billy went to Ball Simpson's house. I followed him over to see how Ball'd stand his comin' up like that. Billy knocked at the front door an' stood waitin' as chipper as a young robin. When Ball come and seen Billy standin' there—well, you ought to 'a' seen him! He stared at Billy like he'd raised from the dead, an' worked his mouth, but for half a minute he couldn't say

nothin'. Then all he could say was 'Billy! Billy!' in a choked sort o' way.

"'Yes,' said Billy.

"'What you here for?'

"'I come round to take breakfast with you, Ball,' Billy said. 'You don't seem to be runnin' over with joy at havin' me.'

"'You're out o' jail?'

"'Yes.'

"'You broke out?'

"'Yes.'

"'How'd you get out, Billy?'

"'Walked out,' Billy said. 'You forgot to lock the doors last night.'

"'What! Did I forget to lock up again?'

"He looked so scared that Billy said right off to ease his mind, 'No, I got out through the window. It was easy.' An' then he said, lookin' very serious at Ball, 'Don't you think, Ball, you'd better put some props on the east side o' the jail. I'm afraid if you don't it'll fall down some night, an' that'll be the last o' me.'

"'You really think so?' Ball said very anxious—he never seemed to get used to Billy's jokin' for all they was such good friends; an' Billy leaned up again' the door frame an' laughed. 'Ain't you goin' to ask me to come in?' he asked.

"'Yes. Come in—come in,' Ball said; an' Billy went in.

"Sarah Simpson—she was Ball's sister an' kep' house for him while he was sheriff; Ball never married—Sarah Simpson, she spread herself on that breakfast Billy told me afterwards. He never had such a breakfast before in his life, an' he never had one like it again.

"After breakfast Billy 'n' Ball walked down the street together toward the jail, both of 'em smokin' cigars, an' all the way to the jail men were stoppin' Billy an' shakin' hands with him, an' Billy was fuller o' jokes 'n an almanac.

"Billy's lawyer friend didn't give up when he was sentenced to be hung. He kep' workin' away to get a new trial, an' along about this time he got it. But a week or two before the next term o' court opened he died very sudden. Billy didn't trouble himself at all about another lawyer, though his friends tried to get him to, an' Ball brung one round to see him. When the day set for the trial come he still didn't have a lawyer. After the court had been called to order Judge Ellis asked Billy if he was ready for trial. Billy said he was.

"'Are you prepared with counsel?' the judge asked, knowin' all the time he wasn't.

"'No,' said Billy.

"'The State'll furnish you with a lawyer then,' Judge Ellis told him. 'You can have anybody present not connected with the case.'

"Billy looked round the court-room. The place was packed worse'n it had been at the first trial, for nigh everybody had got interested in his case. There must 'a' been a couple o' dozen lawyers there to listen to the trial—every lawyer in town an' sev'ral from towns about here. But Billy passed over 'em all, an' his eyes lit on Charlie Brunt—a little chap, just admitted to the bar, two or three inches more'n five feet high, who didn't weigh much above a hunderd; a fellow with yellow hair, an' not very much chin, an' a sort o' canary-bird voice.

"'Now's your chance. Why don't you skip out?'"

"When Billy seen Charlie Brunt he threw his arm out toward him, careless-like. 'I'll take little Charlie Brunt,' he said. 'He ain't never had a case, an' he might as well learn on me as on anybody else.'

"Billy didn't have any chance at his first trial an' it looked like he didn't have half as much chance now as he did then. On the other side there was the prosecutin' attorney with the best lawyer in Grayfield an' a lawyer down from Indianapolis to help him; an' on his side there was little Charlie Brunt, no bigger'n a twelve-year-old boy, an' havin' a little voice that'd go through a pipe-stem. He had the worst case o' stage fright you ever heard of, Charlie Brunt; worse'n any boy you ever seen speakin' a piece in school

"He stared at Billy like he'd raised from the dead"

for the first time. He was afraid o' the judge an' he was afraid o' the other lawyers, an' whenever he questioned a witness he acted like he was askin' about somethin' that was none o' his business an' he wanted to beg their pardon. An' how he did get tangled up when he tried to cross-question. Everybody was pityin' him, an' I could see that the jury was pityin' him, too. All the time, after he seen how Charlie Brunt was doin', Ball Simpson looked like he was going to be hung the next minute; but Billy, he was always seein' somethin' funny an' he seemed to have a good time.

"I thought that Indianapolis lawyer'd bust when he spoke again' Billy. He walked back 'n' forth in front o' the jury, got red in the neck, an' pounded his table; an' his speech had half the dictionary in it. Then little Charlie Brunt got up, an' I felt like I ought to go over an' hold him on his feet, he looked that weak and trembly. I can remember every word he said—there wasn't much to remember.

"'Judge an' gentlemen o' the jury,' he said. 'On the opposin' side o' this here case there's three as good lawyers as anybody could want. On the prisoner's side there's only me—Charlie Brunt. What chance did I have fightin' again' 'em? It's been unequal, unfair. This is my first case. I'm young, an' I never made a speech. They're experienced an' know law. I think you ought to bear these points in mind in makin' out your verdict.'

"With that he set down, an' the jury looked at each other an' nodded, sympathetic. An' they come back with a verdict o' manslaughter, an' Billy's sentence was changed to fifteen years in the penitentiary. The jury, it sympathized so with Charlie Brunt.

"Over in the county east o' this there was a vigilance committee that'd hung a big horse thief an' a couple o' bank robbers; an' when they heard about how Billy got off I guess they felt it their bounden duty to come over an' do the same by him. They tied their horses over yonder 'cross the river an' crep' into town an' up to the jail just as quiet like they was afraid o' wakin' up the baby. They was all fixed up with sledge hammers an' crow-bars 'n' such for breakin' into the jail. Billy waked the first time they struck the door, an' he guessed right off what was up. He jumped into his clothes an' about the time the door give way he was dressed an' waitin'.

"There were three or four other fellows in the jail for nothin' in particular. The men ahead stopped before a cell an' Billy heard one of 'em ask, 'Who's in here?' The man inside told him his name, an' they come on to

"'Why don't you come on?'"

the next cell an' asked who was there, an' the man told his name. Then they stopped before Billy's cell.

"'Who's in here?' the same man asked.

"Billy said nothin', an' the man called out to the others: 'Here he is!'

"While the committee was doin' this Billy was lookin' round for somethin' to put up a fight with; his bed was the only thing. At first Billy had had an iron sort o' thing, but he kicked so hard to Ball that Ball brung him down a wooden bedstid with springs, shuck tick 'n' feather tick. Billy took this bed apart, an' when they got to his cell he was waitin' for 'em with a bed rail.

"They lit a lantern; Billy could see they all wore black masks. One man held the lantern up near the lock to Billy's door an' another went at the lock with a sledge hammer. It didn't take much hammerin' to break the lock. The door always sagged, lucky for Billy, an' when it swung open this time it caught on the stone floor an' left an openin' not more'n two feet wide—just enough for one man to get in at a time.

"The man with the lantern jumped in the minute the lock broke; he had a pistol in his other hand. Billy raised the bed rail an' come down with it on the man's head, an' he went to the floor like he had heart's disease. The lantern fell from his hand an' lit right side up near the door, an' the pistol flew out o' his hand toward Billy. Billy grabbed the pistol an' slipped back into the dark o' the cell where they could hardly see him, though he could see them all right enough if they tried to come in through the door.

"All this quicker'n a wink. 'The first man that tries to come in here gets killed,' Billy called out; an' he stood with the pistol cocked and pointed toward the door.

"No one tried to come in. They hung back an' didn't say a thing.

"Billy begun mockin' at 'em. 'Why don't you come on?' he said. 'There's only one o' me an' I can only kill six o' you—the first six that comes in. After I kill six you won't have no trouble gettin' me. Come on, now. Who'll be the first?'

"If they'd opened up fire on Billy somebody'd have hit him, an' sooner or later a bullet'd 'a' killed him. But Billy had some advantage; he could see them an' they couldn't him, an' while they were doin' this

"'You're a darn purty sheriff, you are!'"

he'd 'a' laid out sev'ral o' them, for Billy's bullets had a habit o' doin' just as he wanted 'em to. But before they could do or say anything the fire-bell rung; somebody had got on to their bein' in town an' was givin' the alarm. They began to whisper, all excited, an' then they turned tail an' stumbled out o' there, draggin the man Billy had stunned, an' run like a parcel o' sheep.

"This was the best chance a man ever had to get out o' jail—doors all wide open an' no one around. Billy could 'a' lit out an' the sheriff and everybody in town'd 'a' thought that the vigilance committee'd hung him an' done away with his body, an' they'd never for a minute thought o' lookin' for him. An' no man in that committee'd dared say he wasn't dead, for by sayin' so he'd 'a' give away that he'd belonged to the committee an' the law'd 'a' been after him. Billy could 'a' gone off somewhere where he wasn't known an' lived there in no more danger o' bein' arrested than me or you.

"But what do you think he done? He was that mad I don't believe he ever thought o' gettin away. He got out o' the jail in a second, right behind the committee. Just outside the door his feet got tangled in somethin'; it was the rope they'd brought to hang him with an' the man that carried it had dropped it. He got clear of it, then down the street he went after the committee that was runnin' like all possessed; an' he chased them men that come to hang him clean out o' town, runnin', shootin', yellin', all in the same breath. Then he turned round and come back to Main Street just as fast as he could.

"I was up and dressed by this time an' had a light in the office. Six or seven men had run in to ask me what was goin' on, when in walked Billy MacCheeck, holdin' a revolver 'n' all out o' breath, an' plumped down in a chair. I seen at once there was blood in his eyes.

"'Where's Ball Simpson?' he asked.

"'I don't know,' I said. 'Any you fellows seen Ball?' I asked.

"None of 'em had. 'I guess he ain't out yet,' I said. 'What's all this racket about, Billy?'

"'A gang broke into the jail to take me out an' hang me,' he said. 'Cussed cowards! I'm goin' to get up a crowd to go after 'em. If you fellows want to go 'long skin out an' get a gun an' a horse apiece.'

"Just then Ball Simpson come in, his boots 'n' pants 'n' hat on, an' buttonin' up the front o' his shirt. Billy stood up an' stood there glarin' at him, not sayin' a word. Then he said, 'You're a darn purty sheriff, you are!' he said, just like them that sits in the seats o' the scornful, as the Bible says.

"'What is it, Billy?' Ball asked, anxious.

"'You're a darn purty sheriff, you are!' Billy said again.

"'What's the matter, Billy?' an' Ball come sidlin' toward him.

"'Nothin' very much,' Billy said, sarcastic. 'Only a crowd o' galoots, with their faces in mournin', took a notion they wanted to string me up an' broke into the jail to get me. An' all the time you was defendin' your prisoner like a good sheriff, wasn't you?'

"'Broke into the jail!' said Ball, an' he looked round for somethin' to lean on.

"'That's what I said!' said Billy, very sharp. 'If you don't believe me go an' look.'

"'But they didn't get you?' Ball asked.

"'Can't you see? For all the protection that you an' your jail gave me they'd 'a' got me though. You're a purty sheriff, Ball, you are! An' you got a darn purty jail!'

"Ball slipped down in a chair. 'Don't be so hard on me, Billy,' he said. 'I didn't know nothin' about it. I was asleep. I couldn't do nothin', could I?'

"Billy let up on him. 'Well, there's a chance for you to do somethin' now. I'm gettin' up a crowd to go after the gang. D'you want to be in?'

"Ball looked doubtful. 'How many was there?'

"'Twenty-five or fifty—I couldn't tell,' said Billy.

"'D'you think we could handle 'em if we was to catch up with 'em?' Ball asked.

"Billy turned his back square on Ball. 'Oh, hell!' he said; an' for about half a minute Ball looked as uncomfortable 'n' uncertain as any man I ever seen. Then Billy turned round. 'Are you goin' to go?' he asked sharply. 'Them men's gettin' further away every minute.'

"Ball looked at the others an' passed the question on. 'You fellows goin' to go?' he asked.

"They hemmed and they hawed; 'twas plain they wasn't. Ball looked back at Billy. 'I guess it ain't no use, Billy,' he said. 'We couldn't handle em' even if we caught 'em.'

"I saw Billy tremble an' his jaws tighten; an' he tossed his pistol down on my desk. I got it yet. He stood there stiff for close to a minute. Then he said, very steady, but his voice was as hard as stone: 'Come on, Ball; let's go home.'

"Ball jumped up an' run his arm through Billy's. 'Don't take on like this, Billy,' he said. 'Don't be too hard on me. It purty near breaks me up.'

"Billy wouldn't look at him at first. Finally he seemed to swallow somethin', an' he looked round at Ball an' smiled. 'A fellow can't be mad at you very long, Ball,' he said. 'I guess it's all right.'

"Ball's face lit up like a room when you bring a lamp in. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's have a smoke before we go.'

"They come up to the cigar case an' Billy wanted to shake for the smoke. So I got out the dice an' they shook, an' Ball had to pay for the cigars.

"'When you goin' to leave, Billy?' one o' the men asked.

"'Leave? Where for?' asked Billy.

"The man didn't want to say it right out, but now he had to. 'For Jeffersonville.'

"'I don't know,' said Billy. 'Ball, when you goin' to take me to the pen?'

"'I don't just know,' said Ball. 'When'd you like to go, Billy?'

"'I ain't in no partic'lar hurry,' said Billy.

"'In a week or two, mebbe,' said Ball; then they lit their cigars an' went out together.

"But Billy didn't go to Jeffersonville in a week, nor in two weeks. Before that time he was buried an' in his grave.

"They were puttin' in this railroad then, an' the men workin' on the grade was a bad lot—dirty Italians 'n' Irish, an' Americans as bad as any o' the rest. There was a camp o' these a mile below town, an' on the next Sunday mornin' five o' the gang that'd been drinkin' all the night before, got in a grove just outside the corporation an' insulted people comin' to church an' acted scand'lous, keepin' up their drinkin' all the time. They

was a lot o' complaint, an' Ball went out there about dark with a deputy an' managed to arrest one, an' the others vowed 'n' declared they'd have Ball's liver. Ball told Billy about it after they had got back to the jail with the fellow an' locked him up, an' said he expected them other fellows 'd make trouble that night.

"Ball hung round the jail all evenin', part o' the time settin' in Billy's cell talkin' to Billy, an' part o' the time settin' out in the corridor near the jail door. As he was runnin' back an' forth he didn't lock Billy's door, an' when between 'leven 'n' twelve he called out to Billy that he was goin' home, he forgot all about the door an' left it unlocked.

"The minute Ball stepped outside the jail door they was three or four shots; them railroaders knew he was in there an' was waitin' for him, an' in the moonlight they could see him 'most as well as day. Ball pulled his pistol and fired, an' all the gang run but one big devil of a fellow. Ball shot at him, an' he shot at Ball an' winged his right arm. Ball took his pistol in his left hand and tried to shoot, but he couldn't shoot that-a-way any better'n a woman.

"Billy jumped when he first heard the shots an' come runnin' down the corridor, an' just then he come up to the door. He seen at once just how things was; Ball not able to shoot an' the big fellow aimin' at him, an' he grabbed Ball's pistol an' raised it. The railroader seen this an' he turned his pistol from Ball to Billy. They both pulled the trigger at about the same time. The railroader went down.

"'You got him, Billy,' Ball called out.

"'Yes,'n' I guess he got me, too,'said Billy.

"Ball turned, an' there was Billy leanin' up again' the door jamb, one hand holdin' on to the edge o' the door an' the other pressed again' his chest; Ball told me afterwards he was smilin' in a sort o' way.

"'I guess he got me, too, Ball,' he said again; an' he fell down all in a heap. Ball got a doctor there right off, but Billy didn't live more'n half an hour.

"There never was such another funeral in Stringer County as Billy's funeral. It was to've been held in one o' the churches, but people begun to come in so that they seen the church wouldn't begin to hold the crowd, so they held it in the court-house yard; an' Ball, he bawled like he might 'a' been Billy's mother.

"A couple o' weeks after a young woman put up at my place—pale an' all dressed in black. She asked me to tell her where Billy was buried, an' as this tombstone wasn't up yet I come down with her myself to show her the grave. As soon as she seen it she begun to cry, an' I come away. That afternoon she had me tell her all about Billy, an' that night she come back down here alone. The next mornin' she went away. She didn't sign the register an' she didn't say nothin' about herself, so I don't know who she was. I'm purty sure there was a story about her an' Billy, but I hain't no idea what it was. If I knew, mebbe I'd understand Billy.

"Ball paid all the funeral expenses an' had this tombstone set up. At first he had put on it only just what you see now. But about a month after Billy was killed, a camp-meetin' come along an' Ball got converted again; an' he wrote a verse o' poetry for Billy's tombstone. He used to write consid'-able poetry, Ball did, but I never thought him much of a hand at it even if the editor o' the *Citizen* did print one o' his poems once."

The old man ended and walked the half dozen steps to the tombstone, picking up a stick on the way. "I darsen't touch that with my hands; I poison like sixty," he said. With a stick he pushed the skirting ivy down from about the knees of the gravestone, and stood back. "That's the poetry Ball wrote after he got religion again."

I drew nearer, for the lettering was small and indistinct, and read this poetical supplement to the epitaph of William MacCheeck:

"Stranger, hold on and raise a prayer
That I who buried am down there,
When all are woke beneath the sod,
May somehow manage to get to God."

THE FORERUNNERS

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

IN the first sleep-watch of the night
With dreams that flit and hesitate,
Hark for the tokens of our flight;—
Lost voices seeking each his mate;

A hurrying step upon the road,
A knock, a cry, but only one,
So heed it not, for it shall be
Forgotten with the morning sun.

These are the tokens of our flight,
We, nameless ones who go before,
Who knock to call a comrade soul
And find no latch at any door.

That drifting smoke across the plain,
That footfall fading by the sea,—
Perchance our camp-fires dying out,
Our passionate steps no more to be.

The haunting echo and its grief,
The vagrant red of autumn leaf
Luring you on from hill to hill,
That vagrant red, that wandering sigh,
It is the life-blood that we spill.

Yet we are nameless before God,
We have nor grave nor epitaph,
And where we perished of our thirst,
Yea, where there was no drop to quaff,
A spring shall gush from our dead bones
And full-fed ones sit down and laugh.

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

FEW men in either the political or industrial life of this country can point to an achievement carried out in more exact accord with its first conception than John D. Rockefeller, for both in purpose and methods the Standard Oil Company is and always has been a form of the South Improvement Company, by which Mr. Rockefeller first attracted general attention in the oil industry. The original scheme has suffered many modifications. Its most offensive feature, the drawback on other people's shipments, has been cut off. Nevertheless, to-day, as at the start, the purpose of the Standard Oil Company is the purpose of the South Improvement Company—the regulation of the price of crude and refined oil by the control of the output—and the chief means for sustaining this purpose is still that of the original scheme—a control of oil transportation giving special privileges in rates.

It is now thirty-two years since Mr. Rockefeller applied the fruitful idea of the South Improvement Company to the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, a prosperous oil refinery of Cleveland, with a capital of $1,000,000 and a daily capacity for handling 1,500 barrels of crude oil. And what have we as a result? What is the Standard Oil Company to-day? First, what is its organization? It is no longer a trust. As we have seen, the trust was obliged to liquidate in 1892.* It is no longer a "trust in liquidation." As we have seen, that fiction was exposed in 1898, and a new form was necessary. The only refuge offered in the United States for the Standard Oil Trust in 1898, when the State of Ohio threatened to take away the charters of four of its important constituent companies for contempt of court and violation of the anti-trust laws of the state, lay in the corporation law of the State of New Jersey, which had just been amended, and here it settled. Among the twenty companies which formed the trust was the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, a corporation for manufacturing and marketing petroleum products. Its capital was $10,000,000. In June, 1899, this capital of $10,000,000 was increased to one of $110,000,000, and into this new organization was dumped the entire Standard aggregation. The old trust certificates outstanding and the assignments of legal title which had succeeded them were called in, and for them was given common stock of the new Standard Oil Company. The amount of this stock which had been issued, in January, 1904, when the last report was made, was $97,448,800. Its market value at that date was $643,162,080. How it is divided is of course a matter of private concern. The number of stockholders in 1899 was about 3,500, according to Mr. Archbold's testimony to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but over one-half of the stock was owned by the directors, and probably nearly one-third is owned by Mr. Rockefeller himself.

* See McClure's Magazine for April, 1904.

The companies which this new Standard Oil Company has bought up with its stock are numerous and scattered. They consist of oil producing companies like the South Penn Oil Company, the Ohio Oil Company, and the Forest Oil Company; of transporting companies like the National Transit Company, the Buckeye Pipe Line Company, the Indiana Pipe Line Company, and the Eureka Pipe Line Company; of manufacturing and marketing companies like the Atlantic Refining Company and the Standard Oil Companies of many states—New York, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Iowa; of foreign marketing concerns like the Anglo-American Company. In 1892 there were twenty of these constituent companies. There have been many added since, in whole or part, like gas companies; new producing concerns, made necessary by developments in California, Kansas, and Texas; new marketing concerns for handling oil directly in Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, and Portugal.

What the total value of the companies owned by the present Standard Oil Company is it is impossible to say. In 1892, when the trust was on trial in Ohio, it reported the aggregate capital of its twenty companies as $102,233,700 and the appraised value was given as $121,631,312.63; that is, there was an excess of about nineteen million dollars.

In 1898, when Attorney-General Monnett of Ohio had the Standard Oil Company of the state on trial for contempt of court, he tried to find out from Mr. Rockefeller what the surplus of each of the various companies in the trust was at that date. Mr. Rockefeller answered: "I have not in my possession or power data showing . . . the amount of such surplus money in their hands after the payment of the last dividends." Then Mr. Rockefeller proceeded to repeat as the last he knew of the value of the holdings of the Trust the list of values given six years before. This list has continued to be cited ever since as authoritative. There is a later one, whether Mr. Rockefeller had it in his "possession or power," or not, in 1898. It is the last trustworthy valuation of which the writer knows and is found in testimony taken in 1899, in a private suit to which Mr. Rockefeller was party. It is for the year 1896. This shows the "total capital and surplus" of the twenty companies to have been, on December 31st of that year, something over one hundred and forty-seven million dollars, nearly forty-nine millions of which was scheduled as "undivided profits." Of course there has been a constant increase in value since 1896.

The new Standard Oil Company is managed by a board of fourteen directors.* They probably collect the dividends of the constituent companies and divide them among stockholders in exactly the same way the Trustees of 1882 and the Liquidating Trustees of 1892 did. As for the charter under which they are operating, never since the days of the South Improvement Company has Mr. Rockefeller held privileges so in harmony with his ambition. By it he can do all kinds of mining, manufacturing, and trading business; transport goods and merchandise by land and water in any manner; buy, sell, lease, and improve lands; build houses, structures, vessels, cars, wharves, docks, and piers; lay and operate pipe-lines; erect and operate telegraph and telephone lines, and lines for conducting electricity; enter into and carry out contracts of every kind pertaining to his business; acquire, use, sell, and grant licenses under patent rights; purchase or otherwise acquire, hold, sell, assign, and transfer shares of capital stock and bonds or other evidences of indebtedness of corporations, to exercise all the privileges of ownership, including voting upon the stocks so held; carry on its business and have offices and agencies therefor in all parts of the world, and hold, purchase, mortgage, and convey real estate and personal property outside the state of New Jersey. These privileges are, of course, subject to the laws of the state or country in which the company operates. If it is contrary to the laws of a state for a foreign corporation to hold real estate in its boundaries, a company must be chartered in the state. Its stock of course is sold to the New Jersey corporation so that it amounts to the same thing as far as the ability to do business is concerned. It will be seen that this really amounts to a special charter allowing the holder not only to do all that is specified, but to create whatever other power it desires, except banking.

A comparison of this summary of powers with those granted by the South Improvement Company shows that in sweep of

* The present directors are John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, John D. Archbold, Henry H. Rogers, W. H. Tilford, Frank O. Barstow, Charles M. Pratt, E. T. Bedford, Walter Jennings, James A. Moffett, C. W. Harkness, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Oliver H. Payne.

charter at least the Standard Oil Company of to-day has as great power as its famous progenitor.*

The profits of the present Standard Oil Company are enormous. For five years the dividends have been averaging about forty-five million dollars a year, or nearly 50 per cent. on its capitalization, a sum which, capitalized at 5 per cent., would give $900,000,000. Of course this is not all that the combination makes in a year. It allows an annual average of 5.77 per cent. for deficit, and it carries always an ample reserve fund. When we remember that probably one-third of this immense annual revenue goes into the hands of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, that probably 90 per cent. of it goes to the few men who make up the "Standard Oil family," and that it must every year be invested, the Standard Oil Company becomes a much more serious public matter than it was in 1872, when it stamped itself as willing to enter into a conspiracy to raid the oil business—as a much more serious concern than in the years when it openly made warfare of business and drove from the oil industry by any means it could invent all who had the hardihood to enter it. For consider what must be done with the greater part of this $45,000,000. It must be invested. The oil business does not demand it. There is plenty of reserve for all of its ventures. It must go into other industries. Naturally, the interests sought will be allied to oil. They will be gas, and we have the Standard Oil crowd steadily acquiring the gas interests of the country. They will be railroads, for on transportation all industries depend, and besides, railroads are one of the great consumers of oil products and must be kept in line as buyers. And we have the directors of the Standard Oil Company acting as directors on nearly all of the great railways of the country, the New York Central, New York, New Haven & Hartford, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Missouri Pacific, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Boston & Maine, and other lesser roads. They will go into copper, and we have the amalgamated scheme. They will go into steel, and we have Mr. Rockefeller's enormous holdings in the steel trust. They will go into banking, and we have the National City Bank and its allied institutions in New York City and Boston, as well as a long chain running over the country. No one who has followed this history can expect these holdings will be acquired on a rising market. Buy cheap and sell high is a rule of business, and when you control enough money and enough banks you can always manage that a stock you want shall be temporarily cheap. No value is destroyed for you—only for the original owner. This has been one of Mr. Rockefeller's most successful manœuvres in doing business from the day he scared his twenty Cleveland competitors until they sold to him at half price. You can also sell high if you have a reputation of a great financier and control of money and banks. Amalgamated is an excellent example. The Standard Oil name would float the most worthless property on earth a few years ago. It might be a little difficult for it to do so to-day with Amalgamated so fresh in mind. Indeed Amalgamated seems to-day to be the worst "break," as it certainly was one of the most outrageous performances of the Standard Oil crowd. But that will soon be forgotten! The result is that the Standard Oil Company is probably in the strongest financial position of any aggregation in the world. And every year its position grows stronger, for every year there is pouring in another $45,000,000 to be used in wiping up the property most essential to preserving and broadening its power.

And now what does the law of New Jersey require the concern which it has chartered and which is so rapidly adding to its control of oil, the control of iron, steel, copper, banks and railroads, to make known of itself. It must each year report its name, the location of its registration office, with name of agent, the character of its business, the amount of capital stock issued, and the names and addresses of its officers and directors!

So much for present organization, and now as to how far through this organization the Standard Oil Company is able to realize the purpose for which it was organized—the control of the output, and, through that, the price, of refined oil. That is, what per cent. of the whole oil business does Mr. Rockefeller's concern control. First as to oil production. In 1898 the Standard Oil Company reported to the Industrial Commission that it produced 35.58 per cent. of Eastern crude—the production that year was about fifty-two million barrels. (It should be

* See McClure's Magazine for January, 1903, for summary of powers granted by the charter of the South Improvement Company.

remembered that it is always to the Eastern oil fields, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, that this narrative refers. Texas, Kansas, Colorado, and California are newer developments. These fields have not as yet been determining factors in the business, though Texas particularly has been a distributing factor.) But while Mr. Rockefeller produces only about a third of the entire production, he controls all but about 10 per cent. of it; that is, all but about 10 per cent. goes immediately into his custody on coming from the wells. It passes entirely out of the hands of the producers when the Standard pipe-line takes it. The oil is in Mr. Rockefeller's hands, and he, not the producer, can decide who is to have it. The greater portion of it he takes himself, of course, for he is the chief refiner of the country. In 1898 there were about twenty-four million barrels of petroleum products made in this country. Of this amount about twenty million were made by the Standard Oil Company, fully a third of the balance was produced by the Tidewater Company, of which the Standard holds a large minority stock and which for twenty years has had a running arrangement with the Standard. Reckoning out the Tidewater's probable output and then we have an independent output of about 2,500,000 in twenty-four million. It is obvious that this great percentage of the business gives the Standard the control of prices. This control can be kept in the domestic markets just so long as the Standard can keep under competition as successfully as it has in the past. It can be kept in the foreign market as long as American oils can be made and sold in quantity cheaper than foreign oils. Until a decade ago the foreign market of American oils was not seriously threatened. About 1895, however, Russia, whose annual output of petroleum had been for a number of years about equal in volume to the American output, had learned to make a fairly decent product —more dangerous, she had learned to market. She first appeared in Europe in 1885. It took ten years to make her a formidable rival, but she is so to-day, and, in spite of temporary alliances and combinations, it is very doubtful whether the Standard will ever permanently control Russian oil.

In 1898 Mr. Archbold presented to the Industrial Commission a most interesting list of foreign corporations and individuals doing an oil business in various countries. According to this there were more than a score of large concerns in Russia, and many small ones. The aggregate capitalization shown by Mr. Archbold's list was over forty-six and a half millions, and the capitalization of a number of the concerns named was not given. In Galicia, four companies, with an aggregate capital of $3,775,100, and in Roumania six large companies, with an aggregate capital of $12,500,000, were reported. Borneo was shown to have nearly three millions invested in the oil fields; Sumatra and Java each over twelve millions. Since this report was made these companies have grown, particularly in marketing ability. In the East the oil market belonged practically to the Standard Oil Company until recently. Last year, however, Sumatra imported more oil into China than America, and Russia imported nearly half as much.* About nine million gallons of kerosene went into Calcutta last year, and of this only about six million gallons came from America. In Singapore representatives of Sumatra oil claim that they have two-thirds of the trade.

Combinations for offensive and defensive trade campaigns have also gone on energetically among these various companies in the last few years. One of the largest and most powerful of these aggregations now at work is in connection with an English shipping concern, the Shell Transport and Trading Company, the head of which is Sir Marcus Samuel, formerly Lord Mayor of London. This company, which formerly traded almost entirely in Russian oil, undertook a few years ago to develop the oil fields in Borneo, and they built up a large Oriental trade. They soon came into hot competition with the Royal Dutch Company, handling Sumatra oil, and a war of prices ensued which lasted nearly two years. Last year, however, the two competitors, in connection with four other strong Sumatra and European companies, drew up an agreement in regard to markets which has put an end to their war. The "Shell" has not only these allies, but it had a contract with the Guffey Petroleum Company, the largest Texas producing concern, to handle its output, and it has gone into a German oil company, the Petroleum Produkten Aktien Gesellschaft. Having thus provided itself with a supply they have begun developing a European trade on the

* America imported into China, 1903 - 31,060,527 gallons.
Borneo " " " " - 574,615 "
Russia " " " " - 13,503,685 "
Sumatra " " " " - 39,859,508 "

same lines as their Oriental trade, and they are making serious inroads on the Standard's market.

The naphthas made from the Borneo oil have largely taken the place of American naphtha in many parts of Europe. One load of Borneo benzine even made its appearance in the American market a few months ago. It is a sign of what well may happen in the future with an intelligent development of these Russian and Oriental oils—the Standard's domestic market invaded. It will be interesting to see to what extent the American government will protect the Standard Oil Company by tariff on foreign oils if such a time does come.

The aggressive marketing of the "Shell" and its allies in Europe has led to a recent oil war of great magnitude. For several months American export oil has been sold at a lower price in New York than the crude oil it takes to make it costs there. For instance, at this writing, August 13th, the New York export price is 4.80 cents per gallon for Standard white in bulk. Crude sells at the well for $1.50 a barrel of 42 gallons, and it costs 60 cents to get it to seaboard by pipe-line; that is, 42 gallons of crude oil costs $2.10, or 5 cents a gallon in New York—twenty points loss on a gallon of the raw material! But this low price for export affects the local market little or none. The tank wagon price keeps up to 10 and 11 cents in New York. Of course crude is depressed as much as possible to help carry this competition. For many months now there has been the abnormal situation of a declining crude price in face of declining stocks. The truth is the Standard Oil Company is trying to meet the competition of the low grade Oriental and Russian oils with high grade American oil—the crude being kept as low as possible, and the domestic market being made to pay for the foreign cutting.

It seems a lack of foresight surprising in the Standard to have allowed itself to be found in such a dilemma. Certainly for over two years the company has been making every effort to escape by getting hold of a supply of low grade oil which would enable it to meet the competition of the foreigner. These have been more or less short-lived arrangements in Russia.

An oil territory in Galicia was secured not long ago by them and an expert refiner with a full refining plant was sent over. Various hindrances have been met in the undertaking and the works are not yet in operation. Two years ago the Standard attempted to get hold of the rich Burma oil fields. The press of India fought them out of the country and their weapon was the Standard Oil Company's own record for hard dealings! The Burma fields are in the hands of a monopoly of the closest sort which has never properly developed the territory, but the people and government prefer their own monopoly to one of the American type!

Altogether the most important question concerning the Standard Oil Company today is how far it is sustaining its power by the employment of the peculiar methods of the South Improvement Company. It should never be forgotten that Mr. Rockefeller never depended on these methods alone for securing power in the oil trade. From the beginning the Standard Oil Company has known thoroughly everything connected with the oil business. It has known, not guessed at conditions. It has had a keen authoritative sight. It has applied itself to its tasks with indefatigable zeal. It has been courageous to the point of daring. Nothing has been too small to neglect, nothing too big to undertake. These facts have been repeatedly pointed out in these articles and one paper has been exclusively given to them.* But these are the American industrial qualities. They are common enough in all sorts of business. They have made our railroads, built up our great department stores, opened our mines. The Standard Oil Company has no monopoly in business ability. It is the thing in which American men are distinguished to-day in the world.

These qualities alone would have made a great business, and unquestionably it would have been along the line of combination, for when Mr. Rockefeller undertook to work out the good of the oil business the tendency to combination was marked throughout the industry, but it would not have been the combination whose history we have traced. To the help of these qualities Mr. Rockefeller proposed to bring the peculiar aids of the South Improvement Company. He secured an alliance with the railroads to drive out rivals. For fifteen years he received rebates of varying amounts on at least the greater part of his shipments and for at least a portion of that time he collected drawbacks on

* See McClure's Magazine for July, 1903.

the oil other people shipped; at the same time he worked with the railroads to prevent other people getting oil to manufacture, or if they got it he worked with the railroads to prevent the shipment of the product. If it reached a dealer he did his utmost to bully or wheedle him, to countermand his order. If he failed in that he undersold until the dealer, losing on his purchase, was glad enough to buy thereafter of Mr. Rockefeller. How much of this system remains in force to-day? The spying on independent shipments, the effort to have orders countermanded, the predatory competition prevailing, are well enough known. Contemporaneous documents, showing how these practices have been worked into a very perfect and practically universal system, have already been published by this magazine.* As for the rebates and drawbacks, if they do not exist, in the forms practised up to 1887, as the Standard officials have repeatedly declared, it is not saying that the Standard enjoys no special transportation privileges. As has been pointed out, it controls the great pipe-line handling all but perhaps 10 per cent. of the oil produced in the Eastern fields. This system is fully 35,000 miles long. It goes to the wells of every producer, gathers his oil into its storage tanks, and from there transports it to Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, or any other refining point where it is needed. This pipe-line is a common carrier by virtue of its use of the right of eminent domain, and, as a common carrier, is theoretically obliged to carry and deliver the oil of all comers, but in practice this does not always work. It has happened more than once in the history of the Standard pipes, that they have refused to gather or deliver oil. Pipes have been taken up from wells belonging to individuals running or working with independent refiners. Oil has been refused delivery at points practical for independent refiners. For many years the supply of oil has been so great that the Standard could not refuse oil on ground of scarcity. However, a shortage in Pennsylvania oil occurred in the last year. A very interesting situation arose as a result. There are in Ohio and Pennsylvania several independent refiners who, for a number of years, have depended on the Standard lines (the National Transit Company) for their supply of crude. In the fall of 1903 these refiners were informed that thereafter the Standard could furnish them with only 50 per cent. of their refining capacity. It was a serious matter to the independents, who had their own markets, and some of whom were increasing their plants. Supposing we buy oil directly from the producers, they asked one another, must not the Standard as a common carrier gather and deliver it? The experienced in the business said: "Yes. But what will happen? The producer rash enough to sell you oil may be cut off by the National Transit Company. Of course, if he wants to fight in the courts he may eventually force the Standard to re-connect, but they could delay the suit until he was ruined. Also, if you go over Mr. Seep's head"—Mr. Seep is the Standard Oil buyer, and all oil going into the National Transit System goes through his hands—"you will antagonize him." Now "antagonize" in Standard circles may mean a variety of things. The independent refiners decided to compromise and an agreement terminable by either party at short notice was made between them and the Standard, by which the members of the former were each to have 80 per cent. of their capacity of oil and were to give to the Standard all of their export oil to market. As a matter of fact the Standard's ability to cut off crude supplies from the outside refiners is much greater than in the days before the Interstate Commerce Bill, when it depended on its alliance with the railroads to prevent its rival getting oil. It goes without saying that this is an absurd power to allow in the hands of any manufacturer of a great necessity of life. It is exactly as if one corporation aiming at manufacturing all the flour of the country owned all but 10 per cent. of the entire railroad system collecting and transporting wheat. They could, of course, in time of shortage prevent any would-be competitors from getting grain to grind and they could and would make it difficult and expensive at all times for them to get it.

It is not only in the power of the Standard to cut off outsiders from it, it is able to keep up transportation prices. Mr. Rockefeller owns the pipe system—a common carrier—and the refineries of the Standard Oil Company pay in the final accounting cost for transporting their oil, while outsiders pay just what they paid twenty-five years ago. There are lawyers who believe that if

*See McClure's Magazine for February, 1904.

this condition were tested in the courts, the National Transit Company would be obliged to give the same rates to others as the Standard refineries ultimately pay. It would be interesting to see the attempt made. Not only are outside refiners at just as great disadvantage in securing crude supply to-day as before the Interstate Commerce Commission was formed, they still suffer severe discrimination on the railroads in marketing their product. There are many ways of doing things. What but discrimination is the situation which exists in the comparative rates for oil freight between Chicago and New Orleans and Cleveland and New Orleans? All, or nearly all, of the refined oil sold by the Standard Oil Company through the Mississippi Valley and the West is manufactured at Whiting, Indiana, close to Chicago, and is shipped on Chicago rates. There are no important independent oil works at Chicago. Now at Cleveland, Ohio, there are independent refiners and jobbers contending for the market of the Mississippi Valley. See how prettily it is managed. The rates between the two Northern cities and New Orleans in the case of nearly all commodities is about two cents per hundred pounds in favor of Chicago. For example, the rate on flour from Chicago is 23 cents per 100 pounds; from Cleveland 25 cents per 100 pounds; on canned goods the rates are 33 and 35; on lumber, 31 and 33; on meats, 51 and 54; on all sorts of iron and steel, 26 and 29; but on petroleum and its products they are 23 and 33.

In case of Atlanta, Georgia, a similar vagary of rates exists. Thus Cleveland has, as a rule, about two cents advantage per 100 pounds over Chicago. Flour is shipped from Chicago to Atlanta at 34 cents and from Cleveland at 32½; lumber at 32 and 28½, but Cleveland refiners actually pay 48 cents to Atlanta, while the Standard only pays 45 from Whiting.

There is a curious rule on the Boston & Maine Railroad in regard to petroleum shipments. On all commodities except petroleum, what is known as the Boston rate applies, but oil does not get this. For instance, the Boston rate applies to Salem, Massachusetts, on all traffic except petroleum that pays four cents more per 100 pounds to Salem than to Boston.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad gives no through rates on petroleum from Western points, although it gives them on every other commodity. It does not refuse to take oil, but it charges the Boston rate plus the local rates. Thus, to use an illustration given by Mr. Prouty, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a recent article, if a Cleveland refiner sends into the New Haven territory, say to New Haven, a car-load of oil, he pays 24 cents per 100 pounds to Boston and the local rate of 12 cents from Boston to New Haven. On any other commodity he would pay the Boston rate. Besides, the rates on petroleum have been materially advanced over what they were when the Interstate Commerce Bill was passed in 1887, although on other commodities they have fallen. In 1887 grain was shipped from Cleveland to Boston for 22 cents, iron for 22, petroleum for 22. In 1889 the rate on grain was 15 cents, on iron 20 cents, and on petroleum 24. Of course it may be merely a coincidence that the New Haven territory can be supplied by the Standard Oil Company from its New York refineries by barge and that William Rockefeller is a director of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

An independent refiner of Titusville, Pennsylvania, Mr. T. B. Westgate, told the Industrial Commission in 1898 that his concern was barred from shipping their products to nearly all New England and Canadian points by the refusal of the roads to give the same advantages in tariff which other freight was allowed. Mr. Westgate made the suggestive comment that very few railroads ever solicited oil trade. He pointed out that when the United States Pipe Line was building, agents of various roads were after the oil men soliciting the shipments of the pipe, etc., to be used. "We could ship iron, but the oil—we must not handle. That is probably the password that goes over."

Examples of this manipulation might be multiplied. There is no independent refiner or jobber who tries to ship oil freight that does not meet incessant discouragement and discrimination. Not only are rates made to favor the Standard refining points and to protect their markets, but switching charges and dock charges are multiplied. Loading and unloading facilities are refused, payment of freights on small quantities are demanded in advance, a score of different ways are found to make hard the way of the outsider. "If I get a barrel of oil out of Buffalo," an independent dealer told the writer not long ago, "I have to *sneak* it

out. There are no public docks, the railroads control most of them and they won't let me out if they can help it. If I want to ship a car-load they won't take it if they can help it. They are all afraid of offending the Standard Oil Company."

This may be a rather sweeping statement, but there is much truth in it. There is no doubt that to-day, as before the Interstate Commission, a community of interests exists between the railroads and the Standard Oil Company sufficiently strong for the latter to get any help it wants in making it hard for rivals to do business. The Standard owns stock in most of the great systems. It is represented on the board of directors of nearly all the great systems and it has an immense freight not only in oil products, but in timber, iron, acids, and all of the necessities of its factories. It is allied with many other industries, iron, steel and copper, and can swing freight away from a road which does not oblige it. It has great influence in the money market and can help or hinder a road securing money. It has great influence in the stock market and can depress or inflate a stock if it sets about it. Little wonder that the railroads, being what they are, are afraid to "disturb their relations with the Standard Oil Company," or that they keep alive a system of discriminations the same in effect as those which existed before 1887.

Of course such cases as those cited above are fit for the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the oil men as a body have no faith in the effectiveness of an appeal to the Commission, and in this feeling they do not reflect on the Commission, but rather on the ignorance and timidity of the Congress which, after creating a body which the people demanded, made it helpless. The case on which the Oil Regions rests its reason for its opinion has already been referred to in these articles. It first came before the Commission in 1888. At that time there was a small group of independent refiners in Oil City and Titusville who were the direct outgrowth of the compromise of 1880 between the Producers' Protective Association and the Pennsylvania Railroad.* The railroad having promised open rates to all urged the men to go into business. Soon after came the great fight between the railroads and the seaboard pipe-line, with the consequent low rates. This warfare finally ended in 1884 after the Standard had brought the Tidewater into line, in a pooling arrangement between the Standard, now controlling all seaboard pipe-lines, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, by which the latter was guaranteed 26 per cent. of all Eastern oil shipments on condition that it keep up the rate to the seaboard to 52 cents a barrel.

Now most of the independents shipped by barrels loaded on rack cars. The Standard shipped almost entirely by tank cars. The custom had always been in the Oil Regions to charge the same for shipments whether by tank or barrel. Suddenly, in 1888, the rate of 52 cents on oil in barrels was raised to one of 66 cents. The independents believed that the raise was a manipulation by the Standard intended to kill their export trade, and they appealed to the Commission. They pointed out that the railroads and the pipe-lines had been keeping up rates for a long time by a pooling arrangement and that now the roads made an unreasonable tariff on oil in barrels, at the same time refusing them tank cars. The hearings took place in Titusville in May, 1889. The railroads argued that they had advanced the rate on barreled oil because of a decision of the Commission itself—a case of very evident discrimination in favor of barrels. The Commission, however, argued that each case brought before it must stand on its own merits, so different were conditions and practices, and in December, 1892, it gave its decision. The pooling arrangement it did not touch on the ground that the Commission had authority only over railroads in competition, not over railroads and pipe-lines in competition. The chief complaint that the new rate of 66 cents on oil in barrels and not on oil in tanks was an injurious discrimination the Commission found justified. It ordered that the railroads make the rates the same on oil in both tanks and barrels and that they furnish shippers' tanks whenever reasonable notice was given. As the amounts wrongfully collected by the railroads from the refiners could not be ascertained from the evidence already taken, the Commission decided to hold another hearing and fix the amounts. This was not done until May, 1894, five years after the first hearing. Reparation was ordered to at least eleven different firms, some of the sums amounting to several thousand dollars; the entire award ordered amounted to nearly $100,000.

In case the railroads failed to adjust the claims the refiners were ordered to proceed

* See McClure's Magazine for January, 1904.

to enforce them in the courts. The Commission found at this hearing that none of their orders of 1892 had been followed by the roads and they were all repeated. As was to be expected, the roads refused to recognize the claims allowed by the Commission and the case was taken by the refiners into court. It has been heard three times. Twice they have won, but each time an appeal of the roads has forced them to appear again. The case was last heard at Philadelphia in February, 1904, in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. No decision had been rendered at this writing.

It would be impossible to offer direct and conclusive proof that the Standard Oil Company persuaded or forced the roads to the change of policy complained of in this case, but the presence of their leading officials and counsel at the hearings, the number of witnesses furnished from their employ, the statement of President Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad that the raise on barreled oil was insisted on by the seaboard refiners (the Standard was then practically the only seaboard refiner), as well as the perfectly well-known relations of the railroad and the Standard left no doubt in the minds of those who knew the situation that the order originated with them, and that its sole purpose was harassing their competitors. The Commission seems to have had no doubt of this. But see the helplessness of the Commission. It takes full testimony in 1889, digests it carefully, gives its orders in 1892, and they are not obeyed. More hearings follow and in 1895 the orders are repeated and reparation is allowed to the injured refiners. From that time to this the case passes from court to court, the railroad seeking to escape the Commission's orders. The Interstate Commerce Commission was instituted to facilitate justice in this matter of transportation and yet here we have still unsettled a case on which they gave their judgment twelve years ago. The lawyer who took the first appeal to the Commission, that of Rice, Robinson and Winthrop, of Titusville, M. J. Heywang, of Titusville, has been continually engaged in the case for sixteen years!

In spite of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the crucial question is still a transportation question. Until the people of the United States have solved the question of free and equal transportation it is idle to suppose that they will not have a trust question. So long as it is possible for a company to own the exclusive carrier on which a great natural product depends for transportation, and to use this carrier to limit a competitor's supply or to cut off that supply entirely if the rival is offensive, and always to make him pay a higher rate than it costs the owner, it is ignorance and folly to talk about constitutional amendments limiting trusts. So long as the great manufacturing centers of a monopolistic trust can get better rates than the centers of independent effort, it is idle to talk about laws making it a crime to undersell for the purpose of driving a competitor from a market. You must get into markets before you can compete. So long as railroads can be persuaded to interfere with independent pipe-lines, to refuse oil freight, to refuse loading facilities, lest they disturb their relations with the Standard Oil Company, it is idle to talk about investigations or anti-trust legislation or application of the Sherman law. So long as the Standard Oil Company can control transportation as it does to-day, it will remain master of the oil industry and the people of the United States will pay for their indifference and folly in regard to transportation a good sound tax on oil, and they will yearly see an increasing concentration of natural resources and transportation systems in the Standard Oil crowd.

If all the country had suffered from these raids on competition had been the limiting of the business opportunity of a few hundred men and a constant higher price for refined oil, the case would be serious enough, but there is a more serious side to it. The ethical cost of all this is the deep concern. We are a commercial people. We can not boast of our arts, our crafts, our cultivation; our boast is in the wealth we produce. As a consequence business success is sanctified, and, practically, any methods which achieve it are justified by a larger and larger class. All sorts of subterfuges and sophistries and slurring over of facts are employed to explain aggregations of capital whose determining factor has been like that of the Standard Oil Company—special privileges obtained by persistent secret effort in opposition to the spirit of the law, the efforts of legislators, and the most outspoken public opinion. How often does one hear it argued that the Standard Oil Company is simply an inevitable result of economic conditions; that is, given the practices of oil-bearing railroads in 1872

and the elements of speculation and the over-refining in the oil business, there was nothing for Mr. Rockefeller to do but secure special privileges if he wished to save his business.

Now in 1872 Mr. Rockefeller owned a successful refinery in Cleveland. He had the advantage of water transportation a part of the year, access to two great trunk lines the year around. Under such able management as he could give it his concern was bound to go on, given the demand for refined oil. It was bound to draw other firms to it. When he went into the South Improvement Company it was not to save his own business, but to destroy others. When he worked so persistently to secure rebates after the breaking up of the South Improvement Company, it was in face of an industry united against them. It was not to save his business that he compelled the Empire Transportation Company to go out of the oil business in 1877. Nothing but grave mismanagement could have destroyed his business at that moment; it was to get every refinery in the country but his own out of the way. It was not the necessity to save his business which compelled Mr. Rockefeller to make war on the Tidewater. He and the Tidewater could both have lived. It was to prevent prices of transportation and of refined oil going down under competition. What necessity was there for Mr. Rockefeller trying to prevent the United States Pipe Line doing business—only the greed of power and money. Every great campaign against rival interests which the Standard Oil Company has carried on has been inaugurated, not to save its life, but to build up and sustain a monopoly in the oil industry. These are not mere affirmations of a hostile critic, they are facts proved by documents and figures.

Certain defenders go further and say that if some such combination had not been formed the oil industry would have failed for lack of brains and capital. Such a statement overlooks most of the facts in the case. Here was an industry for whose output the whole world was crying. Petroleum came at the moment when the value and necessity of a new, cheap light was recognized everywhere. Before Mr. Rockefeller had ventured outside of Cleveland kerosene was going in quantities to every civilized country. Nothing could stop it, nothing check it but the discovery of some cheaper light or the putting up of its price. The real "good of the oil business" in 1872 lay in making oil cheaper. It would flow all over the world on its own merit if cheap enough.

The claim that only by some such aggregation as Mr. Rockefeller formed could enough capital have been obtained to develop the business falls utterly in face of fact. Look at the enormous amounts of capital invested in the business in the first ten years. It is estimated that Philadelphia alone put over one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars into the development of the Oil Regions, and New York one hundred and thirty-four millions. Three hundred and thirty-one millions is the amount of capital estimated to have flowed into the regions in the first decade of the business.* In 1872 it was estimated that the oil men were using a capital of $200,000,000. There has always been money for oil investments. It did not require Mr. Rockefeller's capital to develop the Bradford oil fields, build the first seaboard pipe-line, open West Virginia, Texas or Kansas. The oil business would no more have suffered for lack of capital without the Standard combination than the iron or wheat or railroad or cotton business. The claim is idle, given the wealth and energy of the country in the forty-five years since the discovery of oil.

Equally well does both the history and the present condition of the oil business show that it has not needed any such aggregation to give us cheap oil. The margin between crude and refined was made low by competition. It has rarely been as low as it would have been had there been free competition. For five years even the small independent refineries outside of the Pure Oil Company have been able to make a profit on the prices set by the Standard, and this in spite of the higher transportation they have paid on both crude and refined and the wall of seclusion the railroads build around domestic markets.

Very often people who admit the facts, who are willing to see that Mr. Rockefeller has employed force and fraud to secure his ends, justify him by declaring, "It's business." That is, "it's business" has come to be a legitimate excuse for hard dealing, sly tricks, special privileges. It is a common enough thing to hear men arguing that the ordinary laws of morality do not apply in business. Now if the Standard Oil Company were the only concern in the country guilty

* "The Petroleum Age," Vol. I, p. 35.

of the practices which have given it monoplistic power, these articles never would have been written. Were it alone in these methods, public scorn would long ago have made short work of the Standard Oil Company, but it is simply the most conspicuous type of what can be done by these practices. The methods it employs with such acumen, persistency, and secrecy are employed by all sorts of business men, from corner grocers up to bankers. If exposed, they are excused on the ground that this is business. If the point is pushed, frequently the defender of the practice falls back on the Christian doctrine of charity, and points that we are erring mortals and must allow for each other's weaknesses!—an excuse which, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would leave our business men weeping on one another's shoulders over human frailty, while they picked one another's pockets.

One of the most depressing features of the ethical side of the matter is that instead of such methods arousing contempt they are more or less openly admired. And this is logical. Canonize "business success" and men who make a success like that of the Standard Oil Trust become national heroes! The history of its organization is studied as a practical lesson in money-making. More than once the writer of these articles, in talking with business men, has had the uncomfortable feeling that the chief result of her work as far as these persons were concerned, was to give them pointers! "Anybody would do these things to win what they have." It is the most startling feature of the case to one who would like to feel that it is possible to be a commercial people and yet a race of gentlemen. Of course such practices exclude men by all the codes from the rank of gentlemen, just as such practices would exclude men from the sporting world or athletic field. There is no gaming table in the world where loaded dice are tolerated, no athletic field where men must not start fair. Yet Mr. Rockefeller has systematically played with loaded dice, and it is doubtful if there has ever been a time since 1872 when he has run a race with a competitor and started fair. Business played in this way loses all its sportsmanlike qualities. It is fit only for tricksters.

The effects on the very men who fight these methods on the ground that they are ethically wrong are deplorable. Brought into competition with the trust, badgered, foiled, spied upon, they come to feel as if anything is fair when the Standard is the opponent. The bitterness against the Standard Oil Company in many parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio is such that a verdict from a jury on the merits of the evidence is almost impossible. A case in point occurred a few years ago in the Bradford field. An oil producer was discovered stealing oil from the National Transit Company. He had tapped the main line and for at least two years had run a small but steady stream of Standard oil into his private tank. Finally the thieving pipe was discovered, and the owner of it, after acknowledging his guilt, was brought to trial. The jury gave a verdict of not guilty! They seemed to feel that though the guilt was acknowledged, there probably was a Standard trick concealed somewhere. Anyway it was the Standard Oil Company and it deserved to be stolen from! The writer has frequently heard men, whose own business was conducted with scrupulous fairness, say in cases of similar stealing that they would never condemn a man who stole from the Standard! Of course such a state of feeling undermines the whole moral nature of a community.

The blackmailing cases of which the Standard Oil Company complain, are a natural result of its own practices. Men going into an independent refining business have for years been accustomed to say, "Well, if they won't let us alone, we'll make them pay a good price." The Standard complains that such men build simply to sell out. There may be cases of this. Probably there are, though the writer has no absolute proof of any such a one. Certainly there is no satisfactory proof that the refinery in the famous Buffalo case was built to sell, though that it was offered for sale when the opposition of the Everests, the managers of the Standard concern, had become so serious as later to be stamped as criminal by judge and jury there is no doubt. Certainly nothing was shown to have been done or said by Mr. Matthews, the owner of the concern which the Standard was fighting, which might not have been expected from a man who had met the kind of opposition he had from the time he went into business.

The truth is blackmail and every other business vice is the natural result of the peculiar business practices of the Standard. If business is to be treated as warfare and not as a peaceful pursuit, as they have persisted

in treating it, they cannot expect the men they are fighting to lie down and die without a struggle. If they get special privileges they must expect their competitors to struggle to get them. If they find it more profitable to buy out a refinery than to let it live, they must expect the owner to get an extortionate price if he can. And when they complain of these practices and call them blackmail, they show weak sporting blood. They must not expect to monopolize hard dealings if they do oil.

These are considerations of the ethical effect of such business practices on those outside and in competition. As for those within the organization there is one obvious effect worth noting. The Standard men as a body have nothing to do with public affairs, except as it is necessary to manipulate them for the "good of the oil business." The notion that the business man must not appear in politics and religion save as a "stand-patter"—not even as a thinking, aggressive force—is demoralizing, intellectually and morally. Ever since 1872 the organization has appeared in politics only to oppose legislation, obviously for the public good. At that time the oil industry was young, only twelve years old, and it was suffering from too rapid growth, from speculation, from the rapacity of railroads, but it was struggling manfully with all these questions. The question of railroad discriminations and extortions was one of the "live questions" of the country. The oil men as a mass were allied against it. The theory that the railroad was a public servant bound by its charter to treat all shippers alike, that fair play demanded open equal rates to all, was generally held in the oil country at the time Mr. Rockefeller and his friends sprung the South Improvement Company. One has only to read the oil journals at the time of the Oil War of 1872 to see how seriously all phases of the transportation question were considered. The country was a unit against the rebate system. Agreements were signed with the railroads that all rates henceforth should be equal. The signatures were not dry before Mr. Rockefeller had a rebate, and gradually others got them until the Standard had won the advantages it expected the South Improvement Company to give it. From that time to this Mr. Rockefeller has had to fight the best sentiment of the oil country and of the country at large as to what is for the public good. He and his colleagues kept a strong alliance in Washington fighting the Interstate Commerce Bill from the time the first one was introduced in 1876 until the final passage in 1887. Every measure looking to the freedom and equalization of transportation has met his opposition, as have bills for giving greater publicity to the operations of corporations. In many of the great state legislatures one of the first persons to be pointed out to a visitor is the Standard Oil lobbyist. Now no one can dispute the right of the Standard Oil Company to express its opinion on proposed legislation. It has the same right to do this as all the rest of the world. It is only the character of its opposition which is open to criticism, the fact that it is always fighting measures which equalize privileges and which make it more necessary for men to start fair and play fair in doing business.

Of course the effect of directly practising many of their methods is obvious. For example, take the whole system of keeping track of independent business. There are practices required which corrupt every man who has a hand in them. One of the most deplorable things about it is that most of the work is done by youngsters. The freight clerk who reports the independent oil shipments for a fee of five or ten dollars a month is probably a young man, learning his first lessons in corporate morality. If he happens to sit in Mr. Rockefeller's church on Sundays, through what sort of a haze will he receive the teachings? There is something alarming to those who believe that commerce should be a peaceful pursuit, and who believe that the moral law holds good throughout the entire range of human relations, in knowing that so large a body of young men in this country are consciously or unconsciously growing up with the idea that business is war and that morals have nothing to do with its practice.

And what are we going to do about it? for it is *our* business. We the people of the United States and nobody else must cure whatever is wrong in the industrial situation, typified by this narrative of the growth of the Standard Oil Company. That our first task is to secure free and equal transportation privileges by rail, pipe, and waterway is evident. It is not an easy matter. It is one which may require operations which will seem severe, but the whole system of discrimination has been nothing but violence,

and those who have profited by it cannot complain if the curing of the evils they have wrought bring hardship in turn on them. At all events, until the transportation matter is settled and settled right, the monopolistic trust will be with us, a leech on our pockets, a barrier to our free efforts.

As for the ethical side, there is no cure but in an increasing scorn of unfair play—an increasing sense that a thing won by breaking the rules of the game is not worth the winning. When the business man who fights to secure special privileges, to crowd his competitor off the track by other than fair competitive methods, receives the same summary, disdainful ostracism by his fellows that the doctor or lawyer who is "unprofessional," the athlete who abuses the rules, receive, we shall have gone a long way towards making commerce a fit pursuit for our young men.

A SERENADE IN AUTUMN

BY

HERMINIE TEMPLETON

LOW drops the rose, the fading rose,
That bloomed upon her casement there;
Soft steals the night, the brooding night,
And folds its shadows o'er my fair.

To her the breeze, the Autumn breeze,
Brings farewell perfumes from the vale;
Whilst in the trees, the changing trees,
Sorrows the mateless nightingale.

Bear her, oh wind, that chilled the vale,
The message of the dying flowers:
That love is all the Summer gives
And swift as flame are Summer hours.

Tell her, oh rose, who oft lay pressed
Against her heart thy vine upon,
That Winter weaves but myrtle wreaths
And Summer dies when love is done.

Tell her, oh night, how time and chance
Urge fast apace the priceless days;
How sorrow waits on joy delayed,
And love which loiters, love betrays.